Suns of Death and Darkness

by Chakahlah

Summary

Severus Snape was expecting a normal quiet summer until he received a letter from one Harry Potter asking for help. Ignores the last two HP books but Sirius is dead.

Notes

Hey everyone, for those who don't know, this is a story I have been working on over on FF.net and I believed it to be time that I transferred it over to this site. I hope that you enjoy it as much as my readers over there have. I do have a collation of the words I use and the pronunciation of the names and words I give at the end of the chapter. If you see a mistake in what the meanings of the Greek language I use, please don't hesitate to tell me in as non-lecture form as possible. I am an English speaker who has to depend on internet translators to do this, so please cut me some slack for mistakes I will inevitably make.
A sharp rapping interrupted a tall, sallow-faced, dark-haired man from the bubbling cauldron before him. Grumbling to himself about nothing having respect for the delicate nature of potions and about people who had nothing better to do on a full moon then to change into a wolf and attack everything in sight, meaning he had to make another delicate potion just for someone else to interrupt in a delicate stage, he stormed to the window. He stopped in surprise when he saw the pure white snowy owl tapping at the window. He knew that owl. He quickly opened the window and removed the parchment from its leg. The owl then flew towards the owlery, as if she were going to sleep there. Shaking his head in resignation, he opened the letter.

Professor Snape,

I know you don’t like me, and have no reason to trust or believe me, but I have some things I need to tell you and I can’t risk writing them down. I also need you to GET ME OUT OF HERE or there will be three muggles dead by my hand, and I will make Voldemort look like a schoolyard bully in comparison.

I am sorry I disobeyed you when you were teaching me Occulmancy and I know I was wrong in looking into the pensieve. I apologise to you most sincerely for my behaviour towards you in the past five years. I know you will not believe me when I say these things, so I am willing to make an unbreakable to respect you at all times and to allow you to dose me with Veritaserum, legilamency and pensieve my thoughts for you to view.

If you accept this apology, please get me out of here. I wrote this before the train left Hogwarts and Hedwig wouldn’t deliver this to you unless I was in desperate need of saving.

Please accept,

Blinking, Severus Snape lowered the letter. Looking at it suspiciously, he pointed his wand at the parchment and muttered two spells. When both spells reacted positively, he walked back to his potions lab, collected the healer’s bag all Potions Masters carry on themselves for emergencies and,
with a crack, disappeared from the building.

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The next moment, the Professor was at the front door of the house of one Harry James Potter – and it was not what he had expected. After he had gotten it past his brain that the Boy-Who-Lived lived in this plain, boring neighbourhood, his ears noticed yelling.

“… Touch me you foul, blubbering piece of rat shit! You cowardly piece of whale lard! Get these off me and then face me, instead of chaining me like a …”

This was followed by the sound of leather hitting flesh and a muffled curse, like someone talking through clenched teeth.

Running into the house and up the stairs, he stopped at the doorway; shocked to the core at what was in front of him. A large, beefy man was standing in front of a thin boy of around 15 or 16, who was chained face-first to the wall. Out of the boy’s mouth flew obscenities, aimed at the behemoth behind him. Once again, the sound of leather hitting flesh filled the room, followed by a pain-filled hiss.

The man stepped forwards and the sound of ripping fabric, followed by more obscenities, filled the room.

“Shut your filthy mouth, Boy! That headmaster at that Freak School of yours has finally admitted what we’ve been telling you all this time. You’re nothing but a useless freak. First you get your parents killed, then you get that other freak killed, followed by that Godfather of yours and yet you still failed to get yourself killed in the process. He was right to give us full disciplinarian rights for a delinquent like you.” More fabric was torn, or cut, out of Severus’ sight.

“Now I’ll show you what the only thing you are good for, Freak. And guess what? No-one is going to help you, because no-one wants a freak like you around.” With that he pushed his dry fingers deeply into the boy’s anal passage, making the Raven-haired youth scream.

The screaming snapped Severus out of his horrified stupor. Raising his wand, he pointed it at the man and said, “Stupefy!” He dragged the heavy-set man out of the room, trying to ignore the whimpering coming from the boy on the wall.
Walking back into the room, Severus got a closer look at Harry and swore. Talking softly as if the boy was a flighty animal, he wrapped one of his arms around the boy’s waist and held him up as he released the chains. Once freed of them, he apparated back to the house he shared with the werewolf who called this boy kin, cursing the fact that the old man had sent him on a mission that would last another week.

* * *

Back in his own house, Severus was yelling out orders to his house-elves. Telling them to bring him clean cloths, warm soapy water and a clean, soft drying cloth, he placed Harry onto a bed in one of his guest rooms before running to get potions for malnutrition, dreamless sleep and skele-gro, as well as balms for the boys back, wrists, neck and ankles.

Working quickly yet gently, Severus administered the potions and started to clean the boy of what blood and dirt he could. He found, very much to his anger, that the bands around Harry’s wrists, ankles and neck didn’t respond to a simple unlocking charm, and on a closer inspection he discovered the presence of magic dampening spells in the metal. What was worse, in his mind, was that he could sense the presence of not one magical signature, but three – The headmasters, and those of Harry’s two supposed best friends Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley.

Shaking slightly in rage, Severus turned his attention to healing his patient to the best of his ability. For every mark he healed, there were two he couldn’t. The worst of these, to Severus’ mind, were the multiple cuts to Harry’s lower arms and thighs. They indicated to him that the treatment he had witnessed in that room had occurred before. Why hadn’t anyone noticed?

Harry awoke from his faint while Severus was cleaning the dried blood from his eyes.

“Shh, Harry. Shh. It’s all right. You’re safe here. You’re with me at Snape Manor. You are in one of my guest rooms. You have nothing but your owl here, which is why you are not dressed under the covers. I’m sorry, but I had to undress you to clean and tend to your wounds. I healed what I could, but there is a lot I cannot heal without time and proper nutrition. I can remover the bands ay your throat, wrists and ankles, but not until your body is well enough to handle the return of your magic, and not by myself. Do you understand?”

Harry nodded his understanding, and then playing with the band on his left wrist he asked, “Why did they do it, Professor? I thought they were my friends, but they betrayed me by taking away my only weapon. I know I cannot use magic out of school, but just the threat that I could lose my temper and have it escape my control scared the muggles enough for them to leave me alone.”
“So did the threat of my ‘murderous’ godfather, who would be very upset if I didn’t contact him at least once a week, but they took that away from me. My dear,” Harry put so much sarcasm and bitterness into that one word that Severus was surprised the acid from it didn’t burn Harry’s throat, “friends and Headmaster told the Dursleys of Sirius’ death, knowing of how I have always been treated there in the past.”

Severus placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder and then sat on the mattress next to him, noticing but ignoring the slightly hesitant way his touch and presence was received.

“I don’t know why they did it Harry. I cannot tell you why they did what they did, but I will tell you right now that you will never, ever again go through that. You are safe here, and I will do everything I can to make sure you survive through this year. I do not need you to make an unbreakable, but I will take you up on the offer to get inside your head,” he joked lightly.

Harry smiled thinly, and then grimaced as the welts that decorated his back rubbed against the sheet beneath him. Severus handed him a bottle of dreamless sleep potion.

“Drink all of it, Harry. You need all the rest you can get to aid your body in healing itself, but drink this one first.” He handed him a potion that looked and smelt like cherry syrup. When Harry looked at him in surprise and asked why he needed a deep numbing potion with blood replenishing and heavy duty healing and nutrient potion elements, Severus’ eyes widened in surprise. Harry grinned and downed the potions, one after the other.

“Sir?” Harry slurred as Severus headed for the door.

He stopped and turned. “Yes?”

“Can you make me an appointment to see Voldemort, please? I want to talk to him about something that has come to my attention. It concerns you too, Sir.” Severus nodded once and walked out the door, hearing one last word before the boy fell asleep.

“Safe.”

* * *

In his study, Severus looked deeply into the flames. Shaking his head, he started writing letters to the
people he knew could help him.

* * *

When Harry woke from his potion-induced sleep, the first thing he did was search his surroundings with his eyes shut. He felt the movement of a body close to him and his body stiffened in response as he opened his eyes to glare at the person. He lost the glare as soon as he noticed it wasn’t any of his family. None of them had Black hair to their shoulders.

Groggily, Harry reached out a hand to find his glasses. When he didn’t find the, he croaked, “Sir?”

The black-haired man jumped at the sound and hurried to his patient’s side. “How are you feeling today, Harry?”

Harry blinked slowly as he ran an observation on himself through his head. “I still have a dull ache on the inside, Sir, but everything on the surface feels normal.” He hesitated, and then shakily he asked, “Sir?” At Severus’ nod, he continued. “These bands? The ones disenabling my magic? When they are removed, does that mean I’ll be able to eat without throwing up?”

Severus’ eyebrows shot up into his hairline. “You cannot eat?” As Harry shook his head, Severus leant over and looked closer at the bands on Harry’s wrist closer. After a few minutes, he stood and hurried to the door, cursing the Headmaster as he went.

* * *

Stumbling out of the fireplace at Malfoy Manor, Severus bellowed, “Lucius!” Almost at once a house-elf arrived at his side.

“What can Liccy do for Mr Snape, Sir?”

Severus blinked once in surprise before demanding, “I need to speak to Lucius. Right. This. Second!”

Before the elf could reply, a young voice floated down the stairs.
“Sev?”

Looking up, Severus saw his godson, Draco, blinking at him in poorly contained surprise.

“Draco, I need to see your father immediately.”

“He has visitors, Sev. Could you come back later?”

“I don’t care if the Dark Lord himself is in there with him. This is important!”

Draco started at him in shock and surprise. Severus swore and marched to Lucius’ study door, a dazed Draco following him. Once there, he rapped sharply on the door and pushed it forcefully open.

“What in the … Severus! What is the meaning of this?”

He stopped in mid-stride as he took in his friend of the last 20 odd years and the man before him. He bowed stiffly and murmured, “My Lord,” before turning to Lucius.

“He’s awake, and it’s worse than I thought. The bands I described to you? They not only prevent him from using his magic, they are also keeping spells cast at him from wearing off, or being diagnosed.” He slammed back the brandy, which Draco placed in his hand, and collapsed into a nearby chair. Slowly he looked up into Lucius’ eyes.

“If we don’t remove them today, he will die. I can sense there are spells at work, but I can’t figure them out. He bought it to my attention when he woke. He asked…” Here he took a shuddering breath.

“He asked if when the bands are off, if he’ll be able to eat without throwing up.” He looked at Lucius and noticed his paler than normal complexion. He nodded slowly. “I believe he’s been hit with that curse.”
“No.” The word was whispered so softly that Severus wasn’t sure that he heard it.

He nodded, defeated.

“Yes. And there is only one person that has had contact with him to place it. One Albus Dumbledore.”

“Severus? Lucius? What the hell are you talking about?”

Lucius turned to his Lord and shivered.

“It’s the Potter boy, milord,” Severus answered, succeeding – just – to keep his voice calm. He turned back to Lucius. “If we don’t do something now, he will die.”

“What!” Draco’s voice made the three men jump. Turning to look at him, they saw him hurry from the room. Following him, they watched as he floo’d into Severus’ study. Severus and Lucius looked at each other in confusion.

“It seems that my appointment book is surprisingly clear at this point in time, gentlemen. I am … intrigued in what Mr Potter has to talk to me about.” With that, Voldemort – the Dark Lord of the age – followed the Malfoy heir into the flames

* * *

The first thing Severus heard after stepping out of the flame was yelling. Fearing that the recipient of the anger was his godson, Severus hurried to the room Harry was in, only to find a white-faced, wide-eyed Draco waiting in front of the closed door. Sighing internally in relief, he opened the door – only to stop in the doorway.

Harry was wearing the robe he had left in the room when he’d hurried out. He was still in bed, but red-faced with anger and surrounded by house-elves holding plates of food.

“Listen to me. NO! I am not going to eat. I’ve told you, if I eat, I’ll throw up. If you force me to eat and I throw up, then there is going to be trouble, because I can’t just wave my wand and vanish it,
because I can’t use my magic, so …”

One of the house-elves saw an opportunity and took it. Grabbing the fork, it thrust a pile of potato into Harry’s open mouth. As soon as the food touched his tongue, Harry turned an alarming shade of green and struggle to remove himself from the group of over-enthusiastic house-elves. He didn’t make it.

Severus rolled his eyes and waved his wand to remove the mess. Harry looked up and glared at the man in the doorway.

“Oh, Professor!” he growled through clenched teeth. “If you don’t stop these infernal pests from forcing food down my throat, I will personally see to it that they are made into leather shoes and that you will be neutered the way muggles do cats without pain-reducing potions and a scalpel that has been rusted for several years, before finding someone who will chain you to the wall via a ring through the head of your dick and slowly pull you backwards until it is long enough for you to FUCK YOURSELF WITH!”

Voldemort started to laugh as Severus went pasty-white and hurried to order the house-elves away from the boy. Everyone looked at him in surprise and all eyes widened as they saw tears streaming down his face.

Hearing a gurgle behind him, Severus turned sharply and watched as Harry threw up once again, but seeing spots of bright red mixed with the contents of his stomach, he yelled, “Lucius! Get in here now! We need to remove them!”

Lucius hurried over to the bed and cleaned up the mess with a wave of his wand.

“Draco! I need you to get two stomach potions, four nutrient potions and all the muscle relaxant potions you can find,” Severus ordered, removing the top sheets off the bed. Removing the robe Harry was wearing, he added, “and the potion in the blue jar I tell you to never touch!”

Turning back to the boy in front of him, his mind vaguely registered that Harry had obtained a shirt and pair of pants from somewhere, but most of his attention was on the act of removing the metal bands from the boy.
Draco had only just walked back into the room when his father got the first – and weakest – band off. He watched in fascinated horror as each band broke and the magic level of the room grew till he could feel it pressing against his eardrums.

As Severus and his father rested before removing the last band, he heard himself ask, “Who made them, Sev? Do you know? And if you do, are they going to be punished?” ‘And can I help?’ he added silently.

“You bet your left testicle, they’re going to be punished!” a hoarse voice croaked. “What say you, Master Malfoy? Do you wish to bond with a Potter over shared torture techniques?” In the silence that prevailed, Severus got Harry to drink one of the potions.

“You bet your left testicle, they’re going to be punished!” a hoarse voice croaked. “What say you, Master Malfoy? Do you wish to bond with a Potter over shared torture techniques?” In the silence that prevailed, Severus got Harry to drink one of the potions.

“Severus Snape! What in the blazes is going on here? And why is my foster godson laying on a bed in my clothes!” a normally soft-spoken voice yelled from behind Draco, who jumped. Unfortunately for the men beside the bed, so did Harry, who had just started to drink his next potion.

Draco tried – unsuccessfully, he admitted ruefully – to not laugh at his father and godfather as they sat in their seats, dripping with nutrient potion.

Harry, however, said, “Remus! I wondered when you’d get here; even though I’d have appreciated it if I had been told by you that you were fu…” he paused, before changing the word he was going to use, “dating my potions professor. If you’re wondering, I approve.” He swallowed the next potion before saying to the gob-smacked man in the doorway, “don’t worry, Remy. I’m not interested in him like that.” He turned to Severus.

“No offence, Sir, but you’re old enough to be my father, and you’re not my type. I prefer blondes.” He smiled half-heartedly. Once more, Voldemort roared with laughter.

“Oh! Tom, old boy! I didn’t see you there! If you’ve come to kill me, please do so now. As you can see,” Harry pulled up the sleeves of the shirt he was wearing to reveal his lower arms, “I tried making your job easier for you by doing it myself,” Harry snarled in anger, not seeing the distress on Remus’ face, nor the shock and surprise on everyone else’s. “But it turns out that the old bastard hit me with a suicide prevention charm before he collared me.”

He growled deep in his throat, but then grinned. “Draco and I are going to bond over his torture. Aren’t we Draco?”
It was Lucius and Severus’ turn to laugh. Harry just smiled.

“Don’t you just love Veritaserum?” Everyone fell silent and looked at him. “What?” he asked defensively. “It was the only thing I could keep down.” This instantly sobered everyone up.

“Remus, I’m glad you’re here. Luc and I are going to need your help. Once we have the metal band off from around Harry’s throat, pour this potion into his mouth and make sure he swallows it. Then move out of the way. All right, on three. One. Two. Three!”

He and Lucius removed the metal and at almost the same time, Remus administered the potion while Severus and Lucius removed the clothing from the now silent boy on the bed.

They heard a gurgling sound behind them and Severus hoped that Draco would make it to the bathroom in time. Instead of looking, he started drawing runes on Harry’s chest while Lucius recited a lengthy magical formula and directed it at Harry. When the men had finished, Harry let out a whimper.

“It’s okay, Harry,” Severus soothed, “you can let the magic out now, it won’t do any damage.”

Harry whimpered in pain again and then the magic escaped his grasp. All the men in the room were flung backwards into the walls and Severus cursed as he felt all of the security spells around his Manor be over-whelmed. The only one that wasn’t destroyed was his strongest, and even that one was severely weakened.

The men looked to see the magic rise from Harry in waves before he started to shake.

“SHIT! He’s going into psychological and metaphysical shock!” Severus yelled, before running to Harry’s side.

Something flew past him to land on Harry’s chest. Severus swore when he noticed that it was the headmaster’s phoenix, Fawkes. As the next wave of magic engulfed Harry, Fawkes absorbed it, triggering his burn mechanism. Before anyone could react, both the phoenix and Harry disappeared in flame.

The silence in the room was absolute in the moments after both beast and boy vanished. Suddenly, a flame flared in the centre of the room. When the flame had disappeared, a young man stood in its place.
Draco’s jaw dropped. The guy before them was gorgeous! Not to mention he was also naked. The mystery man stood two inches shorter than Draco himself. His body had the look of a professional dancer, with a washboard stomach and skin a golden brown colour. The man had shining ebony hair that brushed the nape of his neck. Dazzling green eyes burned with an internal fire as he looked at each man in the room before striding confidently towards Voldemort.

“I wish to form an alliance. I do not wish to fight you anymore. I haven’t wanted to since half way through last year.”

“Harry?” Remus asked shakily. The man nodded.

“Yes, dikos mou lykos. Have I changed that much?” As everyone nodded, a phoenix appeared and landed on Harry’s shoulder. Severus forced himself to breathe as he noticed it was Fawkes, but that he’d changed. He was now the colour of sapphires, emeralds and onyx, with clear silver-green eyes that made you think of the ocean after a thunderstorm.

“This is the phoenix formally known as ‘Fawkes’. He is now loyal to me and mine. His name is hereby changed to that of Thanatos, or Thanis.”

The phoenix trilled in delight, causing everyone to smile. Lucius looked at Harry shrewdly.

“Calling a phoenix ‘death’. Seems like a vast play on words – a pun, I believe the muggle term is.”

Harry laughed. “You are right, Mr Malfoy, but it is a tribute to the deaths of the Harry Potter and Fawkes of the past, and since the new Harry is dedicated to the death of three certain individuals, it also symbolizes what path my newfound life will take, starting with a weaselby, a chipmunk disguised as a witch and a meddlesome, soon-to-be-ex-headmaster of Hogwarts.”

As he talked, his eyes glowed a deep AK green, scaring all in the room. He turned his gaze on Voldemort.

“I wish to join your ranks, milord,” he stated. He glanced at Remus. “Remus too, wishes to join.” He bowed deeply to the older man. “We are yours to mark as you will.”
Lucius, Severus, Draco and Voldemort blinked in surprise. How could the boy be so calm and in control, even though he was wearing not one stitch of clothing? Remus chuckled softly.

“Don’t you think, Neogennito that you should acquire some clothing first?”

Harry blinked and looked down, then laughed. “Do you have anything that will fit me?”

Remus walked out of the room. Harry started when his stomach protested its empty state. Startled, he looked down, and then slowly raised his eyes to meet those of Severus and Lucius. He bowed deeply to each of them.

“If either of you wish my life, you can have it,” he said, sapphire flames linking the three of them in an unbreakable.

Remus walked back into the room with a set of wizarding robes, shirt, pants and boxers for Harry.

“Let’s gather in the dining room, it is almost time for supper. Remus? Could you stay and show Harry the way?”

At Remus’ nod, Severus, Lucius and Draco exited the room.

“We shall talk more about this revelation of yours after we have eaten, Mr Potter.” With that, Voldemort swept from the room, leaving Harry to dress while Remus waited for him.

* * *

Stopping at the entrance of the dining room, Harry crossed his wrists, placed his fingertips to his shoulders and bowed, murmuring a prayer to the room. Walking to Voldemort, he bowed deeply, until his forehead touched the ground and murmured a blessing before sitting on his legs and looked the man in the eye.

“I am yours to mark, Lord. I do not trick you, neither am I a spy. I tire of the twinkle-eyed bastard’s manipulations and no longer wish to be manipulated under the guise of being cared for. I swear loyalty to you.” A flare of green light engulfed them.
“I swear loyalty to your cause.” A blue light engulfed them.

“And I swear the deaths of one Albus Dumbledore, one Ronald Weasley and one Hermione Granger to be accomplished by my hand, with the aid of Draco if he wishes it.” A golden glow surrounded them.

“This is my unbreakable to you, Lord – with these men as witnesses. So mote it be.”

As a chorus of ‘So Motes’ echoed in the room, the golden glow expanded to surround them all.

After the glow had faded, Harry grinned as he got up. “Sir?” he asked Severus, “what’s for supper?”

Words:

Liccy – House-elf of Malfoy family. Pronounced El-eye-see

Dikos mou lykos – Greek for My Wolf

Thanatos – Greek daemon form of death

Neogannito – Greek for Cub
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Plans are made, new bonds of friendships begun and a new name is given for a fresh start in a new life.

Chapter Notes

As in the last chapter, I would appreciate it if the Greek translations are incorrect that I am told since I am dependent on internet translation sites and they do have a habit of being wrong at times :3

Chapter 2

Severus sipped at the scotch he had in his hand and looked around at the other men in the room. They had all gathered in the sitting room after tea to ask Harry about his change of heart.

***Flashback***

Everyone had eaten at supper while they watched Harry slowly eat a small bowl of noodles in broth, then a small piece of grilled fish with a small side salad. He had refused all liquid bar water and pumpkin juice, much to the amusement of all around him. Moving to the sitting room, Severus once more offered him a glass of alcohol – a good scotch this time, and once more he refused.

Seeing the hurt and offence in his Professor’s stance, Harry explained, “Alcohol does strange things to me when I drink it. I can’t control my magic and I catch on fire spontaneously. I also burn when I’m beyond angry.”

He’d blushed slightly until a smirking Draco responded with, “Prove it!”

Harry had glared at him, saying, “I don’t need to prove myself to you, Draco Malfoy, and as it is not your things that will explode if I drink, the choice is not yours to make. If Professor Snape and Remus want to use me as a guinea pig, they can – even though I don’t like it.”
Lucius chuckled at his son’s face and looked at Severus.

“If it’s all the same, Draco, I wish to keep my possessions the way they are,” Severus murmured as he offered Harry a glass of sparkling water with line, which the boy took, gratefully, as he sat.

“Harry,” Remus began, “what was the deal with the metal band around your neck?”

Harry sighed and his eyes glazed over. “After Sirius died, I was a wreck. Dumbledore took me back to his office and I raged. I’d had enough. First the dementor attack, then no one telling me anything – well, no one but Siri. Then a hearing in front of the full wizengamet, meeting that toad, Umbridge – only to discover she was to be our DADA Professor.” He looked up at Severus. “We were all led to believe she was forced onto Dumbledore by Fudge, but I discovered that she was asked for by name for the position – I’ll talk about that later.”

“Next is all my ‘housemates’ turning on me and every time I told the truth I was punished by that female and her blasted pen!” He unconsciously balled his right hand into a fist and rubbed the worded scar on the back of it. “Then there was no Quidditch – coupled with a lifetime ban. Hagrid then introduced us to Grawp – his half-brother and asked us to look after him and be company for him in the event that he was forced to leave. Then there was that stupid woman again – this time with her squad.” He looked pointedly at Draco, who blushed slightly.

Harry snorted. “I don’t hold you responsible, Draco; You or the others. If I’d been in Slytherin you could bet your balls she would have make a squad of Gryffindors. What else? … Oh yeah, all the dreams and visions I was getting. He knew what it meant, what could happen – what was happening – but he didn’t tell me or explain it to me, just ordered me to take Occulmancy lessons with the Professor here. And they were hell, to put it lightly.”

He turned to Severus. “Did it ever occur to you that I didn’t know how to close my mind? Hell! At this point in time I would have turned my wand on my own parents if I could. If it had been any other time during my life I would have been able to keep you out, but the old man just HAD to wait until my defences were already at an all-time low.”

His voice changed as he went back to what he was saying to the group. “Then there was the snake thing with Ron’s father. The cream of the crop though, was Siri going through the veil.”

His voice took on a malicious glee. “I wrecked his office. Everything I could see, I destroyed. Not even Thanatos could calm me. Not that he really tried. He wanted to see how the old goat reacted.
He waited until I calmed down and told me about the prophecy.” Harry snorted.

“It was a load of crock!” He looked at Voldemort. “You did the old fucker’s work for him, in killing my parents. He wanted the two of them dead, so he planted everything.” Harry took a deep breath. “He then sent me off to bed and arranged a meeting with Ron and Hermione. He told them both that I was unsafe to be around people – magical and otherwise – without some kind of control device, so they helped him create the manacles I was wearing at throat, wrist and ankle. He then had Pomfrey douse me with Dreamless Sleep and put them on me while I was under.”

Harry’s face angered. “Then the bastard told the Dursleys that Sirius was no longer alive. I wouldn’t have needed rescuing if the old fucker hadn’t have done that!”

Harry had broken off panting in a rage that burnt deeply. He looked up and noticed he was starting to smoulder. He had quickly reduced his emotion level to nothing. Standing, he’d left the room, only to return with a pensieve. He had filled it with the memories he had and of what he’d found out and how. When Remus, Severus, Draco, Lucius and Voldemort had returned, they had found Harry curled up on the seat, fast asleep.

***End Flashback***

Severus was startled when a hand touched his shoulder. He looked into his partner’s gentle amber eyes.

“Sorry Rem. I was miles away.”

Remus smiled. “I got Harry back in bed without waking him. Are you alright?”

“Do you think he knows how much stuff of his life he put in there?” Severus asked him, not answering the question.

“I don’t think he does, Sev.” Lucius’ tired voice came from the other side of the room, where he, his Lord and his son were talking softly. “I think he meant to put only certain things in there, but the memories he has of those events or of the consequences of those actions joined the information, as if they were linked.” Lucius shook his head. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that boy has had no one in his whole life.”
“He hasn’t.” The quiet voice of Draco in thought answered. “Didn’t you notice the way he reacted whenever he was in a crowd? Unless he was facing you, milord, or with the games keeper, or the weasel and mudblood, he almost panicked when there were more than five people. Even in the odd happy memory when someone hugged him, he froze for a bit.”

“The one that got me was that he managed to talk the sorting hat out of putting him in Slytherin and managed to trick everyone, including the Head of the Snake House, that he was pure lion.”

Voldemort stood. “When the boy wakes in the morning get into contact me, I have something I would like to discuss with him.”

“Yes, milord.”

The man then left. Lucius rose to leave as well.

“We’d better go home too. I will talk to you tomorrow, Severus.” He nodded in Remus’ direction and left, Draco following him. Before he stepped into the flames, Draco looked at Severus and Remus.

“Tell Potter I said I’d be glad to help him with Weasel and his mudblood.” He then stepped into the flame and disappeared.

***

Harry awoke the next morning to the tapping of an owl at his window. Stretching as he went to open it, he was surprised to see several owls waiting for him. After he removed the letters, all the owls flew off. He looked at his watch and walked down to the kitchen for a glass of pumpkin juice and a bowl of something that looked expensive.

Taking it into a small room off the dining room, Harry curled up on a chair to eat and read. This is where Severus and Remus found him half an hour later.

“Granger, Weasley, the twins, Ginny, Dumbledore and my O.W.Ls,” Harry answered Severus’ raised eyebrow. “Ginny and the twins are checking to see if the muggles are treating me all right and to complain about Percy, Molly, Arthur, Ron and Hermione. They’re also saying that if I need a place to get away, I can stay with the twins in Diagon Alley. The old goat is reminding me that I
cannot leave the muggle’s house due to the protection of my mother’s blood,” Harry snorted.

“And my ex-friends say they hope my stay at my aunt’s and uncle’s place was safe enough for them, and they expect me to keep wearing their ‘gift’ until I am back at Hogwarts, where all the teachers will be on hand to keep me from getting too out of control. I am also expected at the Burrow for the last two weeks of the holidays – gods keep the wind beneath my wings and iced water in my heart. They’ve also become a couple. What’s the bet that Granger’s preggers? Oh, and you’re going to have Ron in your potions class, Sir. It seems someone pulled strings and so he got an E. Granger brags she got O’s all the way through and makes it sound as if I couldn’t have passed as high as they did because I was an uncontrollable monster last year. I haven’t opened my O.W.Ls yet. I was just about to after I finish this. What is this anyway? It’s good!” He took another mouthful from the bowl and Severus laughed.

“The stuff you are eating is muesli, yoghurt and a mix of mango, papaya and passionfruit. Draco said he will join you in the torture and killing of your two ex-sidekicks. The thought of Weasley in my class is very frightening indeed, as is the thought of a pregnant Miss Granger. Also, the Dark Lord wishes to see you after lunch today."

Harry nodded as he opened his O.W.L results. Looking at the parchment, his jaw dropped. Slamming the parchment onto the table beside him, Harry turned to Severus.

“I want you to think of a potion we will be doing this year, or one from last year that I can complete before lunch please, Sir. I also obtained an E in potions, and I know I didn’t get it honestly. If I am to join your N.E.W.T class, I want to know I earned the position, and I want you to know I earned it.”

Severus looked at Harry shrewdly for a moment. “Alright, Mr Potter. I expect you to be in my lab in thirty minutes. You will have your practical this morning and your theory test after your meeting with our Lord. The practical will consist of a potion you will not be familiar with, so I shall allow you to use the book it is in, and give you a half hour to read what you can of the potion and its usage.”

Harry stood and bowed slightly. “Yes Sir. I am going to need to borrow all the things to make it from you, as I don’t even have my wand. Thank you for this chance, Sir.” He walked out of the door.

Remus eyed his lover. “Are you sure you know what you’re doing?”

Severus sighed. “Harry doesn’t believe he got that mark for true – which I doubt he did. Not that I don’t think he couldn’t have gotten it, but at that stage in his year, it was surprising he even managed to do as well as he did. I saw what he really got, and it was a high Acceptable. He only missed out on an Exceed Expectation by a half percent, if I remember rightly. I’m going to prove to him that he
can be one of the best in my subject if he puts his mind to it.”

Looking at the time, he picked up a book, kissed his partner softly and headed towards his lab.

***

Harry stepped out of the lab, sore, hot and smiling. He’d managed to make the potion he had been set with only a small number of incidences, which he suspected were deliberately set by his Professor to test what his reactions would be. Overall, Harry felt as if he’d done a good job. Now he was to shower and dress for lunch and his visit with his Lord.

“Potter.”

Harry stopped and leaned against the doorway. “Is ‘Harry’ really that hard to pronounce?”

Draco grinned. “No, but where would the world be going if I called you ‘Harry’?”

Harry chuckled then sighed. “I owe you an apology, Draco. I should have taken your hand in friendship six years ago, like I wanted to, and not have listened to Ronald Weasley.”

Draco smiled ruefully at Harry. “I also apologise for how I treated you over the past few years. Friends?” He held out his hand. Harry grasped it firmly.

“Friends.” Harry made a face. “Forgive me, Draco. I have got to shower, and after lunch I have a meeting with Our Lord. Do you think Mr Malfoy will allow you to stay for supper again tonight, so we can discuss the things that may come between our friendship back at Hogwarts?”

Draco smirked. “Sev has invited us for supper, so I think that can be arranged.”

Harry laughed, bowed slightly and walked to his room to shower, leaving behind a smiling Draco and a grinning, spying Severus.

***
Harry waited outside Severus’ private study for several moments before knocking.

“Enter.”

Breathing deeply, Harry opened the door and stepped confidently inside before bowing deeply at the elder man’s feet.

“You requested my presence, Lord?”

***

Severus was nervous. It had been nearly four hours since Harry had walked into his study and neither of them had yet to leave. He jumped as a laughing Harry opened the door, then straightened and bowed to his Lord.

“Milord, supper is almost ready. We would be most honoured if you were to join us.”

“I accept, Severus. I have something I wish to discuss with the Malfoys, yourself and your wolf.”

Harry hid his grin and followed the two men to the dining hall.

***

Halfway through supper, Voldemort broached the subject he wished to discuss.

“I have decided to adopt Mr Potter as my heir. I believe we can both benefit from the arrangement, but thought the four of you should be consulted, as if it occurs, you will all be his godparents.”

Silence filled the room. Harry smirked in a very Malfoy-like fashion at the stunned people before him. Remus was the first to speak.
“Neogennito? Is this what you wish?”

Harry nodded without hesitation. “It is dikos mou lykos. I need some stability in my life, and Pateras is the most constant thing in my past, so it stands to reason that he will be my stability now I’ve lost Siri.” Harry smiled at Voldemort. “Just keep me away from Wormtail and Bellatrix. I owe them both a death sentence. Bella for killing Siri and talking to me as if I had her intelligence,” his eyes glazed over as he remembered something. ”But I do have her to thank for me learning Cruciatus, so maybe I can reduce her sentence to showing her how proficient I am at it now.”

Harry gave a grin that had the hairs on the backs of everyone’s necks stand on end. “But Pettigrew … him I NEED to kill. He broke a wizard bond. I saved his life and he repaid me by getting Sirius killed. I told him a month before the first vision of Sirius that I wanted an audience with you to discuss the possibility of me, Siri and Remy joining you, but he went against it, and I want his blood!”

Everyone in the room, bar Voldemort, shivered in their seats at the growl in Harry’s voice. Harry then shook himself and looked at Severus.

“May I do the theory section of the exam after supper? I didn’t mean to be away for so long.” He turned to Draco. “I’m sorry, Drakontas. Maybe we can have afternoon tea and a chat some other time. It just can’t be during the last two weeks of the holidays as I’ve been told I’m to go to the Weasel’s Den then – like a dutiful Gryffindor.”

Draco smirked. “Good luck while you’re there. Just think: you’ll be having sooooo much fun you’ll forget all about us.”

Harry shuddered. “How about you throw me in a cage with a basilisk and Acromentula hatchlings instead, it will be more fun, and probably safer.”

Lucius laughed at that. “Only a Gryffindor could think something like that would be fun.”

Harry glanced at the Dark Lord and receiving a nod, smirked. “Well, I am the Founder’s Heir,” he drawled, sounding much like Draco. “In all points of Law, I own Hogwarts, amongst other things. I am to claim them when I return, so Hogwarts is now in our possession, without any bloodshed. I have also had a large magical boost and have some other gifts that should start making themselves noticeable once I return to my holdings. Professor? May I complete my test now?”
At Severus’ nod, Harry rose and bowed to the table at large, then did the same to Voldemort, saying, “milord.” He turned to Draco and bowed shallowly from the waist.

“Please forgive me, Drakontas. I would like nothing more than to get to know you better, but completing this is more important at this point in time, as it will determine whether or not I will be attending potions in this following year. I hope to see you during the week, with your permission.”

Harry walked to the door, but turned before he followed Severus out into the hall. “Oh, and I have a proposition to make. A bet, if you will. Do you accept?” At Draco’s nod, Harry grinned toothily and the flame of a vow of loyalty connected the two boys.

“I propose that if I, Harry James Potter, can convince at least three of the Weasleys to join the ranks of the Dark Lord voluntarily, you, Draco Abraxas Malfoy, will dye your hair Gryffindor colours for the first two weeks of the school year. If I fail at this task, I will be your servant for the same said two weeks, as long as it doesn’t interfere with my own schoolwork. So mote it be.”

The flames connecting them faded and Harry vanished; leaving a laughing Voldemort and three stunned and awed Malfoys in the room with an amused Remus Lupin.

***

Standing outside the seating hall inside Malfoy Manor, Harry waited. He was wearing black Dragon leather pants with a silver chain-mail belt, a deep green, almost black, shirt that made his eyes look hypnotic, black boots with bronze buckles and stitching and – Harry’s favourite – a cloak with hood, Slytherin green in colour with the symbol that would signify his adoption – a snake wrapped phoenix – in silver. If he was startled when the door opened, he did not reveal it. He looked into the onyx eyes of his potions professor and nodded silently in greeting.

“It is time. Don’t forget the hood.”

Harry nodded and pulled the hood over his head until it covered all his features but his lower jaw. “I am ready.”

Severus nodded and led him into the room. Reaching Voldemort, they bowed in unison, as if they had rehearsed it. In silence, Lucius stepped forward and rolled Harry’s left sleeve to his elbow.
“Do you swear your loyalty to me?”

“Yes, Lord.”

“Do you swear to forgo your birth name for one of my choosing?”

“Yes, Lord.”

Do you swear to sever all ties to those who do not accept our ideals?”

“I swear it on my life, milord.”

A soft blue light erupted from Voldemort’s wand to touch Harry’s forearm. When it vanished a black, green and blue phoenix wrapped in a black and silver snake appeared in its place. Voldemort smiled.

“Rise, Gios. Reveal yourself to our followers, so they know not to harm you.”

Harry rose slowly and caught Draco’s eye. He was standing to one side with the other Death Eater children. Harry smirked, making Draco smirk in reply. Slowly Harry raised his arms and, bowing his head with one last smirk, he removed the hood. Just as slowly as he raised his arms, he re-lowered them and raised his head. He locked eyes with Bellatrix.

“Hello, Bella. Remember me? I have a secret for you. I now have full control of Cruciatuus. Did you want to test me?” He grinned wolfishly, then turned and bowed to Voldemort. “Pateras.”

Chuckling softly, Voldemort rested a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “Will those chosen as godparents step forward?”

Harry turned and smiled at the two elder Malfoys and Severus, then frowned and turned to face his father.

“Your wolf had something to do. He said to apologise if he were late. He shouldn’t be …”
The double doors slammed open and every wand in the hall was pointed at an enraged, blood-coated Remus Lupin. He stormed to join the three standing before the newly bonded father and son.

“These four are charged with the teaching of my son, should anything prevent me from being there. Do you accept?”

The four bowed. “We accept,” they chorused in unison.

As the ceremony faded, Harry stepped forward and laid a hand on Remus’ shoulder. When he pulled it away, he sucked the blood off one of his fingers. His eyebrows rose.

“Human, dikos mou lykos?”

Remus snarled. “No! Walrus, whale and horse!”

Harry beamed. “The Dursleys?” At Remus’ nod, Harry crowed with delight. “I never have to be forced there again!” A thought hit him and he looked at Remus. “Why? It isn’t like you to lose your temper that badly.”

Remus looked away, not wanting to share the reason. Harry’s face lost all emotion.

“Give them to me.”

Remus whined.

“NOW, Lykos.”

Whimpering softly, Remus pulled two bags out of his pocket and enlarged them. Harry emptied them into two piles at his feet. Draco gasped when he realised what the bags held. There, at Harry’s feet, in tiny slivers, were his wand and broomstick. Harry started to smoulder. Everyone backed away and looked up when Thanatos arrived. They watched as he landed on a perch close to Harry and cooed softly.
“I know I didn’t need the wand anymore, Thanis.” Harry seemed to have forgotten the people around him. “That isn’t the point. The point is that the old goat snapped MY WAND in front of them. And the broomstick …” Harry stopped talking, but flames started burning in his hair. “He gave it to Dudley, Thanis.”

The phoenix trilled and Harry glared at it. “I KNOW BECAUSE I SEE IT WHEN I TOUCH THEM, YOU OVER GROWN ROAST CHICKEN!” he exploded. “I TOUCH ANY PIECE AND I SEE THAT OLD FUCKER HANDING IT TO DUDLEY, TELLING HIM IT IS THE LAST THING I GOT FROM SIRIUS BEFORE HE DID AND THEN TELLING HIM TO DESTROY IT. Do you know how he did it? Of course you don’t.” Harry continued, his voice turning to bitter chips of ice and the flames growing and spreading around him, changing colours.

“The fat lump leaned it against the wall and stood on it. Then he urinated on the pieces.” Harry started to shake. “I can’t control it, Thanis. I’ve tasted blood and I want more! I need more! I need to hunt – to kill. To feel hot blood flood my throat.” Harry’s eyes flared A.K green, scaring everyone and making Thanatos squawk and vanish.

“Albus Dumbledore has just signed his own death warrant,” Harry snarled, lighting the two piles of wood on fire just by looking at them. He looked at Wormtail, who was hiding behind Crabbe and Goyle Snr.

“You are lucky, Rodent. You are so lucky Pateras has my sworn word that I will not harm you without permission from him. If he did not, you would be so dead right now.”

Suddenly he stopped, his pupils dilating until they were pin-spots. Harry growled in his throat as his phoenix re-appeared, a doe gripped in his claws. As the phoenix dropped her to the ground, Harry transformed until a pure white wolf with golden-green eyes stood in his place. For a moment time stood still – then the doe caught the scent of wolf and she ran with Harry right behind her. Within minutes, Harry’s fangs were around her throat and those closest to him had their robes spattered with blood. Harry growled with pleasure as the taste hit his tongue, his face drenched in her life’s blood.

Remus carefully inched towards the prone animal.

“Neogennito?” he asked carefully. Harry answered by looking at him, before moving so he could watch him, while still lapping at the red liquid dripping from the deer.

“What are you planning to do with her now that you’ve killed her?”
Harry yipped and started to drag the carcass towards Voldemort. Remus laughed.

“It looks as if we are having venison sometime this week for supper.”

Voldemort nodded, looking amused. “Wormtail! Get the house-elves to come collect the animal.”

“Y-y-y-yes m-m-milord.” Wormtail walked past Harry, who growled at him, his eerie eyes full of a promise – You’re next.

“Harry!” Severus barked.

Harry instantly transformed back into his human self, his face still covered in blood and his green eyes glowed in his face. He was still growling.

“Harry!” Severus barked again.

Before anyone could react, Harry had stood and faced his professor. “That is no longer my name, Sir. I would appreciate it if you would desist in using it.” Harry blinked. “Pateras? What IS my name now?”

Voldemort blinked. “What do you think of Tobias Regulas Riddle?”

Harry beamed, and then got a very Malfoy family smirk on his face. “I will go by Harry James Potter while with the Weaselbies, Pateras. I do not wish to, but I have the BEST idea of how to break the wondrous news. Do you mind if I go under the name ‘Black’ while at school?”

At his father’s nod of permission, the newly named boy disappeared in a blue flame. One of the Slytherins whimpered.

“Well,” Draco announced, sounding neutral, though his eyes shone with laughter. “It seems this year, at least, is going to be interesting.”
Words

- Neogennito – Greek for Cub
  
  Dikos mou lykos – Greek for My Wolf
  
  Pateras – Greek for Father
  
  Drakontas – Greek for Dragon
  
  Gios – Greek for son
  
  Lykos – Greek for wolf
  
  Thanatos – Greek daemonic representation of Death
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The first confrontation of only the gods know how many

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!!!!! :3

I should also probably mention that I don't own anything that is recognisable and as for the rest ... well ... it is under a thing called 'imagination' I love fooling with things that I shouldn't (can you tell I'm a little bit of a fire bug? hehe)

Chapter 3

Tobias spent the next evening in the company of his father and godparents. He was stunned when Severus gave him the results of his test. He had passed with a higher score then had been faked for him.

“So, Har … Tobias,” Lucius spoke ... eventually.

“Yes Anadochos?”

Lucius blinked. “What is with you and the Greek language?”

Tobias shrugged. “I guess I wanted to be able to rant and insult everyone in a language they wouldn’t understand. I couldn’t find anything to teach me Elvin or Dwarven and I liked this language, so I choose it. Instead of insulting others, I now use it to name those closest to me.”

Lucius nodded thoughtfully.

Tobias stretched, making his spine crack. Unconsciously, he rubbed his lower arm, drawing Remus’ attention to it.
“Neogennito?” He started. “What … Why … How did that start?” He nodded his head in the direction of the visible marks.

Tobias sighed. “It started when I first learnt what the Dursleys were doing to me was classified as abuse. By this time I believed that I was to blame for what was occurring, as I’d been under their control for five years previously.” He smiled sadly. “They started the day I turned three. It was the first time I’d performed magic. I had managed to avoid being hit by a car – It hit the tree beside me instead. The man behind the wheel apologised, even though it wasn’t his fault. Some stupid kid had put something on the road that destroyed the car’s tires. I had managed to apparate myself to one side – just enough for him to believe that he had been able to prevent him from hitting me himself by swerving. The Dursleys were watching and my aunt and uncle knew what that meant. After that every opportunity to beat me that came up, they took. I always feared the day Vernon would take it to beyond the beatings and starving, but it never happened – Not until this summer.”

He took a mouthful of the sparkling water and lime – his now favourite evening drink – that Severus handed to him and ignored the looks on everyone’s face. “This time, I was wearing those damned bands and Mr Albus Fuck-em-all arrived and told them that they were to punish me in whatever way they saw fit and that the bands would prevent my magic from escaping. He … He said.” Tobias stopped talking, finding it hard to breathe due to his chest constricting. Severus stood behind him, grounding his emotions by placing his hands on his shoulders. Tobias nodded his thanks and rested his head back, preventing the tears in his eyes from falling.

“He said that as long as it doesn’t kill me it is permissible, and then went on to say not to bother wasting food on me, just water me once a day. He also mentioned that if at any time any of them realised what a fine looking specimen I was and wanted it, they could have it with nothing to fear from either wizarding or muggle authorities, as I was going to die before I said anything.” He slowly brought his eyes down to lock his green eyes with Voldemort’s red ones.

“He said his plan was to have me destroy you and then for him to destroy me, or have us destroy each other and have him deliver the killing blow to the survivor, as a mercy stroke, of course.”

Narcissa stood and hugged Tobias to her. “He can’t hurt you anymore, Bi,” she whispered.

“We will need to work on Occulmancy again this year, Neogennito, so he can’t get into your head. This is going to be more important than last year.”

Tobias was shaking his head. Severus raised an eyebrow.
“I never have, and never will need Occulmanency training, nonos. I have a natural shield around my mind. It took three years of mind manipulation potions hidden in his gods-forsaken lemon drops, tea and in every liquid I drank, including the healing potions, for him to be able to put a crack into my shield. Then he got the idea for someone I trusted to do it for him.” He looked pointedly at Remus, whose face was full of shock and anger. He looked back at Severus.

“The last thing he needed to break my mind was the death of the person I was closest to – Sirius. Everything that happened last year was a part of Dumbledore’s plan to break me. My whole LIFE has been him trying to break me, but he has failed! He doesn’t know the extent that I possess Gryffindor stubbornness or Slytherin cunning.” He smirked. “He also made the mistake of introducing me to his phoenix, who knew what was occurring. Fawkes has been on my side since second year – even before the basilisk incident.”

A deep silence filled the room at this statement. Tobias, who was deep within his own thoughts, didn’t notice it.

“You killed my basilisk?” Voldemort asked, not sure if he should be angry or impressed.

Tobias looked at his father with a small smile. “Yeah, sorry about that – but the poor excuse of a potions ingredient was trying to kill me.” A smirk lit his features, as did something no one had seen for a long time – a mischievous twinkle in his green eyes. “And there was also this smug Slytherin that came out of a diary that was attempting to killing my adopted sister as well, urging the damn thing on.”

He glared at Lucius. “I know you gave it to her, because Dobby told me,” he smirked, “but he also tried killing me several time over the course of that year, so he kind of evened it out.” He shrugged again before glancing around the room before whispering, “Do I have to go tomorrow?”

To everyone’s surprise it was Draco who knelt before him and took his face in his hands to make him look him in the eye. “Bi, I know you don’t want to go. Remember all the things we spoke about earlier today?” Tobias nodded causing Draco to smile, shocking everyone even more. “Then you will remember the promise I made you.” Once more he was answered with a nod.

“That promise stands, no matter what – even if I need to get on my hands and knees in the Great Hall in the middle of the welcoming feast and beg. And Bi?” He waits until the boy is looking at him again. “If you don’t go, you’ll never get to see me with red and gold hair.”

Tobias grinned, eyes sparking once more, before finishing his drink and standing. “I’m going to bed now. I’ll see you all in the morning for the spells to make me look like that Potter fellow again.” He
hugged and kissed his father and hugged his godparents. He walked to the door before stopping and turning. “Drakontas?” Draco looked up with an internal smile at the warmth evident in Tobias’ voice. Tobias smiled an honest smile. “Thank you.” He disappeared into the hall.

“Draco?” The whisper caught his attention and he looked at his father and laughed at the look of awe on his face. “What the hell did you promise him?”

The only response he was given was the patented Malfoy smirk and a glance towards the door where Tobias had just left.

***

A flare of green flames drew the attention of all in the room. From them stepped a cold Remus, a smirking Severus and, moments later, a livid Harry. All motion in the room stopped.

“I want to know several things, and I want to know them NOW! Firstly – am I going to be told what the fires in hell is going on, or am I going to be left in the dark still?” he waited.

Mrs Weasley broke the silence. “You are still too young to know Harry. This is for older, more skilful witches and wizards . . .”

Harry laughed bitterly. “I’m too young to know? I’m the one who has to off the bastard, and I’m too young to know what little information of him you actually have?” No one noticed the smirks on Severus and Remus’ faces at the fact that Harry had just sounded like a Malfoy.

Before anyone could speak, Harry threw the bands he’d been forced to wear into the middle of the meeting table. In a voice that was dark with fury, he continued. “Explain to me, Sir,” he sneered the last word with all the contempt he could muster, “what the FUCK these were for?” He glanced at Ron and Hermione. “And don’t you two even THINK for a second that I don’t know that you helped with them.” He turned back to the headmaster.

“You had me fucking well drugged and put the cursed things on me – not for my safety, but because you knew I would be coming into my inheritance this year. You knew that I was the heir to one of the founders, and you didn’t want me to get it. I couldn’t even protect myself from anything that might happen.” Harry held out a hand, and to everyone’s surprise, Severus handed him a newly enlarged pensieve. Harry nodded his thanks and placed it onto the table. Turning to Remus, he closed his eyes and let the werewolf remove a memory. “This is one thing that occurred when I was
unable to protect myself because of the three of you.” He said coldly. The memory shocked everyone, with one of the twins leaving the room, dry retching. It was the one that Severus walked in on, but without him interfering. Severus frowned at the implication.

“How often did that occur?”

Without changing his blank facial expression, Harry answered, “Two to three times a day, and every second day it wouldn’t be with his fingers.” Severus turned an alarming shade of green. No one else spoke, not even to answer the question Harry had asked.

“Thirdly,” he continued when he realised that no one was speaking, “where the hell were you when the Death Eaters attacked?”

Gasps sounded in the room.

“What do you mean, Harry?” Hermione asked sounding as if she believed that what Harry had to say was just made up. “There has been no Death Eater activity this summer.”

Harry glared at her before turning that same gaze on Dumbledore. “So much for the protection of the Order, Sir,” he drawled, sounding more like Draco than he had before. “Death Eaters attacked the Dursleys two weeks ago. I was rescued,” he spat the word as if it were poison, “by someone I didn’t like, nor trust. It took both him and Severus here to get me out without dying.” His eyes took on the look of hard emeralds as everyone voiced their accusations at Severus.

“I am telling everyone in this room right this second that I am no longer going to be a puppet. I am not going to join the Order – I have joined another. One that actually gives me information on what I need to know. They are just as eager to rid this world of Voldemort as I am. I am also very happy to announce that Severus and Remus are now members of this new order as well, and are therefore no longer in attendance here. I am NOT spending my time here. I have had several offers in my choice of accommodation and if the one offer I got over the summer still stands, then I will accept.”

“Harry! How can you –”

“Possibly think that we –”

“Would take back the offer of having –”
“You live at our place to help with –”

“The shop while –”

“We are away?”

The room was silent at this. Fred continued. “Bill and Charlie are going to be there, but not in the house. Ginny said she’ll help with the store and so she’ll be staying with Bill and Charlie at The Burrow, so they can bring her, so we need someone to watch the house and the shop – particularly at night.”

“You’re welcome to stay with him, Mooney, just to keep him in trouble – in line of the Marauders, that is.” George finished. Harry smiled for the first time that day.

“I’m happy to hear that, Gentlemen. I, myself, am finished here. Let’s go get us settled. I have a letter to send and I want to talk to you about what is happening with the shop. It might be best if Bill, Charlie and Ginny join us, as I’m going to be working with them.”

The twins nodded and the five Weasleys who had been named stood and floo’d to the shop. Severus said his farewells, his amusement poorly contained to those who knew him, and left. Before he stepped into the fireplace Harry turned to look at the dumbstruck order.

“This house and everything in it is mine by right. I know what Sirius’ will said, and I now own this building. You can use it for your headquarters still, but understand that anyone who touches anything will be hexed, thrown out or cursed in accordance with rule 298 of the Wizard homeowner’s Law in this country. Have a pleasant life.” He smiled sweetly, then walked into the already green flames and disappeared.

***

It had been one week since Tobias had resumed his previous identity as Harry Potter and had appeared before the Weasleys and Dumbledore. During this time, Draco, his father, mother and godfather had been talking and preparing for the big day scheduled for the first of September.
It had been during one of these meetings that their Lord had walked in carrying a letter. There was to be a marking ceremony set for the week before school started.

Someone cleared their throat and Draco jumped, scared out of his thoughts. Looking up, he smiled slightly at his father.

"Are you ready son?" Lucius hid his amusement well, letting only a small amount of it show in his eyes. His son was dressed in his finest clothes – black robes edged with silver and green Dragons. Lucius smirked. "Dressing to impress, my son?"

To his surprise, Draco got a faint blush on his cheeks. He placed a hand of apology on his son’s shoulder. "It is time for us to leave, Son." He leant over and whispered, "You look great, son. I’m sure you’ll catch his eye – whoever they are." With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Lucius left.

Draco gathered himself, took a deep breath and followed his father, hoping with all his heart that he wasn’t going to get burnt if he chose to play with fire.

Words

Anadochos – a Greek word for godfather
Neogennito – a Greek word for cub
Nonos – a Greek word for godfather
Drakontas – Greek word for dragon
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Harry, now Tobias, is reunited with his new family for a few days for the marking ceremony of new recruits. Does Draco need to show his support for the House of Lions, or will he gain himself a slave for two weeks?

Chapter Notes

If you find mistakes, feel free to tell me, specially if they are in the form of translations. As for the last 'name' I put in there, I didn't add it due to thinking my readers as being stupid or unable to figure it out for themselves. I've had a few people who aren't native English speakers asking what it meant or how it was pronounced or what it was for, so I thought I would add it just in case.

Anywho, hope you enjoy this chapter :3

Chapter 4

Halfway through lunch, they arrived. Everyone seated in the room blinked in shock. Standing behind Remus were five redheads. Severus started to laugh.

“He did it then?”

Remus laughed and nodded. “He did, first night there too. I hope you’re ready for school Draco. You’re going to have to last for two weeks.”

Draco shocked everyone by smiling. “It will be worth it, Remus. Speaking of the devil, where is he?”

A flash of green light drew everyone’s attention to the now re-filled doorway. Standing just inside stood Harry, head bowed to ask a blessing. Straightening up, he walked to Severus, bowed and then hugged the older man.
“Hey Nonos, You have no idea how good it is to be back.”

Severus smiled as Tobias made his way to Narcissa, bowed and kissed her hand before kneeling and hiding his face on her lap as she gently ran fingers through his hair.

“Missed you, Nona,” he whispered.

“I missed you too, Tobias.”

Everyone stared as his shoulders started to shake. Remus smiled sadly, watching him.

After a while, he spoke. “It hurts Nona. It hurts that I can’t show them who I am. I can’t handle all this inside me. Why can’t they all accept me the way I am – for who I am? I need to be released – I need to burn.”

In the silence that followed, Lucius stood and moved to his wife’s side. Looking at his Lord for permission, he pointed his wand at the boy and murmured something. The Weasleys gasped as Harry Potter disappeared to be replaced by someone else. They watched in shock as he threw himself into Lucius’ arms and hugged him tight.

“Thank you Anadochos”

“You’re welcome, Tobias.”

Remus smiled. “Good to see you back to normal, Neogennito. I think you’ve shocked a few people though.”

Tobias’ laughter echoed around the room. He turned to look at Draco, his eyes widening slightly. “Drakontas! Dressing to impress, or dressed to kill?” Striding over to him, he clasped the other boy’s upper arm in a sign of friendship. Pulling him into a hug he whispered, “You look good, Drakontas.” Letting him go, he bowed deeply to his father.

“Pateras. Thank you for allowing this visit. If I had to stay with that family any longer than that, they would have woken up as ghosts. They decided that since I was at the twin’s shop, so should Granger
and Weasely. We only just managed to get away from them for today by saying that we needed to go to Gringotts – somewhere I can most definitely assure you that they will not go, since it annoys the goblins when people aren’t there to take out money.” He grinned predatorily.

“I present to you Messer’s Fred, George, Bill, Charlie and Miss Ginevra Weasley.” As each of their names was called, they bowed or curtseyed to the man seated before them. “Friends, this is my adopted father, Tom Marvolo Riddle. I am no longer Harry James Potter. On September the first, I am legally going to be Tobias Regulas Riddle. I shall be going under the name of Black while I still attend Hogwarts or until Dumbledore, Granger and Weasely are destroyed – whichever comes first.”

Tobias looked at his father. “Please forgive me father, I need to go burn something.” At his father’s nod, Tobias bowed to all in the room individually then was engulfed in a hot red flame, vanishing.

As the Weasleys were urged to their seats, the questions they had started to fly.

***

Two hours later, Voldemort knocked on his son’s bedroom door. Not getting an answer, he opened the door to see Tobias seated cross-legged on the ground in front of a makeshift altar. He sat on the desk chair present to watch as his son was meditating. Just as he was thinking of interrupting him, Tobias burst into flame and slowly opened his eyes.

“Pateras!”

Voldemort stood as Tobias got up off the floor and walked to him, stretching the aches out of his muscles. Hugging him, Tobias squeezed gently.

“Are you hungry, gios?”

“A little, Pateras. Are we holding the ceremony tonight?”

Tom chuckled. “Yes Gios. There is going to be a difference, however. These five are not going to be obtaining my mark – they will bare yours, and you will be the one marking them. Do you know what your mark is going to be?”
Tobias nodded just as a house-elf appeared with a roast meat sandwich. Taking a bite of it, Tobias moaned in appreciation as the sweet, yet rich, taste of venison touched his tongue. His eyes closed in bliss, he didn’t see Remus walk into the room – but he did smell the blood-rich nutrient potion the werewolf carried. He growled deeply in his throat in anticipation. As soon as it was set down beside him, he grabbed the goblet and downed it, forgetting his partially consumed sandwich. Remus laughed as Tobias growled at the house-elf’s attempt to remove the goblet from his grasp.

“Are you sure that he isn’t a werewolf?” a slightly bemused Voldemort asked.

Remus shook his head, still laughing. “N-no Sir. He has been that … starved, I guess you could say - that his animagus form has partially merged with his mind. At least that is what Sev and I have guessed at.”

Tobias’ laughter drew the men’s attention back to him. “L-ly-lykos,” he gasped through his laughter. “That is so … so funny!” He continued laughing, getting it out of his system.

“What is so funny, Gios?” Voldemort asked, slightly curious.

“Yes, Neogennito. What is so funny?”

Tobias laughed softly. “I don’t have an animagus form, Lykos.”

The silence that met that statement seemed to last forever as time seemed to stand still.

“Neogennito!” Remus struggled to prevent himself from growling at his godson. “Explain. Now!”

Tobias sighed. “Can it wait til after the marking, Lykos? I don’t want to have to explain it several times over. I also think Pateras wished to talk to me about something before supper.”

Remus nodded, bowed and left with the goblet, which had been licked clean. Voldemort watched his son stretch again and noticed the wild, animalistic grace and strength he seemed to exude.
“Gios. We need to talk about something.”

Tobias sat on the floor, legs crossed. “Yes Pateras?”

“Now that you are my son, we need to start looking for a partner for you. After we find one suitable for you, we will need to start with the negotiations for a betrothal contract. I’m sorry son, but … are you more inclined towards males or females?”

Tobias thought for a bit. “Honestly Pateras, I have no preference. I enjoy being with males more, but I can function well enough for a female too, so I will stand by your decision. May I ask one thing to be non-negotiable?” Voldemort nodded, puzzled at what this requirement was. “Can it not be someone related to me by blood?”

Voldemort laughed loudly. “Of course, Gios. I guess that means that it will be none of the Weasley children then?” Tobias shuddered as his father laughed; delighted with the joke he’d just played on his son.

***

Remus walked into the large room holding the newly marked youngsters. To his – and everyone else’s – surprise, all the sixth year Slytherins that were present also chose to be marked by his godson. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of silence from a previously noisy room. Looking around, he quickly put the goblet he was holding on the table next to Tobias.

Everyone in the room watched in fascination as the liquid disappeared down the boy’s throat. Laughter followed when Remus tried to remove the goblet from his hand before it had been licked clean. When he managed to remove it, he spoke.

“Neogennito. It has been requested that in a quarter mark of the candle for you and young Mister Malfoy to join us in the family room. That is also when everyone else – bare the Weasleys – will be returning to their homes with their families. The Weasleys are welcome to spend the weekend with us. Please enjoy the time you have left. A house-elf will be here to show you the way when your time is up.

“Mr Lupin?” Pansy asked. “Why did you bring Tobias’ potion and not a house-elf?”
Remus, the Weasleys and Draco laughed as Tobias’ face darkened slightly.

“Well, Miss Parkinson, it’s like this. My Neogennito here is rather territorial and with what happened with a house-elf forced him to eat, I’m afraid the house-elves believe they will be – how was it put? Oh yes, ‘Made into leather and sold to the highest bidding fat and sweating muggle so that he can use them to protect his testicles from being damaged the next time he decided to go to that gay club and while he’s at it make them into a nice penis and arse crack warmer just for the fun of it’. And if that didn’t work, then he’d order them to make themselves willing conspirators of S.P.E.W – some house-elf organization that the Granger girl created.”

Remus smiled at the shocked and admiring glances Tobias was getting from those around him, Draco and the twins laughter still rolling around them. Remus then left the youngsters to their chaos.

***

Tobias listened to the adults talk around him. Before they had entered the room, he had indicated to all the Weasleys and Draco that he wished to speak to them after this. They had all nodded their understanding and agreement.

It wasn’t long before Severus broached the subject they were there to discuss.

“Ok, Tobias. What is all this animalistic behaviour about? You haven’t been bitten, have you?”

Tobias shook his head and closed his eyes. “It started when I started being punished for doing magic. I always believed that no one came to my cupboard because they didn’t care. Well, that was partially true.” He looked up at Severus. “What you witnessed when you found me? There is a reason he never had the chance to do that before this summer. My magic kept anyone who wished to harm me away from where I was the most vulnerable. The longer the protective magic was around me, the closer it bonded with me - not as my own magic, but as a magical entity, it developed into a guardian for me. This guardian was always a carnivorous animal, but was never the same animal two days running. Sometimes it would be a wolf, then a big cat, reptile, bird or fish. I’ve had serpents – including basilisks – Dragons, gryphons, hippogriffs.”

He gave a tiny half-smile. “I’ve even had a large black dog and various were-creatures. In fact, I think the only creature I haven’t yet had as a guardian is a lion. “When I suppress my need to do magic, or when I don’t use magic for a long time, I start to act like any one of the guardians.”
He gave a short bark of laughter. “The summer I made Vernon’s sister into a helium balloon was when I let the Dragon out to play – Rage and Protection, the rules of all Dragons.” He gave a half-smirk in Draco’s direction, causing the blonde youth to blush slightly. “There has been many times in my past that I was punished for ‘acting more like a freak than usual’.” He shook his head, thinking.

“This is interesting, Tobias,” Narcissa said, truly finding it fascinating. “But what has this to do with you not being an animagus? Everyone in this room who doesn’t have red hair saw you go wolf a week ago.”

Tobias almost smiled at her. “It’s due to what I went through earlier this summer. My guardians originally came to me because I was restricting my own magic by living in fear of what would happen to me if I didn’t. This summer found me with my magic bound against my will and by people who I trusted to do the right thing by me. My guardians were still there, but as they originated from my core magic, the bands bound them as well. Once the bands had been removed and my magic flared, my guardians also had to release some of their bound magic, therefore binding them to me tighter still. Now, if I am ever in that position again, then the guardians will be able to protect me, and if they can’t do anything due to their power base being locked up, they can force my body to change into their shape.”

“That day last week I was beyond furious. Thanatos tried his hardest to calm me down, but when that didn’t work; the wolf guardian in me took charge and calmed me down with a hunt.” Remus laughed. What better way to calm down an enraged wolf then for it to hunt? Tobias continued, sending Remus a look saying that he understood what he was laughing at. “Today’s guardian thinks I’m a sweet kit, even if I do grumble about her mothering me.”

“What is your guardian today, ‘Bi?’” Draco asked softly. Almost instantly a raven Black Panther with blue/white eyes was giving Draco a cat’s smile, then she was gone, leaving behind a sleepily smiling Tobias.

Tobias looked around the room, his eyes lighting up when he spotted the back of the lounge chair. Those in the room watched silently as he stretched and made himself comfortable along the back of the chair in his sights and then fall asleep. All in the room felt a stab of affection for the dark-haired youth – a strange occurrence in men who had sworn to kill the youth so many years before.

***

The next day found Tobias in a very bad mood. He had to go back with the Weasleys. While this in itself was not enough to put him in a bad mood, it was that he had to return to The Burrow, where he was sure that both Ron and Hermione would be waiting to ambush him on Dumbledore’s orders.
Draco jokingly suggested letting one of them piss him off and then let his guardian of the day to deal with the two of them. No one laughed for long when Tobias pointed out that today’s guardian was not only a reptile, but also the king of the serpents itself. Since then, everyone made sure not to give Tobias too much grief. After all, nobody wanted to come face-to-face with a basilisk with Tobias’ temper.

***

Ginny watched with sadness in her heart as she watched how her friend and Lord were being treated by the youngest of her elder brothers. The list of things he could do were down to four. Eat, sleep, breath and go to the bathroom.

It was during the second day that an idea hit her. All day this idea plagued her until she stopped and thought about it. If it worked, then Tobias would be able to do more than watch Ron and Hermione slobber all over each other. If it didn’t, she would be in a world of trouble. Would she do it, or wouldn’t she? Her answer was given to her the next morning.

Waking up, she noticed the faint sounds of an argument coming from down stairs. The scene in the sitting room was enough to make her choke with anger – ‘Harry’, as Tobias was still playing, was being alternately lectured and yelled at for getting up at three in the morning to go to the loo without waking either Ron or Hermione before doing so.

“For Merlin’s sake, Ronald Weasley!” Tobias exploded. “Do you really think I need you to hold my hand when I go and have a piss? Do you really need to know how many times I get up in the night to make water? And do you think I need help shaking it off, because I can tell you right now that I am perfectly able to pull myself without supervision! If I didn’t know any better, I’d believe that you work for Rita Skeeter. I’m not allowed to do anything, not even housework. I’m not allowed to send an owl to anyone without either of you reading or writing it. AND YOU WON’T EVEN LET ME BE IN THE SAME ROOM AS ANYONE ELSE WITHOUT YOU TWO BEING STUCK TO MY FREAKING ARSE! SO WILL YOU JUST PISS OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE FOR FIVE FUCKING MINUTES!”

“Don’t you dare take that tone of voice with us Harry!” For being the smartest witch in the year, Hermione didn’t notice the winces that appeared on Ginny, the twins and Bill’s faces, nor the look of pure contempt on Tobias’. “What could you possibly have to talk to Ginny, Fred, George, Charlie or Bill about? There is nothing you could want to talk about without us in here with you.”

The marked Weasleys jaws dropped, not being able to believe their ears. How dare she!
“I can discuss business with the twins, Hermione. I am the third owner of WWW, after all and I need to have an interest in what is happening in the shop. We need to discuss a lot of things for it – any new products, what is good for business, what is bad for business, what age group they are aiming for and what age group is actually buying the stuff, if we want to sell shares, if so how many. You know, all the statistics, facts and figures that go with running a business.”

“Charlie is a good bloke to talk to about animals. He’s almost a walking encyclopaedia on Dragons and Romania. I’m not talking about the things you can get from a book either, Hermione. I’m talking about the experience you get only by talking to someone who is passionate about that topic and can make shovelling Dragon shit for sixteen hours a day sound like heaven. Someone who is so enamoured that they can talk for days on end about the subject.”

“Bill is by far the easiest Weasley to talk to, and I know I can go to him about anything that I am unsure of – just like an older brother. I can take any problems, or rituals I discover to him and ask him about them and not be terrified out of my wits if I don’t understand him the first time – particularly anything to do with Wizarding customs.”

“As for Ginny …”

Once Ginny heard her name come up, she grabbed her chance and jumped into his sentence, her hands on her hips and scowling at her brother. “As if you don’t know what him and I want to do together without you two in the room. It has been you, Ron, who has been trying to push us together since your forth year, isn’t it? How do you think we would get to be in a relationship like that if we don’t know anything about the other?” She turned her scowl onto Hermione. “I expected my brother to be this stupid, but you Hermione? If I were you, then I’d stop fucking him every night if his stupidity is spread that way.”

She grabbed hold of Tobias’ hand and pulled him into the kitchen behind her, knowing that both her parents would have heard that last little bit about Hermione and Ron and secretly celebrated it.

The four marked Weasley males sank into their chairs at the kitchen table as the inferno that was Molly Weasley ignited in the sitting room and aimed all her flames at her youngest son and his girlfriend. For a while, no one said anything. Tobias then swallowed the last bite of his breakfast, cleared his throat, drank the rest of his pumpkin juice and looked at Ginny.

“How utterly Slytherin of you Ginevra. There is hope for the Weasley clan yet.”

Ginny beamed, happy with the results so far.
The first of September found a concerned bunch of Slytherins waiting on Platform 9 ¾. An anxious Narcissa waited nearby. Thirty minutes before the train was due to depart, a red tide seemed to appear out of nowhere. Draco heaved an internal sigh of relief at the spot of black he spotted amongst them.

Two of the Weasleys split off from the rest and approached the group of Slytherins.

"’Bi apologises for not having owling anyone for the last week,” one of the twins murmured, making it look all the world like they were handing out testers. “The old fart has had Ron and Hermione stick that close to him that you’d think they’d been magically stuck to his arse. He wasn’t even allowed to talk to any of us.”

“That was until Ginny stepped in. She got them to leave him alone long enough to spend three hours a day without them so he could talk to us. It was brilliant!”

“How’d she do that?” Millicent asked

“She made them think that she was courting him.”

This bought a bout of laughter from all those surrounding them.

“She could almost be in Slytherin, that one,” Pansy gasped.

The twins grinned at her. “All us marked ones could have been – but who would have suspected to look for Slytherins in Gryffindor?” This bought another round of laughter.

“Back to what we were saying. Bi has to still act as if he’s Harry, so even though he wants to be with his marked ones, it might be better if only Draco, Crabbe and Goyle search him out, as you normally do. He also requests that whatever happens tonight, just go with it and act like you’d normally do. You’d better get on the train now. We’ll see you on either the first Hogsmead weekend, or when you visit your parents for the holidays – whichever comes first.” Then they were gone.
The students all climbed onto the train, talking softly about what the twins had just told them.

***

Tobias almost growled in irritation. He couldn’t wait for the Sorting to be over with so he could wash his hands of his so-called friends. He was dreaming of the looks of outrage on their faces when Lucius walks into the room, when the door to his compartment opened. Before anyone else noticed that the door was open, Tobias mouthed, “Help me.”

“I’m going to the bathroom. NO! I don’t need nor want company.” He stormed out of the compartment.

Before the Gryffindors inside it managed to collect themselves, Vincent and Gregory blocked the open doorway. Draco, meanwhile, had followed Tobias to an empty compartment.

Once the door had been closed, locked and set with a hex for any who tried opening it, Tobias collapsed into the seat behind him and rubbed his head. “Where they always that much of a nightmare?” he asked from within his hands. Draco only smirked and handed over a headache potion, which Tobias downed without question.

Tobias noticed the look of surprise on Draco’s face and smirked. “Even poison would be preferable to spending any more time with them two.”

Draco nodded and pat Tobias’ shoulder in understanding before he left. Tobias sighed and relaxed, letting the potion do its work before he left to return to his belongings.

***

The Slytherins saw firsthand the treatment their friend and Lord was getting from Ron and Hermione when the Hogwarts Express reached Hogsmeade. They hadn’t let anyone speak to him, nor him to anyone and they herded him between them on the way to the carriages. Before they managed to force him into one of them, Tobias managed a quick look around and locked eyes with the small group of sixth year Slytherins. He smirked before grinning maliciously. The answered with smirks of their own.
It was time for the games to begin!

**Words**

- *Nonos – Greek for godfather*
- *Nona – Greek for godmother*
- *Anadochos – Another Greek word for godfather*
- *Neogennito – Greek for cub*
- *Drakontas – Greek for dragon*
- *Pateras – Greek for father*
- *Gios – Greek for son*
- *Lykos – Greek for wolf*
- *Thanatos – Greek daemonic personification of death*
- *Bi – pronounced ‘Bye’, Shortened form of Tobias*
chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Tobias and his fellow students arrive at Hogwarts where a surprise has been set up for those who were not in the know and one Slytherin seventh year discovers, first hand, why it isn't a good idea to piss off people who are higher on the food chain than he is.

Chapter Notes

Hope that you all enjoy this chapter as much as you seem to be enjoying the other chapters I have posted. On a happy note, I am now up to writing the 47th chapter for this story and I am hoping that the chapters will start to gain in length since some of the later chapters are rather short. As usual, I own nothing that is known, unless you have already read the story, then some of the parts that you know are mine :p (raise hands if I confused you with that *raises both hands XD*) and tell me please if I have any mistranslations :3

Chapter 5

Hogwarts knew that the heir was close. She always knew, but until recently she had been forced to ignore his presence. This year she would not have to. He was close enough for her to be able to read his emotions. She chuckled to herself as his plans for the year were transferred to her. She had never liked that Dumbledore man, even when he was a child in her halls. She would do her part, as would the sorting hat. She liked this plan.

***

Tobias was seated at the Gryffindor table, once more wedged between Ron and Hermione. He smirked inwardly when Hogwarts registered Lucius' arrival. It was almost time … and …

The doors of the Great Hall slammed open, just as the Sorting Hat called out the house of the last student. Lucius stood in the doorway, face alight with hidden excitement as he searched the hall for something – or someone.

Draco walked to his father, who spoke to him in a fast whisper. Everyone was shocked into silence when Draco jumped happily on the spot and took off running in the direction of the Gryffindor table.
“Harry! It’s come through! Come, come, come, come, come!” Harry had started to rise when Hermione snapped out of her silence.

“Harry James Potter! Where do you think you are going! You sit yourself back on that seat right now or else!”

Harry glared at her, then at the hands that she and Ron had placed on his arms to prevent him from moving. “Kindly remove your hands from my arms, Miss Granger. Mr Weasley. They are unwanted,” he stated coolly. “Both of you forwent the privilege of being on friendly terms with myself the second you agreed to making the bands.”

Draco and Lucius exchanged glances. Neither of them had ever heard him speak in that tone of voice before. It terrified the light out of them, but also fed the darkness in them at the same time.

Harry continued into the silence, “And Sir?” He looked directly into Dumbledore’s eyes. “If this is what I suspect it is, then you are no longer my legal guardian, Magical or otherwise.” He walked around the table to stand beside Draco and looked at Lucius. “Are they really the papers, Anadochos?”

Lucius smiled and nodded in affirmation. Tobias whooped in joy, ran to him, stole the papers in his hands and read through them. When he looked up his eyes sparkled with honest joy.

“It’s true! Draco, it’s true. He adopted me. I didn’t think that h-he would want to.” He sounded slightly shocked and awed – like he’d been expecting it to have all been a joke. Draco walked towards him slowly, thinking to place a hand on Tobias’ shoulder when the boy in question leapt towards him and engulfed him in a tight hug and bounced on the balls of his feet chanting, “I got a family, I got a family!”

“Father! Help!”

Lucius laughed harder than he’d ever done before at the look on his son’s face in that moment. It wasn’t until he fell on the ground holding his ribs that Draco could get Tobias to calm down and let him go. By this time, the Slytherins had lost their fight to stay aloof.

“Bi! If you don’t stop, you’re going to kill my father with laughter.”
Tobias looked at Lucius on the ground and started to laugh himself, before casting a calming charm on the older blonde. By this time Severus had made his way down to them with a calming draft, just in case.

“Hey Nonos! Guess what! The adoption papers came through!”

Severus smiled, nearly killing all students and most of the teachers in the hall. “Congratulations, Tobias. And welcome to the family.”

Tobias grinned and Lucius cleared his throat.

“Your father was sorry that he could not be here to tell you himself, but as you know it is not safe for him to be seen just yet. Due to this, he wishes for you to choose the name you wish to complete your studies under, since it is not safe for either of you for you to go under your legal name. This will be the name in all your records until neither of you are in danger from a certain psychopath.”

The Slytherins that had been at his marking laughed knowing that Lucius was talking about Dumbledore, not their Lord. Tobias nodded his understanding.

“I wish to be known as Tobias Regulas Black please, as Pateras named me Tobias Regulas, and I am the heir of the Black line. The person Harry James Potter no longer exists and never did exist. I am the sole heir to both lines. So mote it be.”

Both Tobias and the contract glowed silver, fulfilling the last requirement of the adoption process.

“Mr Black. A word, if I may?” Everyone turned to look at the hat – which had been forgotten in what had been occurring.

“What kind of word?”

“You need a re-sort Sir. And might I add that I hope this time you will allow me to put you into the correct house?”
Tobias chuckled. “I’m sure that can be arranged, Mr Hat.”

The Sorting Hat chortled. “Oh yes, I can see that you are most definitely theirs. Not that it is much of a surprise, what with the way you manipulated me in your first year. You, my lad, are Slytherin’s through and through.” Gasps could be heard throughout the hall. The Hat and Tobias ignored them.

“Yes, you were so difficult to place, and it was such a disappointment to not be able to put you in the right house. Well, that is to be expected, with you being the Founder’s Heir and all.”

The noise level of the Hall rose drastically and Tobias was positive that he had been deafened.

“Yes, Founder’s Heir. It is wonderful to be able to speak to you, finally,” a feminine voice silenced the students. “Please forgive me for not introducing myself sooner, but I was under orders not to until you had come into your inheritance. I am Hogwarts, young Sir. Welcome home.”

Tobias looked at the Hat and then at the walls of the hall. “You both just had to announce it to the wizarding world, didn’t you?” His only answer was a rippling laughter from both Hat and Hall.

Lucius and Severus sniggered to themselves. They knew that this was a part of the plan, but if they hadn’t, they would have been sucked into thinking that their godson didn’t want it to be announced. Lucius collected himself and cleared his throat.

“Tobias. Draco. I also have the list of those families willing to bond their children to you.” Tobias raised an eyebrow, making him look like a young Tom Riddle. Severus and both Malfoys chuckled. “Yes, Skotadi. Your father did stay within your guidelines, which amounted, I dare say, to ‘No one closely related by blood.”

Tobias grinned, unashamed at his request, as both he and Draco were handed their lists.

“Mr Black! Your re-sorting?” A voice called from the front of the Hall. Smirking, Tobias sauntered to the front dais and sat on the sorting stool. His soon-to-be ex-head of house shakily lowered the hat onto his head.

“Well, Mr Riddle, I must congratulate you on finally escaping the old man’s clutches – Even if it has taken you five long years to do so.”
Tobias was intrigued. “Who said I was under the old coot’s clutches to begin with? Why couldn’t have I been playing a part?”

“My dear, dear boy! I am surprised at you! I am the Sorting Hat of Gryffindor. None can hide anything from me!”

Tobias smirked. “And was it Gran’thor Gryffindor who gave you the obnoxious attitude?” he asked sweetly.

Hogwarts herself laughed joyfully, startling the students once more. “Oh, come now, dear Hat. Is that any way to talk to the Heir?” She asked listening to the retorts the Hat was now aiming at the boy whose head he was on.

Tobias laughed and let all his barriers – both natural and formed – down, shutting the hat up.

“Well stitch my seams and burn my brimming,” the Hat whispered into the silent hall. “I take every word I said to you back, Milord Black. You are more than Slytherin than Salazar himself! You’d best be placed in SLYTHERIN.”

A beam of light shot towards Tobias as he removed the Sorting Hat. When it hit him, he let out an ear-splitting scream of pain as he burst into white-edged blue and green flames. Phoenix song filled the hall moments before Thanatos flamed to his master’s side. Without hesitation, the flame-bird wrapped his wings around the boy and, once more, triggered his burning reflex.

Ash drifted down over the students, the only thing left of the boy-who-lived. Draco, Severus and Lucius were rooted to the spot as the ash drifted over them as well. This wasn’t a part of the plan, as far as they knew.

Ron, who had been stewing in his anger and jealously of his ex-best friend, stormed over to the three shell-shocked men standing in the middle of the hall. “WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO HIM YOU DARK, EVIL FERRET! Ron shouted, putting his wand against Draco’s throat. “I know you did something to him you death eater sympathizer!” Ron’s face now clashed with his hair, as it had turned purple with rage.

Draco blinked stupidly at the redhead, so it was his father who answered.
“We, Mr Weasley, did nothing but get him away from the muggle’s house while they were under a Death Eater attack. Draco, Severus and I are members of an organization that is dedicated to the eradication of the Dark Lord. We – unlike the over-cooked chicken club …” The sixth year Slytherins smirked, knowing that the senior Malfoy male had taken that wording from Tobias. The members of the Order of the Phoenix all shouted out at the same time.

Lucius held up a hand for silence, and surprisingly he got it within a few moments. “As I was saying: We, unlike the Order of the Phoenix, are not a complaints society. We are an action and information reconnaissance group, which is my and Draco’s responsibility. So will you now remove your wand from my son’s throat, before one of us seriously hurts you?”

“Bullshit!” Ron yelled as he moved his wand to the middle of Draco’s forehead. “Miniatus me –”

A rumbling growl and large pale blur interrupted the boy, who yelped in fear as he noticed the furious were-wolf on top on him, pinning him to the floor. To the redhead’s embarrassment, and his sister’s absolute delight – Ron lost control of his bladder, urine forming a puddle underneath him.

“Neogennito!” a sharp, dark voice called, snapping the beast’s attention from the boy beneath him. “Release him!”

The were-wolf whined.

“Now!” the voice commanded.

The were-wolf disappeared and was replaced by a newly transformed Harry Potter. Half the hall felt their jaws drop as they took in the boy’s new appearance. There was no two ways about it – The boy was damned well smoking hot! Half the Hufflepuffs swooned, but Tobias had eyes only for the boy he had pinned to the floor. Ron gulped in fear as he met the cold, hard malachite eyes above him.

“If you ever – EVER – threaten or harm anyone – ANYONE – from my pack, I will remove both your testicles and make you eat them as is. IF you do it again, I will remove your poor excuse of a dick and shove I so far up your rear end that you will need to be cut open for it to be removed.”

Tobias’ eye changed so fast to the glowing A.K green that signified him at his most dangerous that the redhead squeaked. Tobias’ voice lowered to barely a whisper and he leaned over so he could talk right into the other boy’s ear. The hall was that silent that the quietly spoken words echoed slightly.
“The third time you fuck up, I will slit your throat and watch as you half drown in your own life’s blood. I will then kill you in the most painful way I possibly can. I am no longer the Harry Potter that you, Granger and the old bastard collared and sent home ready for abuse. I am more dangerous than you can possibly imagine, Weaselby. And I’d keep that in the fore front of your mind from now on and remember it before you think to speak to me and mine again. I’m not even going to tell you who you need to be watchful around, maybe it will mean that you will start thinking before opening the claptrap you call a mouth.”

To add insult to injury, Tobias lent down quickly and kissed the terrified boy on the lips, hard enough to bruise them, and smirked. “Watch yourself, Weaselby – I’ll be waiting for you to fuck up.” He stood and walked past Lucius and Severus, straight to Draco and wrapped his arms around the taller, broader teen, before letting the fear and rage take over him in waves of shudders and shivers. Concerned, Draco wrapped his own arms around the slighter boy clinging to him.

Both lists glowed blue then silver, transforming themselves into marriage contracts in Lucius’ hands. Blinking, Severus looked at the two before them, to the contracts then to Lucius, who seemed just as shocked as he was.

“I think that means that they’ve made their choice, Luc,” he announced into the shell-shocked silence that once more prevailed.

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After the feast had completed and the students long since gone to bed Albus Dumbledore was sitting behind his desk deep in thought. He was deeply impressed by the strength the boy showed earlier that night. He wasn’t much worried about anything the boy said or did, as long as he did the job he was manipulated for. In fact, if he were honest with himself, he hoped the boy would do something like he had threatened. It would make it that much easier to dispose of him.

He sighed deeply. Now that he was not the pain-in-the-rump’s guardian any longer, he needed to find a new way to control him. Maybe it was time to work on Slytherin House – Draco Malfoy in particular. If that didn’t work, then he’d have to go straight to the top and Lucius Malfoy. If he was lucky, he’d be the only person to obtain the youth’s fortune, including Hogwarts and he’d bring about the downfall of the most rich, powerful and influential family in the wizarding world while at it.

Eyes sparkling with malicious intent, the old man leant over his desk – parchment and quill before him, to plan his attack.
Meanwhile, in the Slytherin common room, one of the more stupid seventh year students was on a rampage.

“I can’t believe it! Both Malfoys and Snape are traitors to our Lord! How dare they. Why should we listen to them anymore? When the Dark Lord hears of this, I hope I’m there to watch him punish them. They deserve nothing less than Crucio for this! And Potter –”

“No longer exists,” a cold voice interrupted from the doorway. Tobias strutted into the room, followed closely by both Malfoy men and the Slytherin head of house. He looked the older boy in the eye, his own eyes hard and cold. “And you’d best remember that, Mr Benalighan. I am less forgiving than Pateras.”

The sixth year students shivered, remembering the ending of Tobias’ marking, earning them curious looks. Tobias smirked, taking off his robe, leaving him in a muscle top. He placed his hand over his ‘tattoo’ and placed it back into its normal position, causing everyone who wasn’t in the sixth year to gasp in realisation.

“Lucius!” he barked. To everyone’s surprise, Lucius paled before he bowed.

“Yes, gios ek Skotadi.”

“What would Pateras do if an underling planned rebellion before him?”

“He would Crucio them, young Lord,” the answer, barely a whisper, betrayed the man’s fear of the youth before him – as did his shivering.

Tobias nodded slowly, as if deep in thought. “I must say I find Crucio rather boring. In fact, Bella cured me of my Crucio phase while she was begging for forgiveness after her fourth day of punishment. Such a pity she had to be released, she begged so prettily.” Tobias grinned, eyes gleaming in the firelight and almost the colour of hail clouds.

“Personally, I like the sight of blood.” He paused to remove his potions knife from a pocket and
inspected it. Slowly he dragged the blade across the flesh on his forearm. The seventh year student was now up against the wall, whimpering now that he’d realised his mistake, and watching the blade almost hypnotically. Draco had to admit that the way Tobias handled the knife was half erotic and half hypnotic – a dangerous combination.

Tobias licked his own blood off his arm and healed the cut. Looking at the man he licked the blade clean, not cutting his tongue, even as he drew the honed edge across his tongue. “Do I make myself crystal clear?”

The object of his lesson swallowed, nodded and promptly fainted.

“Leave him there,” Tobias ordered. Spinning around to face Severus, he asked, “Will it be like this every time I come into contact with any of them three, or just all three of them at the same time?”

Draco walked over and wrapped his arms around his newly betrothed, sighing in silent relief when the ebony haired man relaxed into his embrace. Severus thought for a moment.

“I think, Neogennito that the amount of hatred and magic you placed into that vow you made your father is what is making you react like this. At least until you start to act upon it. Do you know how you are going to destroy them yet?”

Tobias shook his head, grinning. “Not the actual killing bit, no – but I can make their lives hell.”

Severus and Lucius threw their heads back and roared with laughter. Tobias’ face fell and he sat, sighing. Thanatos appeared and sang softly, trying to relax his human. After he had settled onto his master’s shoulder Tobias indicated those around him to gather closer.

“All right. Now that I’m in this house, Old Bumblefuck up there is going to be more interested in the students here, particularly those of the sixth and seventh years. Be prepared for anything, and I mean anything - Bribes, threats, extra days out of the castle, fewer detentions and the like. First through sixth years, you are to say nothing but the fact that you are loyal to Draco. Not me, not my father. Understand?”

Those years nodded. Tobias addressed the seventh years. “You will be given different bribes and threats – mainly in regards to your N.E.W.Ts. DO NOT BE SWAYED BY HIM! Remember that Slytherins look out for their own. He will want you to spy on me, find out who my father is and whom I’m closest to in the house. Answer with a sneer and ask him if you look like you pay any
attention to his golden boy. Make it seem as if you believe me being in this house is a plot of his to get someone brave enough – or stupid enough – to spy on the snake’s pit.”

The older years chuckled, showing their liking for this plan.

“Tomorrow I am going to be starting to clean a new location for myself. I am going to be safer – and more at home – in the Chamber than I am here. When I have made myself at home, I will collect my pack and bind them to the Chamber’s magic so they can use Hogwarts to get to me. The rest of you will be getting two passwords. I will explain them to you when the time comes for you to get them. One more thing before you all head off to bed.” He waited for the shuffling to settle down.

“Ginevra, Fred, George, Bill and Charlie Weasley are not to be harmed at any time as they are members of my pack, with my own mark burnt into their flesh. One that note –” Tobias waved his hand over Draco’s head, turning his long, silky blonde hair red and gold. “Thank you. You are dismissed.”

Laughing at the meetings ending, the Slytherin’s left for their beds. Before separating to find their own beds, both Tobias and Draco hugged the amused men that were still in the room. As they walked away, talking about why Tobias wanted Draco to be the main focus of Dumbledore’s keep-control-of-Potter campaign, both men watched them.

Eventually Lucius sighed. “That boy terrifies me,” he admitted softly.

Severus nodded. “Just think,” he answered, just as soft. “He’s going to be your son-in-law.” Severus exited from the Snake Pit.

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Lucius muttered into the now barren room, before following his oldest friend.

**Words**

- Anadochos – a Greek word for godfather
- Bi – shortened form of Tobias
- Nonos – a Greek word for godfather
- Pateras – Greek for father
Skotadi – Greek for darkness

Miniatius – Latin for damaged. The rest of the spell may or may not be in the next few chapters. I can’t rightfully remember

Neogennito – Greek for cub

Gios ek Skotadi – Greek for Son of Darkness

Thanatos – Greek daemon personification of death
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

It is the day after the sorting and the signing of the contracts. What surprises does today bring?

Chapter Notes

hello once again! Wonderful evening isn't it? Hope you enjoy this chapter :) Remember, any mistakes, let me know any questions will be considered and answered if they won't give anything away, they will be answered after the review they were asked in, not in the story itself. Also, and I'm not saying that this is anyone here, but I would like to make it known that yes, the Harry/Tobias in this story is fascinated by the Greek language and therefore uses it to name those important to him and, on some occasions in the future, to insult people in a way they will not understand. People all over the world are learning more languages then just English and even we pure English speakers know some words that are not based in English, so please don't tell me that him knowing another language is illogical and impossible like one flamer said on another site.

Chapter 6

Tobias awoke the next morning before the sun rose. He lay in his bed, thinking about the previous night and chuckled softly. The only people – well, those who didn’t follow the light - who had been surprised at his and Draco’s subsequent bonding had been him and Draco. He had a slight suspicion that the adults in their lives had been scheming about them. It was in their self-satisfied smirks.

Shaking his head, he stretched and got out of his bed. Making his way to the bathroom to complete his morning ritual, he was unaware of the sleepy silver-grey eyes of his betrothed on him. He did notice the gaze when he returned in nothing but a towel and hair still dripping from his shower. Smirking, he sauntered over to Draco and placed a gentle brush of his lips on Draco’s forehead.

“Go back to sleep, dikos mou Drakontas. It is too early for anything to happen. I’m going to go start making the Chamber more acceptable.”

“Want to come wiv you,” the sleepy blonde pouted, making Tobias chuckle softly.
Tobias walked to his bed and sorted out what he needed for a day’s work. On his way to the door, he placed a gentle kiss to Draco’s temple. “You will, Drakontas – just not before I remove any and all dangers and make it worthy of a human’s presence. We don’t want for you to have to walk on rat skeletons now, do we?”

Draco shook his head and snuggled back under his blankets, falling asleep almost instantly. Tobias watched him for a little while before leaving for the Snake Pit.

To his surprise Severus, Lucius and Narcissa stood in the room and appeared to be waiting for something – him.

“Are you sure he will even be awake at this time?” Lucius demanded, irritated at being awake so early.

Severus smirked. “Yes Lucius. He always awakens before dawn. How is the question, but he always does without fail – unless he is in the hospital wing, that is. Even with a double dose of dreamless sleep he wakes up. It is irritating to say the least.”

“Aw Sev, I never knew you cared,” Tobias drawled from the shadows close by them, making the three of them jump. “I apologize for not being down sooner, but I had a cute blonde to convince to stay in bed. He wanted to come with me.”

Lucius chuckled, knowing how stubborn his son could be. “And how did you get him to stay in bed? And did he go back to sleep?”

Tobias smirked. “Yes, he did go back to sleep. All I had to do was mention that there would be rats down there and he decided that it would be best for him to wait till it had been cleaned.”

“How very Slytherin of you Mr Black,” Narcissa’s eyes twinkled, reminding everyone forcefully of the Headmaster. “Are you going to be taking such games into the bedroom?”

Severus and Lucius gaped at the woman, their cheeks flaming. Tobias laughed outright at their united gasp of, “Narcissa!”

“Just because the two of you are prudes …” she began.
“Narcissa! I refuse to talk about my son’s sex life!” Lucius snapped.

“I’m not interested in his sex life, sweetie,” Narcissa said, her voice holding the same consistency and sweetness of syrup, making the two elder men wince. “I am interested to know if my son-in-law is going to use my son’s weaknesses against him in the bedroom – and the best way for me to punish him if I find out that he has done so.”

Tobias chuckled, not in the least bit intimidated by the fierce woman. He made his way to the entrance. “I do believe you came to see the Chamber and the basilisk skeleton just waiting for harvesting?” The three adults looked at him, surprised to hear his amusement. “And don’t worry, Nona. I would only use his weaknesses against him in the bedroom to get him well and truly riled up.” He grinned sardonically. “I so love a dominant top.” Winking at the shell-shocked adults, he left the Snake Pit. The three adults looked at each other, silenced efficiently.

“Did he?”

“Yes, Luc. He just admitted that he was a bottom – the subservient partner.” Severus glared at Narcissa. “Are you quite happy now, ‘Cissa? We now know more about your son’s soon-to-be-rampant sex life, which I, for one, didn’t need to know about.” Severus stormed out after his too-awake godson, his robes snapping with tension while an amused Lucius and a subdued Narcissa followed him.

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Several hours later a dusty, disgruntled trio trudged back to the Slytherin common room.


Pansy, Millicent and Blaise stood to allow the three adults to sit. Their jaws dropped when Narcissa and Lucius had to lead a glaze-eyed Severus to the seat and force him to sit.

“We’ll be fine, son,” Lucius sighed in relief as he sank into his own seat, Narcissa beside him. “We are just tired and -” he wrinkled his nose slightly, “dusty.” He sneezed, causing Pansy to giggle; otherwise the common room was silent at the sight before them – The three most influential people in the wizarding world grey with dust and physically, mentally and magically depleted before breakfast had even been served. The pop of apparition startled everyone into jumping – but none jumped higher than Severus when he saw Tobias.
Tobias eyed the adults critically before he handed them each a potion from his backpack. Severus bolted his without checking to see what it was. While the adults were calming down, Tobias had handed his new wand (black walnut, 13 and a half inches, slightly supple – Gossamer thread core) to Draco. He clapped his hands once, bowed his head and rubbed them together, slowly going faster.

Concentrating on the movement of his hands, Tobias didn’t notice as the magic in the room increased. After a few moments a delicate flame appeared along the seam of his joint hands. Releasing the flame, it split into three and one of the flame balls flew to each adult to surround them. When the flames disappeared so too did the built up magic. Draco gazed in amazement at his now perfectly presentable parents. When the adults glared at him, Tobias snorted in amusement.

“Now, now, you three don’t look at me like that. Is it my fault that you didn’t spell yourselves, or each other, against dust? You all knew we were going to the Chamber and that no one has been there since my second year. You should have used your heads like the Slytherin’s you’re supposed to be instead of following trustingly like Hufflepuffs!” The three adults blushed in embarrassment.

“Now, while I’m gone the three of you are going to behave and drink these potions, aren’t you?” They nodded in silence, shame-faced. “Then we are all going to go to the Great Hall for breakfast, aren’t we?” Again they nodded without a word. “And then you are either going to go home, or to your rooms and rest for the rest of the day – That means no potion’s making Mister Snape. If you need anything made today, then you will ask – politely, mind – Draco, Blaise and Pansy if they will do it for you. Do I make myself clear?” For the third time, the adults nodded, looking more and more like children who had been caught doing something they shouldn’t have been.

Tobias nodded once, decisively and turned to go to his dorm to clean up when Severus spoke.

“Skotadi?”

Tobias stopped and turned. “Yes, Nonos?”

“That … that snake? Is …”

“Yes, Nonos. That was the Basilisk responsible for the petrification of all those students in my second year. That was Slytherin’s Monster – and the guardian of the Founder’s Sanctuary.” He
sighed and pulled a fang as long as his forearm from the bag at his feet and handed it to Lucius. “You keep this, Anadochos. It is the fang that almost killed me at 12 years of age. All the venom is out of it, so it is no longer dangerous. There are plenty of other fangs there that can be ground.” Tobias left the room as everyone stared at the fang.

Lucius looked at Severus. “I can’t see him as a sub, Sev. Not after that dressing down.”

“I don’t know about that, Luc,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “He’d make a very good mother.”

The two men chuckled and Lucius caressed the fang gently. “I can’t believe how big that thing was.” Severus nodded in agreement.

“How big was it, Mr Malfoy?” Pansy asked, awed at the site of the large fang. She, like all of the Slytherins who had heard of the events of four years previous, had believed it was just a story that the Headmaster had concocted to increase his Golden Boy’s reputation. By looks of it, the Headmaster had actually talked it down – but to what purpose.

Lucius held up the fang for her to see as if it were a sacrifice to a sacred deity. “This fang fit into its mouth, along with a lot of others,” he explained, fingering the snapped end. “There is about one of my hand’s lengths still embedded in the creature’s skull – and this was the smallest fang the animal had.”

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“TOBIAS REGULAS BLACK! YOU WILL COME HERE IMMEDIATELY!” Remus growled from the front doors of Hogwarts when the Slytherins arrived for breakfast. Tobias sighed.

“You lot go ahead. I’ll deal with Lykos.” He looked at the three elder members of the group. “Are you going to do as I suggested?” At their nods, he smiled. “Good. I’d hate to need to order you to do it.” He walked towards Remus, who yanked him into an empty classroom and then pulled him into a warm, but tight, embrace.

“I am so proud of you, Neonigito!” he whispered fiercely. “So is your father. He says he misses you and he is also very proud of you. The twins, Bill and Charlie say to congratulate you on stumping the old goat and for the warning you gave their brother.” Remus smirked. “I must say that you’re werewolf form is most definitely suited to you, and congratulations on your engagement contract signing. In one month’s time, you and your marked are going to be sent a port key. Your father,
Lucius, Narcissa Severus and I all agreed on a ‘family’,” Remus winked on the word family, letting Tobias know that all the Death Eaters would be there, “party to celebrate the happy – and most welcome – news of your engagement. We will hold the public one during the Christmas Holiday Season.” Remus stopped to catch his breath, having said this in a rush.

Tobias laughed. “I assume Bumblewhore sent you a summons to ‘discipline’ me for being resorted?” At his nod, Tobias grinned. “You are going to need to explain a few things to Nona and Anadochos for me, please. Wait until they have recovered from this morning, though. I swear Malfoys were not created for manual labour – even of the magical variety.” Remus snorted.

“I have something for you that I think you’d enjoy.” Tobias removed a small ring from inside a plastic bag in his pocket. “It is very delicate, so please take care of it – and keep those infernal pests they call house-elves away from it,” he added as he enlarged it. Remus’ eyes widened to the size of dinner plates as a gigantic poisonous-green snake shedding filled the room.

“It’s the last shed of the Chamber’s basilisk. Keep it safe,” he explained, shrinking it and handing it to Remus, once again inside its protective bag. Remus nodded. Tobias moved to the door. “Act pissed off,” he murmured before opening the door and walking off in a huff.

Remus silently laughed as he watched his Neogennito, before he also stormed out of the room, growling dangerously.

Hidden in the shadows, an old man stood, watching with twinkling eyes, believing he had just put a barrier between the growing relationship between the werewolf and his cub

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No one saw Tobias after that until halfway through dinner that night. Draco felt his jaw drop as he watched his betrothed glide into the Hall, his hair, skin and clothing making his eyes look deep and hypnotic. All movement stopped as he walked to the Slytherin table and placed a gentle, almost loving, kiss on Draco’s head before sitting and taking a small amount of a salad containing chicken, cashews, and rocket. Draco and Severus noticed that he didn’t eat much of it.

Even though the kiss was innocent, there was not one person in the Hall who didn’t understand its meaning. MINE. Slowly noise started to refill the Hall. Tobias kept a blank mask on for the rest of the meal, only indicating that he’ll speak to everyone later in the Snake Pit. They nodded their understanding and finished their meal in silence.
Tobias sank into a leather chair with a sigh of gratitude. He hurt all over. He knew he shouldn’t have worked for so long at the pace he had set, but he’d gotten a great deal done – the only skeleton visible now was the basilisk one that he was going to start rendering for potions ingredients the next day, the pipe that led to the Chamber had been scrubbed till it shone and the rock fall had been removed with the rocks being levitated and welded into their original positions.

He didn’t see the small stool that Hogwarts appropriated for his feet or the jar of eucalypt, lavender and sandalwood massage oil that appeared on the table beside him. Draco and Pansy did. As Pansy lifted his feet onto the stool, Draco rubbed a small amount of the oil into Tobias’ neck. Tobias visibly melted, humming in pleasure.

“Founder’s Heir?”

Tobias opened his eyes with a pained groan. “Can you call me something other than that please? My name is Tobias. If you cannot handle that, Neogennito, Skotadi or Alpha will be acceptable. What can I call you? ‘Hogwarts’ seems so … plebeian.” Draco snorted.

“Yes, Neogennito. My name is Kityantropia. Hogwarts is the name of this building, but that is the name of my soul being.” Tobias nodded.

“Well, Kitten – May I call you Kitten? – What may I do for you this fine evening?”

The Snake Pit rang with a girlish giggling. “You are the charmer, young Neogennito, just like Salazar.” The voice grew serious. “I thought I should inform you that Miss Ginevra Weasley wishes to speak to you, and that the Headmaster is planning his next move. This time his target is the potions professor. He is going to try to alienate you from everyone surrounding you.”

“Thanks Kitten. Give me a bell when Gin is alone – and preferably fully clothed – and I’ll see her then. Keep an eye on the old goat, but don’t sabotage any of the plans. I’d like to see Sev when he has a spare moment, as well.”

“Yes, Neogennito.”

Tobias moaned softly as Draco started to rub his shoulders. “Mmmmm, more.” Draco continued,
liking that he had this type of power over the raven-haired Adonis. He chuckled, as Tobias became a pile of melted goo under his hands.

After half an hour of nothing but this, Tobias’ arms snapped up and grabbed Draco, pulling him over the back of the chair and into his lap. Pansy and Millicent giggled as Tobias nuzzled into Draco’s hair, semi-purring. Draco rested his head on Tobias’ shoulder and smiled happily.

Tobias kissed the top of his head, whispering, “thank you dikos mou Drakontas. I needed that. What was the school’s reaction to your new look?” He asked, indicating the red and gold silk he was resting his cheek on.

Draco grinned. “The whole School was speechless! It was so funny, Bi. I thought the Gryffindors would die of a heart attack, they went that red!”

Tobias chuckled softly before he looked at those around them. “OK, what do you want to talk about?”

“What were you doing all day?”

“Did you really see the Chamber of Secrets?”

“What was wrong with Professor Snape and Mr and Mrs Malfoy?”

“What was so important that you weren’t in bed at all last night?

“Why the hell would you want to kiss a Weasley?”

Tobias chuckled. “I was making my sanctuary more liveable. Yes, I have seen the Chamber – in fact that was where I have been all day – scrubbing floors, walls, ceilings and pipes. ‘Cissa, Lucius and Sev are not as young as they used to be and are immensely happy they aren’t the ones who need to try keep up with me. I only sleep for between one and three hours a night, unless I’m either really comfortable or extremely tired and I mark that which is mine – whether if it is beloved, befriended or prey.” He grinned wolfishly.
“Now, if you will please excuse me, I have a red-head to prepare for. Anyone know of a fire-proof room?” He left with the sound of laughter in his ears and the sight of a pouting blonde.

***

The next day no one saw hide or hair of Tobias. Draco awoke to find a letter and a small chocolate love heart on the pillow next to his head – as well as a new bathrobe with a Dragon in Slytherin colours stitched onto the back of it.

Severus felt his jaw drop when he stumbled over a carton filled with vials of basilisk venom and cleaned fangs in his private rooms. A note floated over them, stating the crushed bone will be getting divided between him and Professor Sprout.

When Tobias didn’t arrive in time for dinner, Draco started to worry. After eating, he rushed back to the common room, hoping he would find Tobias there. The rest of the sixth year Slytherins followed him and froze in place when they saw their leader. He was curled up on an armchair, hair still wet from the shower and fast asleep.

Looking at each other, Vince and Greg stepped forward so that they could take him up to their dormitory. Draco was on his knees, hugging himself and silently thanking the gods that Tobias was all right, relief in all lines of his body.

Pansy and Blaise locked eyes. They had been bought up knowing about betrothal contracts and how they affect those who sign it. If the two who are betrothed have strong feelings towards each other, then a strong emotional tie develops between the two. If they didn’t have the emotions there but they still went through with it, then they would still get the tie, but it would develop much slower and be much weaker.

These two had only just signed their contract the previous night, but the emotional tie was the strongest they had ever seen before between two people. Both Slytherins pitied the person who tried to harm or separate the two of them. If they were like this after two days, they wouldn’t be surprised to find the two of them married, if not bonded before the end of that year. They silently wished the two boys well – It was evident that they were made for each other.

When Blaise, Vince, Greg and Theodore went to bed to be ready for the next morning and the first day of lessons, they all smiled inwardly at the sight that met them. Draco had climbed onto Tobias’ bed and had curled into him, his head on the dark-haired youth’s chest. He had a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. As quietly and gently as they could, Theodore and Blaise covered Draco with one of the blankets off his own bed before getting ready for bed themselves.
**Words**

*Dikos mou Drakontas* – Greek for *My Dragon*

*Nona* – Greek for godmother

*Skotadi* – Greek for darkness

*Nonos* – a Greek term for godfather

*Anadochos* – a Greek term for godfather

*Lykos* – Greek for wolf

*Neogennito* – Greek for cub

*Kityantropia* – Pronounced Kitty-Ann-Throw-Pea-Ah
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Ronald Weasley reveals that yes, stupidity is his only talent

Chapter Notes

Here’s the next chapter up, my lovelies! It's only a short one, but it doesn't mean I love it less :3

Chapter 7

When Draco awoke the next morning, he found himself cuddling up to a pillow and a semi-naked Tobias meditating on the floor. Draco sniffed the pillow, smiling as Tobias’ scent assaulted his nostrils. A chocked cough made his head snap up. Blaise, Vince and Greg stood beside their own beds, trying hard not to laugh.

“What’s so funny?” Draco yawned. Blaise handed a newly developed wizarding photo to the blonde, who went bright red as he looked at it.

Tobias opened his eyes and pinched the candles on his alter out. “What have you got there, dikos mou Drakontas?” He stood and stretched, the tendons and ligaments in his arms and legs snapping. Moving to sit on the bed beside Draco, he smirked at the photo. “Aw, isn’t that just adorable.” He smiled at the real Draco as photo Draco snuggled deeper into the pillow he had wrapped his entire body around.

“It smells so good,” the blonde murmured, blushing a delicate pink.

Tobias smiled. “You all should start to prepare for the day. Breakfast is in an hour.”

“Are you going to be coming with us?”
“Yes, he is.” The students spun around to see the intruder. “He is going to get fully dressed, obtain his things for the first half of the day, and then he is going to follow us to the Great Hall, where he is going to eat something – even if I need to go to the kitchens and make it myself.”

Tobias gaped, making Severus smirk. “Yes, Neogennito, I know you have eaten only a few times since the first time you had to leave your father. As the only godfather of yours here, it is my duty to make sure you eat, make sure you take the right potions and to tell your father that you’ve not been eating. Do you really wish for me to be on the receiving end of your father’s cruciatus?”

Tobias shook his head, slowly and silently.

“Then go get ready. You have double potions, charms and then a spare – which you will be spending with me in my private lab. Albus requested that I make more Veritaserum, skele-gro and I need to make the base of Remy’s potion. I thought you’d like to help me.”

Tobias grinned and rushed to his trunk to find a shirt. Severus sighed in relief. He had not known if his gamble would have paid off. He knew that his new godson only ate small amounts, but that didn’t mean that he wasn’t to eat regularly! Shaking his head at these thoughts, he decided that he was wrong to have pulled the boy off the blood nutrient potion. He’d make sure that he got put back on it right away … after breakfast. He cringed at the thought of Remus’ laughing voice echoing ‘I told you so’ throughout his head.

Before the man could sink further into his thoughts, a clean and dressed Tobias appeared next to him.

“Sev? What if there isn’t anything I feel up to eating there?” he asked quietly.

Severus pondered this. He had experienced this child’s challenging and changing palette first hand. It wasn’t that his tastes were getting more expensive – just more … limited in what it could handle.

“If there is nothing on the table that you feel you can eat, I will send you a nutrient potion and talk to one of the house-elves about a strict eating regime for you. But, if it comes to that, I’ll need you to see Poppy or the Malfoy’s healer to see why you are having such an adverse reaction to all the foods around you.”

Tobias nodded. “Um … Sev? Would it be okay if I had that yoghurt stuff for breakfast today? Please?”
Looking at his young charge, Sev faltered. “I guess you can – but I’ve got to insist on you seeing Poppy first.”

At Tobias’ nod, Sev stood. “Come on, Neogennito. Let’s go see her and get some answers.”

***

Severus sat at the head table with a sigh. Not only had he needed to deal with the school’s mediwitch, but also the fact that Tobias had run to throw up as soon as he’d smelt the nurse’s breakfast.

It appeared that, due to the immense amounts of magic the boy had been exposed to due to the releasing of the bands on his person and coming into his inheritance before that, he had developed an aversion to most foods, including egg, pork, anything cremated and all dairy – except for yoghurt, for some odd reason. He sighed again. It had been a pain trying to develop an eating plan for the brat, but he’d had to admit – if only to himself – that it had been fun. At least he had still been able to eat and drink sheep and goat’s milk and cheese. It had given him a bit more variety to play with.

Looking at his charge, he almost smiled. He was eating a bowl of fruit with the same enthusiasm that Draco was eating kippers on toast. The young Lord was also writing a letter – his quill flying across the parchment. Severus smirked when he realised that Draco couldn’t keep his eyes off his betrothed.

He watched as Tobias finished up his breakfast and stood to leave the Hall, giving Draco a soft kiss on the top of his head. Shaking his head, Severus turned his attention to his own breakfast, so he didn’t see the group that left the tables right after his charge did.

***

Tobias was sitting on the windowsill at the top of the owlery with Hedwig on his knee, talking softly to her when he felt a presence around him. Looking around, he found a group of students from mixed houses and years had surrounded him. His magical guardian instantly took an interest in proceedings.

“I always knew you’d go dark, Potter.”

Tobias blinked stupidly at the speaker before turning back to murmur compliments to his owl. The speaker grabbed the front of his school uniform and pulled him so they were almost nose-to-nose.
“You have been trouble from the very beginning. I should never have befriended you. We all should have known that you were evil, Potter.”

Tobias sighed. “Please forgive me, Mr Weasley, but I don’t know who you think I am. My name is Tobias Black. I am not this Potter fellow you keep talking about. You had best remember that.” He turned his head until he faced Hedwig. “Please take both letters to Anadochos. I know one is addressed to Pateras, but it isn’t safe for you to go straight to him.” Turning his attention back to those before him as Hedwig flew out the window; he was surprised to find himself flying through the window himself. He heard Ginny’s scream and another’s yell before closing his eyes and opened himself fully to his magic.

***

Ronald Weasley couldn’t believe his eyes as he watched the boy transform into a large bird of prey of some kind and then disappear in a flame. He knew that as soon as he’d manoeuvred his ex-friend to fall out of the window, the owls attacked. Knowing that the owls couldn’t do anything to permanently hurt them, or prevent them from leaving, he turned with a smirk on his face – only to be frozen in place by a set of the devil’s own eyes.

Silence reigned in the owlery fear thick in the air. Ginny found herself shivering in fear of the deity before them. This was not her friend – This was her Lord, no questions asked and she was fighting from bowing down before him as her instincts were yelling for her to do. It would not do for her to compromise her position just yet. She was startled when a calming essence filled her. Her muscles visibly relaxed. Somehow she knew the feeling was emanating from her Loyalty mark, and that everyone who had one was getting the same feeling. To her surprise the boy beside her also relaxed. Ginny raised an eyebrow at him. He just grinned unrepentantly in response.

“I warned you last night, slug. I warned you that if you were to touch me or mine again, I would retaliate, did I not? Do you remember what my first retaliation would be?” Tobias’ voice seemed to become a purr – cold, mysterious and seducing - A promise of dark pleasures to come. Ron whimpered.

Tobias’ eyes changed to an intense deep burgundy. With a wave of his hand, he sent a naked Ron hanging upside down from a beam situated in the centre of the owlery. A knife appeared in Tobias’ hand. Almost absent-mindedly, he placed the tip of the blade into his mouth and sucked it.

He grinned and Ron whimpered once more as Tobias dragged the sharp blade over his tongue, drawing blood. Wordlessly, he sent the blade to the redhead’s scrotum. His screams echoed around the hollowed out tower and more than one person turned green as they watched the boy eat his own
Tobias’ face was alight with malicious glee as he used the threat he had devised for Severus on his fair weather friend. As everyone watched in morbid fascination, Tobias turned his eyes onto those surrounding him.

“All you may not have touched me or mine, but you didn’t do anything to prevent something that would be classified as murder.” Everyone bar Ginny and her neighbour flew into the air upside down. Tobias looked at the other two. “If you don’t get moving, you’ll be late for class. I’Il walk with you. Don’t worry about them – I’ll send someone for them.” As they left, Tobias whispered. “Meeting tonight – Follow me three minutes after I leave the Great Hall.”

The other two nodded as the three of them separated to go to separate classes.

***

Tobias flamed into the dungeons only moments before Severus opened the door to the potions lab. Draco saw the look on his face and hugged him lightly. When the door did open, Tobias pulled Severus to one side and thrust his memory of the event into his mind. The man paled further than the class thought possible and left the dungeons at a run.

Half an hour later, Severus walked into the classroom, followed by three green students who gave Tobias a wide berth. Tobias just smirked at them. Draco raised an eyebrow to which Tobias just grinned.

Severus did his normal ‘welcome to the end of your lives’ lecture, followed by a speech on the importance of their NEWT’s. By the time he’d finished, he set the class to taking notes on the first – and easiest – of the first batch of sixth year potions.

When the class was working to his satisfaction, he started brewing himself. His attention was shifted to the class when he heard a slight whining. Looking up, he found Tobias’ longing eyes on the potion he was making. Sighing, Severus indicated for him to help him with the remaining steps. After the potion was complete, a steaming goblet of it was placed into Tobias’ hand.

“Go on. Drink it. You need it.”
Both men were aware that they had the full attention of the class on them. Fighting the urge to drown himself in the potion, Tobias raised the goblet to his lips. Once the taste of it hit his tongue, Tobias lost all control and guzzled it down, red streaks of liquid running out the sides of his mouth and down his throat. This is what he needed more than anything.

Severus watched him sadly. There was a good chance the boy would be on that potion for the rest of his life. Starting from the second week of school, he would teach both Draco and Tobias how to make that potion, there were going to need the knowledge. Internally, he cursed the Headmaster, Weasley, Granger and those muggles for what they put the boy through. He was still deep in his thoughts when the end of the lesson was announced.

“Homework due next lesson, I want the first two chapters read and summarised. I also want a two and a half foot essay on nutrient potions and why they are not studied before this year, even though they are easy enough for a competent fourth year to make. Now get to your next class!”

Severus slumped into his seat once the last student left. The sight that had greeted him when he went to collect the troublemakers had shaken him more than he thought possible. He knew that punishment had been created for use on him over his house-elves – he just hadn’t truly believed the boy would dare use it.

That, in itself, testified that the boy who was Harry Potter, no longer existed and it was Albus Dumbledore who had created this dark angel. He was suddenly relieved that he was on the boy’s good side, or he’d be worse than dead. He grinned at this thought; scaring the first year Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students more than if he’d performed an unforgivable on them. Some things, after all, were not expected on the first – or last – day at Hogwarts.

Words

*Dikos mou Drakontas – Greek for My Dragon*

*Neogennito – Greek for Cub*

*Anadochos – a Greek word for godfather*

*Pateras – Greek for father*
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The first Tobias/Dumbledore confrontation and a gift.

Chapter Notes

As usual, if any translations are wrong please tell me. This goes double for the French translation. I would love to learn a new language, but I have no head for them :(

Chapter 8

Tobias made his way into the crowded potions corridor. He knew the potions master had a class and that his spare lesson would be either a tutorial, potions making or inventory calculation. He hoped that whatever it was, that he’d be able to get a few words with Severus away from prying eyes.

He grinned as the door opened and all noise disappeared instantly. The class silently entered the room while Severus glared at them. “Notes are on the board. They should keep you out of trouble until I get back.” He closed the door and stood beside his godson.

“I’m holding my first followers meeting tonight at 6:45.” Tobias whispered, setting up a sound-proof shield around them. “I have been given a week’s worth of detention with Minerva and three months of detention with Filch for what happened. The old goat was practically salivating over the fact that he could use this against me after I ‘get rid of’ Pateras for him.’ Tobias rolled his eyes. “I will do them without question, but I will not apologise nor beg forgiveness of the bastard. See if you can convince Filch to give my detention as organising all his files – I’ve seen them, he needs the help.”

“If he doesn’t go for it, tell him that I will also be under his rule for all three months and so I’ll help him with any and all restoring work that needs to be done with Hogwarts and in my own time, not during detentions. This is now my school; My home, so I need to know what is going on within its walls.”

Severus chuckled. “Or I could just tell him that he needs to have his paperwork sorted out and that you’ve offered to help him with both that and any general repairs that need to be done – under the guise of punishment, of course. We can’t be letting on that both you and he are on the same side of the war.”
Tobias beamed at that and Severus groaned, knowing he’d just been manipulated into giving away his Lord’s best spy in the school to the imp. Tobias laughed and handed his professor a small vial of pearlescent liquid. “A present from Thanatos.” The boy walked into the classroom, followed by a disgruntled Severus.

***

Draco smiled internally as he watched Tobias eat. Now that he’d taken the potion he was eating properly – He was still sticking to the list of foods Madam Pomfrey and Severus organised for him, but he was eating happily and more than a mouthful. Severus was also watching him and nodded in satisfaction at how the boy was going. He’d have to remember to order the house-elves to undercook his charge’s red meat.

Tobias sighed happily. It had been a long time since he’d eaten good fish, and this fish was cooked exactly the way he liked it – grilled with the smallest amount of lemon, thyme and chilli infused oil and a sprinkling of pepper. Everything that accompanied it suited it perfectly – A slice of fresh bread with flavoured oil and a sweet and slightly spicy salad. He might not like house-elves, but he had to admit that they could cook.

Everyone in the hall watched slack-jawed as an enthusiastic discussion leapt into life at the Slytherin table. The teachers soon joined the students in their shock as most of the younger students laughed joyfully. As the entire house moved out of the hall as one being, no one saw the smirk on Tobias’ face, nor the calculated wink the potions professor sent him.

***

Tobias was seated on the floor in the Slytherin common room with Draco running his fingers through his hair. Tobias almost purred in ecstasy.

“Neogennito? There are two mid-growth lions outside. Do you bid them entry?”

“Yes kitten, I do – just give me a minute, ok?” He stood. “I am having a meeting here in five minutes. First through forth years – I request that you retire to your rooms for the rest of the night. Fifth and seventh years I don’t care where you go, as long as the common room is empty until curfew. Kitten? Do you think you could deliver all Slytherins, and the members of my pack who don’t belong here to their beds at curfew?”
“Of course I can do that Neogennito.”

“Thank you. Now, everyone shoo. I’ve important business to attend to.”

Just as the room was clearing, Severus stepped out of the shadows and the entrance opened. The sixth years blinked in surprise before laughing. Severus was an interesting shade of purple.

“WHAT IN BLAZES IS HE DOING HERE!” he yelled, before collapsing.

***

Severus gained awareness of his surroundings slowly until one voice in particular made his attention snap.

“Maybe you should have told him about us before the meeting, Alpha,” an eerie trance-like voice said.

“Please tell me she is not here as well,” he griped, sounding as if he was whining, even to his own ears. Tobias only laughed.

“You just like seeing Sev faint,” Draco teased Tobias gently. Severus growled as those present chuckled.

“These two were the first members of my pack, Nonos,” Tobias explained softly as he helped his godfather into a sitting position. “They are both loyal to me and me alone, which everyone who has my mark is. They are so loyal to me that even though I can access Pateras’ inner circle, he cannot access my Pack – not without my permission. I will discuss that at a later date. We will not be having a full pack meeting until the Chamber is completed to my satisfaction. Now can we get on with this meeting?”

Neville and Luna nodded in respect to the potions master and settled onto the floor in front of their Lord’s chair. The meeting started and ended with no other interruptions.

***

The next day Severus awoke to the wards of his room falling. Grumbling, he stormed to his sitting room only to stop in surprise. A frantic Draco was pacing around a medium sized box, which, when opened, revealed vial upon vial of crushed basilisk bone of varying coarseness.

“Draco! Calm down! Whatever has you acting like a hippogryph in a thistle patch?”

Draco handed a scroll to the older man, who swore. The note was short.

Draco and Severus,

Bumbles wants me in his office before breakfast, so I’ll need to have my potion after the meeting. If I don’t turn up to either Nonos’ room or breakfast, I’m going to be in the Chamber working til I’m needed in defence.

There was nothing either pureblood could do but wait.

***

Albus sat in his chair, fingers steepled against his mouth. He’d give the boy one more chance. If this meeting didn’t work, then his plan to remove the annoying brat’s support base, starting with the Slytherin Head of House would begin.

He was still deep in thought when there was a knock on his door. His eyes twinkled. “Come in.”

Tobias strutted into the room, cool as a cucumber. “You wished to see me, Headmaster?”
“Yes, my boy. I am curious as to the reason to the change I your attitude, and to why you have forgone your friendships with Miss Granger and Mr Weasley. You all used to be so close.”

“For starters, Headmaster. I am not – nor ever will be – your boy. The relationship between myself and any student in this school is none of your, or anyone else’s, business. I have my reasons and that is how it will stay – as mine! As for my attitude – Get used to it. If you can’t then here’s a knut to call someone who cares. I must admit, however, that if the way you’ve treated me is the way you protect something, then I’d rather be Voldemort’s fuck toy – and before you say some smart-arsed comment I’m betrothed to Draco Malfoy, so that is the furthest thing I could want. On that note, I am going to leave now as Nonos is waiting for me.”

As he’d spoken flames had started to lick at his body. Dumbledore visibly gulped.

“You’re spawned of Satan – only he is supposed to have control over fire like that!”

Tobias snorted. “No, reborn of eternal flame.” With that, he disappeared in a flare of sapphire and onyx flames.

Dumbledore sat back, slightly scared. “I’ll not start on Severus,” he mumbled to himself, moving towards the door. “I’d best start with the Slytherin’s themselves.” He left, leaving the room in a buzz of conversation as the portraits spoke about that odd meeting.

***

Draco sighed in relief. It had taken him, Severus and Thanatos the entire breakfast time to calm Tobias down. At the moment the two of them were in Severus’ private lab, where they were checking the potions ingredients and noting which ones needed to be restocked. He was interrupted from his thoughts by a nervous cough.

“What’s the matter, Bi?” He turned, hiding his surprise at his companion’s sign of nervousness.

Tobias smiled shyly and handed a small, neatly wrapped box to his companion. Draco unwrapped it, careful not to rip the paper. Opening the box, Draco gasped. Inside it was a bottle filled with the clearest citron liquid he’d ever seen. His jaw still on his chest, he looked at Tobias, who grinned shyly.
“Is everything alright, you two?” Severus called into the room. When no answer came, he strolled in. “First lesson is over, so I’ll be in here doing marking, if the two of you can work … Is that what I think it is?”

Tobias slowly nodded.

“Bi … I … why?”

Tobias smiled and hugged the blonde youth. “It is my first courting gift to you Drakontas. I know we are betrothed – and by contract no less – but I wish to woo you as if the contract had never been created.” Keeping his eyes locked on his Dragon’s mercury ones, he placed a gentle, chaste kiss on the back of his fingers.

“Please accept this gift and those that follow as a symbol of my growing affection both of and for you. If you accept this gift now that you have been told this, I will take it as a sign I have your permission to court you in this manner. If you do not accept this gift, then I will not bother you with anymore gifts until the day we fulfil the marriage contracts we both signed.”

Both Draco and Severus blinked in surprise. When had the boy had the time to research ancient bonding rules?

Draco felt a real smile curl his lips. “I accept this courtship gift, milord and I pray to the gods that I am worthy of your attention.”

Tobias kissed Draco’s fingers once more before smiling at him so sweetly it made Severus’ teeth ache. “The gods and I agree that you are worthy.” Tobias stepped forwards and placed a kiss on Draco’s forehead. “I hope the gift is to your satisfaction, beloved.”

Draco threw his arms around Tobias and squeezed him tightly. “This gift is satisfactory, Bi. Where did you get it? It is hard to find someone who can brew en larmes de rayons de lune, much less one that looks as if it is 100% pure.”

Severus looked from the vial, to Tobias, then to Draco. “May I?” At Draco’s nod, he gently removed the vial from Draco’s hand. Sitting in his chair, he allowed his magic to test the potion’s magical signature. He raised awe-filled eyes to Draco’s. “He is the maker of this potion, Draco.” Severus bowed deeply to Tobias.
“I am the youngest potions master to ever receive the title, and not even I can make this potion with this degree of purity. The only person to ever have done that was Salazar Slytherin himself. You are truly his heir.”

Tobias grinned, blushing. “I’m sure you could make it, Sev. You’d just need to be in an area where you cannot be interrupted for eighteen hours.” He smiled at Draco. “I’m sorry I worried you on Sunday, Drakontas – but I needed time to make your present.”

Draco smiled warmly at his betrothed, notifying all who could see him that he believed he had someone special. Severus secretly had to agree. Maybe it was time for him to seek courtship of a certain wolf.

***

Severus put down his quill as the cymbal signifying the end of the second lesson of the day chimed. He had a double lesson now with the NEWT seventh years. That class was almost as volatile as the sixth year Slytherin/Gryffindor class. At least Tobias could keep the Slytherins under control this year. Before he left, he glanced around his room, almost smiling at the now dust and clutter-free workbench. It seemed both his godsons had an instinctual organization habit.

He walked out of the room happily. At the rate those two were going his private rooms would be potion ingredient free and his private and student cupboards re-stocked. ‘I wonder what I could give them as a thank-you,’ he thought as he let the class into the student lab.

***

Lucius was just settling down for tea when two owls landed on the table beside him. One of them he recognised as his son’s Eagle owl, Lucien. The other was a stranger. Shrugging, he reached for the strange owl first – Business before pleasure after all.

As he read the letter addressed to him, a huge smile plastered itself onto his face. Grabbing the letter from his son, he read through it quickly before jumping to his feet.

“Cissa! Cissa! I’ve got wonderful news!”

Narcissa walked calmly into the sitting room where her husband was almost bouncing, something
that scared her as he never bounced – Malfoys do not bounce! “Calm down, dearest. Now, tell me this news.”

“Do you remember that letter we got a few days ago from Tobias? The one asking our permission to court Draco.” Narcissa nodded, confused. “Well, Young Tobias gave him his first courtship gift this morning after getting my letter of permission!”

Narcissa squealed, causing her husband to wince. “My little Dragon is being courted properly by his betrothed! Did he say what the first gift was? When did he get it? Who was there? Where were they? How did …”

Lucius cut his wife’s questions off with a kiss that left them both panting.

“Cissa, darling. Neither boy goes into detail. Tobias just said thanked me for the permission and that our Dragon accepted and that he accepted with a happy heart. We only have three more days, not including the rest of today to go before we see them again. We can ask them both then.”

Narcissa smiled. “Even though he doesn’t say it, I believe our Lord misses his heir. I’ve noticed that he seems a bit more distracted then he used to be, and his eyes are not quite the same as before Tobias joined our side. Do you think that could be the boy’s doing?”

Lucius nodded. “Yes, Cissa. I do believe it is his doing. He is a dangerous and most powerful wizard – but he still manages to stay innocent. He has all the qualities of the Founders, and he doesn’t lose them – Even when he was punishing Bella, he still managed to remain innocent and sweet.” Lucius shook his head in amused exasperation. “I just wish I knew how!”

Narcissa laughed and kissed her husband hungrily, forcing his mind to other – more enjoyable – things. After all, if a mystery is solved, it is no longer a mystery, and Narcissa felt that the mystery that was her soon to be son-in-law shouldn’t be unravelled by any bar her son. She also knew that Draco wouldn’t let on that secret, even if he were asked directly while under Veritaserum.

Words

_Pateras_ – Father

_Thanatos_ – the Greek daemonic personification of death

_Neogennito_ – Cub
*Nonos – Godfather*

*Gios ek Skotadi – Son of Darkness*

*Drakontas – Dragon*

*en larmes de rayons de lune – French for Tears of Moonbeams*

*Lucien – Pronounced Loo-see-en*
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

A little family time and one lucky idiot

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy. As always, tell if you see a mistake. I'm going back to my chocolaty goodness, and no sweetie, I'm not sharing. my chocate! :p

Chapter 9

Tobias and Draco exchanged smirks as Severus scowled at Ron, Hermione and Seamus. It was finally Friday and after this double lesson, Severus would be free to see Remus for the first time in a week, so he was a just a tad more impatient than he normally was – which meant that the lesson was just that much more enjoyable for the Slytherins.

The room was silent bar the sound of quill on parchment and the shuffling and murmuring of their professor. After listening to Severus complain under his breath, Tobias raised an arm, as if wishing to ask a question. The professor heaved an internal sigh of relief. He needed to stay busy so he didn’t get so impatient. Walking towards his two godsons, he fingered the box he had hidden in his pocket.

“Yes, Neogennito?” he asked quietly.

“Stop fretting Nonos,” Tobias whispered, running a finger slowly down the page before him. “Lykos will love it and he won’t reject you. I know you are nervous, but you are disturbing the class and keeping them from working. IF you can’t calm down on your own, then I’ll have to give you some suggestions. I’ll give you thirty minutes to calm down, or you can give us the weekend to complete these notes and the four-and-a-half foot essay on the differences between the different types of healing potion groups, including examples ranging from ‘a potato can brew’ to ‘don’t even think of reading unless you are a master’. Then you can leave us here at Hogwarts while you go out for a romantic lunch-for-two with Lykos. Drakontas and I will make sure the snakes complete the task. You have no problems with most of the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students – and who really cares about whether or not any of the Gryffindor goons complete it?”

Severus thought for a moment before nodding. “Alright Skotadi, I’ll do that, but I’m going to be in
terrible trouble for doing this by Dumbledore. I can’t afford to lose this job.”

Tobias grinned. “Just go to the front of the class and act like everything is normal. I’ll take care of everything else.” Raising his voice so everyone in the class could hear him, he said. “So using magical vegetable matter grown in a muggle environment rather than a magical one affects the outcome of the potion it is used it?”

“Correct, Mr Black. The same is true for the opposite. Foxglove, for example, is a muggle herb that is extremely dangerous but in extremely small doses can strengthen a weakened heart. If this plant is grown in a magical environment, however, the poison inside the plant reacts to the magical properties of the fertilizers used here, as well as the magic in the air, making it safer to use. This is why Dark Age muggles found it easy to distinguish our kind from their own, as no healer worth their salt was found without it. IF you’re interested in that topic, I can arrange for Professor Sprout to talk to you about it at the end of this topic. She would be the best person to explain the …”

Severus stopped talking and hissed slightly as his dark mark burned. He paled and strode to the front of the room. “I have someplace I have to be now. This class is dismissed for the day. For Monday, I expect you to have completed the work for this lesson, including the recipe for Monday’s double lesson. The next two chapters are to be read and you are to hand in a four and a half foot essay on what causes the differences in the types of healing potions we are going to be making with examples. Dismissed!”

As the class left, he caught Tobias’ eye. Did he just wink? Severus shook his head and struggled to calm down. He looked up to find Tobias standing in front of him.

“Go to Lykos, Nonos. Give him your gift. Spend some time with him you both deserve it. Don’t bother going to Pateras. He doesn’t even know that your mark burnt. I’ll put the Slytherin papers in the appropriate place, okay Sir?”

Severus nodded and before thinking, he pulled the boy before him into a hug. “Thank you Bi. Thank you.” Almost running, he headed towards the Headmasters office to make his excuses.

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Tobias walked into the common room and grinned. “Hello, my lambs. Why are we all here and not in the library?”
Chuckles answered him. “That would be because all the books we need for this assignment are here in our dorm. How else did you think we could get the grades we do without going to the library?” Blaise chuckled.

“I just thought you had your own pet Ravenclaw to do the work for you, Arpakitiko.” Laughter rang through the common room for true.

Blaise rolled his pack-name around his mouth, getting the taste of it. “Arpakitiko ... I think I like it. What does it mean?”

Tobias grinned. “Predator; Now, let’s do as much of this weekend’s work as we can. I intend to dislodge a know-it-all beaver from the top student position and I don’t intend to lose time with Pateras to do so. Kitten? Can you deliver any books we may need directly to us when we ask for them please?”

“Of course, Neogennito. I will tell you when it is time to leave also.”

Tobias nodded and settled down at the transfigured table with his year mates to do his subject work.

***

Severus jolted awake at the sudden flash of heat and light in the room he and Remus were in. He was just thinking of going back to sleep when he heard a soft giggle.

“Isn’t there a room that is generally used for this type of behaviour, Sev?” The famous Malfoy drawl made him jump to his feet, tipping his lover onto the floor and waking him up.

“Sev? What’s the matter?” he asked sleepily.

“Well, Lykos, the problem is that you and Nonos decided to have your private dance lesson in the sitting room that we were scheduled to arrive in. Now that isn’t a bad thing, but you both fell asleep before you could use a cleaning charm or get dressed and/or covered. Good thing none of us are prudes in this house and as much as my Pack is enjoying the view, I don’t think it is appropriate for men of your age to appear like that for dinner.”
Remus yelped when he heard Tobias’ voice behind him. Transfiguring robes for both him and Severus they both left red with embarrassment. Tobias laughed softly before leading his pack to the rooms they would be staying in for the weekend so they could all prepare for the evening meal.

***

The Pack entered the dining room as one mass – Something that didn’t surprise Severus in the slightest. What did surprise him however, were the four additional redheads. His and many other Death Eaters, jaw dropped when their Lord almost bounced over to his son and enveloped him in an enthusiastic hug.

“What was the first gift? Who’s courting whom? Have you slept in the same bed yet? When do you want the bonding ceremony? How long are you going to be betrothed? Oh, yeah – How’s school? Is Albus giving you any trouble? If he is, can I punish him? Can I come to the school yet? Do I have to wait for parent/teacher night?”

Tobias started to laugh. “Pateras, did you read the instructions on the potion before drinking it?” Voldemort shook his head, grinning like a loon. Tobias shook his head sadly. “This, my friends, is why it is important for all instructions to be read thoroughly before doing something. Pateras, please tell me how you feel.”

“Well, I’m happy, and bubbly, and can’t stop grinning, bouncing or talking. Food sounds good right about now and I feel like I should be angry with you, but I can’t be bothered being upset at the moment.”

Tobias raised a hand and his father closed his mouth, giggling slightly. Digging around in a pouch on his hip, Tobias called for a house-elf. “I need one of the small vials from nonos rooms and hurry up about it!” He then started pulling vials of liquid from various pockets in the pouch.

“What, Mr Black, exactly is wrong with our Lord?” Greg’s father sneered. “And wouldn’t it be best for someone who knows what they are doing to cure him?”

Tobias ignored him and continued to remove vials until he removed a blood red one. He looked around for the house-elf and growled when he couldn’t find it. Flashing out, he left a still giggling Dark Lord, worried Death Eaters and an amused Pack. When he returned he had hold of the vial he had requested and was muttering dark thoughts towards house-elves in general. Everyone watched in fascination as he added drops of multiple liquids to it. Shaking it lightly, he handed the vial to his father.
“Down it Pateras.”

Voldemort complied.

Looking around while waiting for the antidote to start working, Tobias nodded in Greg’s direction. Greg, whose hand was wrapped around his own father’s wrists bowed to him in respect. A pained moan drew his attention to his father once more.

“How do you feel, Pateras?” he asked, handing him a glass of water.

Voldemort swallowed half of it before starting to sip at it. “Like I’ve just been pulled through a field by a Hippogriff tag-team. Why do I feel so sick? Can I have something for a headache and nausea?”

“No. This is your own fault, Pateras, and you need to deal with the consequences. I sent you exact directions for that potion – ONE teaspoon before bed every day until it was finished. Now I need to brew more for you,” his voice dropped to a dangerous purr that made Draco shiver with delight, “and I do hope that you will follow my directions this time.”

Severus, Lucius, Remus and Narcissa hid their grins at the lecture, having been through one before, but not even they could hide their astonishment when their Lord bowed his head in shame and whispered, “Yes Alpha.”

Tobias turned dark green eyes towards Greg and his father. “You may release him, Skia.”

“Yes Alpha.” Greg released his grip and moved back to his position – behind and slightly to the left of Draco. Tobias’ eyes went AK green. Remus whined and Severus and Lucius gulped.

“You, Mr Goyle, are an idiot and I believe that I am not the only one who thinks so. Over this summer, Severus had drilled me in potions until I could make them in my sleep. Since I have been returned to my real home, I have received Salazar Slytherin’s talent at the subject. Do you honestly thing that I would harm Pateras? And do you not think that if Nonos knew what to do and I did something wrong that he would not stop me?”

“Just be thankful that your son did not inherit your stupidity and stopped you as you raised your hand
to me. If you had of followed through and touched me – well, attempted to touch me – you would have been hit with multiple hexes, up to and including cruciatus. What can I say? My Pack is protective of me, as I am of them.” He turned to the congregation. “I am sorry to say that this night’s celebration must be cancelled until tomorrow night. I cannot allow it to go on while Pateras is nursing the negative symptoms of an overdose of the potion he took. You may all stay for supper, but Pateras will be going to sleep this off. I, as well as those of my pack that wish it, will be eating in our own chambers before heading to the library to complete our weekend homework. Severus? Our assignments are in their normal position on your desk. The password is Gillyweed. The key word to release anyone who tried to move or sabotage them from the curse they are under is mittens.”

Tobias bowed to the room in general, shot his father a dark look until he left for his bed chamber and left, all of his pack following him out.

***

The Pack had been in the library for just over an hour before they had their first interruption.

“Neogennito? How goes the study?”

Tobias stretched and grinned, thankful for the break. “It is going well, Lykos. We are all just about finished over last assignment. Would you like to join us for tea? My Pack’s parents may also join if they wish.”

Remus thought for a moment and nodded. “I think that would be enjoyable. I will ask everyone – Is there any particular room you wish for us to congregate?

Tobias nodded. “The glass room please Lykos. We will be there once we have finished this last assignment.”

Remus smiled and bowed slightly. Tobias smiled.

“Let us complete this assignment.”

***
The next morning everyone watched in bemusement as Tobias and Draco completed their morning ritual of courtship. Voldemort had a proud smirk on his face as he watched the exchange. The Pack, with the exception of the four elder Weasley’s just ignored them, as if this was a regular occurrence.

Once both Draco and Tobias were seated, Severus appeared with Tobias’ potion. Once more the members of The Pack continued to do their own thing. When none of them bated an eyelid at the enthusiastic way the potion was drunk, many of those around them realised just how common this occurrence was. Severus wasn’t the only person there to watch him drink it with sorrow in his eyes.

“Gios? What was that potion you sent me and why did it affect me the way it did?”

Tobias sighed and helped himself to fruit and yoghurt. “It was called elixir en jeune plaisir – or elixir of youthful pleasure. Taken correctly, it would have slowly interacted with the magic in your body and change your appearance to what it was like when you were younger. Don’t take this the wrong way, Pateras – but you were damn good looking in your youth. In fact, you could have passed as my older brother. The reason it had that effect on you was because you drank the whole vial at once. You, sir, got stoned. One of the main components of that potion is muggle cannabis grown in a magical environment. This meant that the effects of the drug intensified.”

Blaise felt his jaw drop. “How much of that stuff did you put into that potion, Alpha? For the type of reaction you got last night, I’d say that you had to have used a full plantation!”

Tobias grinned, easily sliding into the teaching roll he used when someone was having trouble understanding an assignment. “If I had used muggle grown cannabis, that would have been the case, Arpakitiko, but if you think back, I said ‘muggle cannabis grown in a magical environment.’ This combination creates a more … potent ingredient – much more potent than magical cannabis. As for how much I used in the potion – it is three seeds and a bud for 25 litres.”

Blaise’s eyes widened further still. That was … more than a little potent.

Tobias helped himself to more fruit. Draco blinked in surprise. He hadn’t noticed that Tobias had been eating while talking. As the meal progressed, no one failed to notice the shy, tentative touches shared between the two boys.

As the adults discussed their plans for the day, The Pack completed their meal. Before they left the room, Voldemort called Tobias to him.

“I wish to talk to you, Gios. Meet me in my study in an hour.” Tobias bowed and left the room.
Words

- Neogennito – Cub
- Nonos – Godfather
- Lykos – Wolf
- Drakontas – Dragon
- Skotadi – Darkness
- Pateras – Father
- Arpakitiko – Predator
- Gios – Son
- Skia – Shadow

*Elixir en jeune plaisir* - *Elixir of youthful pleasure*
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Tobias and Draco's first date :)

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!!!!!!
I apologise for not posting last night, I had no way of getting onto the site before I had to go to bed.

Chapter 10

The next three weeks passed quickly for the Slytherins. Between meals, classes and homework, Tobias found it hard to find time to continue with the Chamber. He still had the weekends though, so he spent much of his time then either studying or cleaning.

Draco understood why this was so important to Tobias, so he didn’t complain when he disappeared at times – Not that he could complain. It was one of those days when Tobias disappeared early in the morning that Draco found himself thinking of his dark-haired fiancé with a small smile on his face. He still had the fond smile on his lips when a pair of arms wrapped around him and a chin rested on his shoulder.

“Hello my Dragon,” Tobias whispered into his ear, making him shiver.

“Hello, my Lord,” he whispered back, eyes sparkling in mischief.

Tobias chuckled and nuzzled into Draco’s neck. “Mmmm, you smell good.” Draco smiled at him. “I can spend the rest of today and tomorrow with you Drakontas. I feel as if I have been neglecting you. How does spending today in classes and homework until dinner, when I’ll take you to a candle-lit dinner down by the lake sound?”

Draco’s jaw dropped slightly at this. “That sounds wonderful, Bi.”
Tobias nuzzled into the flesh behind Draco’s ear, making him giggle slightly. “Let’s go down for breakfast, Dragon.”

Draco waited patiently for Tobias to wash and change into his school uniform. Thinking over everything that had occurred since the day Sev had stormed into his father’s study; he started to giggle … Giggle? Malfoy’s do not giggle! He fought to stop giggling before he was heard. Tobias’ arms wrapped around him once more.

“You sound happy.”

“I just realised something odd, Bi.”

Tobias raised an eyebrow. “And what would that be, dikos mou Drakontas?”

“You are extremely powerful, and that dangerous that there is recorded evidence of my father admitting to being terrified of you. Even your own father is careful not to piss you off too much – Even though I have to admit that it is funny watching you with house-elves.”

Tobias shuddered, murmuring: “Vermin.”

Draco smiled and snuggled into the warmth behind him. “My point is, you are both powerful and dangerous, but underneath it all you are just a hopeless romantic.”

He felt the smile on Tobias’ lips when he planted a kiss on the top of his head. “I am dangerous, Dragon, and I am powerful. I am also a hopeless romantic – but only for and towards you. You, Drakontas, are the only being I would humiliate myself willingly for. You deserve nothing but the best. Nothing will stop me from giving you the best, not even loosing respect in Pateras’ eyes. Now, let’s go down for breakfast.”

Before letting him go to wait for him in the Snake Pit, Tobias nuzzled into Draco’s neck and as Draco’s eyes closed, he placed something into his loose fist. When he opened his eyes, Draco was alone and holding the steam of the most perfect flower he’d ever seen – A black rose with white-rimmed petals. Draco followed his betrothed from the room several moments later, the rose sitting in a vase of pure crystal beside his bed.
If anyone in the common room noticed the single crystal tear making its way down his cheek, they didn’t say anything as they surrounded their Lord and his mate.

***

Severus sat in his chair, thinking. He was starting to worry about Draco. That day the boy had been quiet; silent during both breakfast and lunch. It was now time for their potions lesson and the boy was that quiet that he wasn’t even trying to sabotage potions on the Gryffindor side of the room. When he walked to the front to hand in his sample, Severus seized his chance.

“Draco, see me after class without the young Lord.” Draco nodded.

When the lesson had ended, Severus watched his godsons closely in case something gave him a clue as to what was going on with the blonde boy. He blinked, startled. That didn’t just happen, did it? No … No it couldn’t have … He was just imagining things. Wasn’t he? A soft cough drew his attention to the blonde boy before him.

“You wanted to see me, Professor?”

“He … Did he?”

Draco nodded a small smile on his lips. “Yes Sev. He did just stroke my cheek and hug me in the Potion’s Lab.”

It took a while for the older man to break out of his shock. So long in fact, that when he finally snapped out of it, he found Draco seated at one of the benches, surrounded by books and assignments.

“Draco? What?”

“You wished to speak to me, but the shock of seeing Bi being affectionate distracted you for the last …” he checked the time, “forty-five minutes. Don’t worry, Sev, I put the time to good use.” He indicated the books around him.
Severus nodded. “What has been wrong with you today? You’ve been abnormally quiet and, dare I say it, tame.”

Draco blushed slightly, a small smile on his face. “I … I think I may,” he paused and took a deep breath. “How did you know that you loved Remus?”

Severus blinked the question not what he was expecting. “Why do you w… Oh. Um … Draco. Do you think you may be falling for your betrothed?”

Draco shook his head. “I don’t think I’m falling for him, Sev. I have fallen for him. I just want to know when it happened.”

Severus nodded. “So that’s what has had you acting the way you have been today. You’ve realised …” He stopped at Draco’s shaking head. “Then why?”

Draco took a deep breath. “Because Tobias has plans for us tonight – Dinner by the lake, and he revealed how he feels about me.”

Severus’ interest was sparked. He waited for a few moments before, “Well? What did he say?”

Draco caught Severus’ eye and performed a reverse legilimens, putting the memory of that morning into his mind. When it got to when Draco opened his eyes to see the rose, Severus’ eyes widened. At Draco’s slow nod, Severus fainted. Draco cast an enervate on his professor just as someone knocked on the door. Draco opened it while Severus shakily stood. Both their jaws dropped at the sight before them.

Vince and Greg stood side by side in grey-green dress pants and crisp white shirts. In Greg’s hand was a scroll held together with a silver ribbon. He handed this to Draco. As Draco opened it, another rose appeared in his hand, a green ribbon wrapped around it.

Smiling, Draco smelt the rose, this time white edged in black, as he read what was written on the scroll.

Dearest Drakontas
I would be very happy indeed if you would accept this invitation to join me for dinner tonight. Vincent and Gregory will escort you to our rooms for you to prepare, if you accept. They will also escort you to our table, where you will meet me. You need only bring yourself.

Always yours,

Tobias

Severus watched in shocked surprise as tears sprang to Draco’s eyes as he read the invitation. Reading it over his shoulder, his jaw dropped. When Tobias started something, he made sure it was completed – and completed properly!

After Draco left, he practically ran back to his desk, a grin on his face. Just wait until his Lord, Remus, Lucius and Narcissa hear about this!

***

Two hours later, three owls arrived at their destinations. It was amazing that no one heard the commotion going on in Riddle House that night.

Once they read the letters, both the Malfoys and Remus apparated to their Lords house only to find the Dark Lord – his eyes now fully Hazel and his skin looking more like that of his youth and less like that of a corpse – dancing around the room with a terrified Pettigrew as his dance partner.

“I guess Sev got into contact with you as well, milord,” Lucius chuckled, watching Pettigrew’s face shift into petrified rather than terrified.

Voldemort stopped dancing and released his victim, I mean dance partner. “Yes he did! Isn’t it amazing? I wouldn’t be surprised if the boy proposes soon!”

The three adults exchanged shocked looks. They hadn’t even thought of that possibility. They looked back at their Lord to find him jumping on the spot in excitement, re-reading the letter. Once more they exchanged looks. Silently they agreed to confront Tobias about what that potion he made the Dark Lord – Just in case there would be other scary side effects.

***
Draco let Vince and Greg escort him back to the Snake Pit. Greeting everyone he knew, he made his way to his dorm to find new clothing on his bed. A pearl-grey shirt and slate grey dress pants. Smirking, he made his way to the bathroom.

Two hours later, Vince and Greg escorted Draco to the lake. Draco wasn’t sure if he could believe it. Neither boy had left him at any time during the two hours, except to allow him time to shower and dress. They hadn’t even left to have their own food.

He was shocked out of his musings by a hand landing on his shoulder, preventing him from walking into a bush. Ten minutes later, Tobias walked up to them from the Forbidden Forest. He shook both escorts’ hands before bowing and extending his arm to Draco. Smiling, Draco accepted the arm and the two of them watched Vince and Greg made their way back to the castle – and their own dinner.

When the door to the castle shut, Tobias stepped away from Draco and looked him over, some unnamed emotion flittering deep in his eyes. Draco felt the tell-tale heat of a blush on his face.

Tobias looked him over, taking in the slight flush, the new clothes and the blonde hair, which had been tied back with a slightly sparkling green-grey ribbon.

“Beautiful,” he whispered, running a fingertip over Draco’s cheek. “You, Drakontas, are perfection personified.” Tobias bowed over the hand in his and planted a soft kiss on the fingers. “May I escort you to our table?”

Draco nodded, fighting the urge to swoon. Who would have guessed that deep down the Slytherin Ice Prince was a romantic? Not Draco that’s for sure. When Tobias raised the Ivy to one side of the shrub and led him to the entrance for his first glimpse of what lay behind it, Draco lost his fight.

Tobias guided the blonde into the private clearing and gave him a drink to calm him. Once calm, Draco looked around the area with eyes filled with tears of wonder. Ivy and vines enclosed the clearing on three sides. The open side revealed the lake, dark in the night and reflecting the stars of the clear night sky above it. Along one side of the clearing lay an area hidden behind a woven divider of heather with a border of white daisy and bluebell flowers. The area they were seated in held a living sun lounge of woven vines and Ivy – on which they were seated. In the centre of the clearing stood a table complete with four chairs. Looking closer at it from where he was, he noticed the antique look of it. He thought it might be made of Blackwood or Walnut.

Draco almost jumped when one of the lights glided over to him. He giggled when he realised that it
was a fire-fairy. He looked at Tobias in awe when beautiful otherworldly voices started to sing. Tobias smiled at him; his eyes softer than Draco had ever seen them.

“Do you like it?”

Draco nodded, speechless at the pure emotion coming from those green eyes. A soft noise beside them made Draco jump. To his left was a centaur; his horse parts black with rust socks and light brown hair and tail. Behind him was a youngster who was obviously his foal. The foal held a tray with two green crystal cups and a pitcher of some chilled liquid. His Sire held a tray with covered plates and cutlery.

Standing, both Tobias and Draco bowed to the two new comers. The elder of the two smiled and bowed back in the way of centaurs and hippogryphs.

“Mr Malfoy. Mr Black. It is an honour to be here. I am Ruen and this is my son, R’thir. We are in charge of your food and drink tonight. Mr Snape bids me to give you this.” He pulled Tobias’ potion from a woven bag.

Tobias nodded and excused himself so he could take it in private. Returning to the group, he escorted Draco to the table. Once Draco was seated, Tobias sat and Ruen set the table, including the covered plates. R’thir served the drinks – something bubbling and pink – before the covers were removed from the plates. Draco’s mouth watered at the smell coming from the plates. As the centaurs left, both humans rose respectfully to their feet. Before Ruen left, he said. “We shall be back in forty five minutes, milord. Enjoy your starter.”

Seating themselves, they finally allowed themselves to look at their starter. Draco hummed in delight, as he tasted the smoked Haddock Chowder. Tobias watched him with a small smile. All the food served tonight had been doctored so he could eat them also. He also tried the chowder and almost purred in delight – The sheep’s milk used suited it perfectly.

Sipping the drink after the chowder was finished, both boys were delightfully surprised. The drink was slightly tart and very refreshing. The two of them were chatting about their favourite spells to perform in each class when Ruen and R’thir returned.

“It’s alright, you can remain seated Lords.” Ruen said, amused. “Tonight is about the two of you. We have agreed to join you because you show us the same degree of respect as you do to those of your own species. You do not need to show that respect to us all the time. You are members of our herd now.” The centaur smiled.
Tobias bowed to him from his seat. “Thank you for your kind words, Ruen. May I enquire about the drink we have tonight? It has the most exquisite taste.”

Ruen smiled at his son, gesturing for him to speak.

“The house-elves only gave us bubbly water, so my Sire allowed me to add the juice of crushed redcurrants in it. I hope I didn’t insult you by doing so, MaSirra.”

Tobias smiled. “No, R’thir, you didn’t insult us. We very much enjoy it. May we have another glass each?” The youngster beamed and nodded, rushing to refill their glasses before leaving the pitcher between them. Ruen watched him collect the used cutlery before placing the new plates before them. Removing the covers from the plates, he bowed in the form of humans and left.

Smiling at each other, they looked at their plates. Tobias licked his lips at the venison en croute with herb pancakes and side salad. Draco watched as Tobias shivered with pleasure when the first bit hit his tongue. He agreed as he’d had the same reaction.

During this part of the meal, the two of them spoke of their pasts – family life, previous partners and if they slept with them. Draco had been surprised to discover that he was Tobias’ first relationship and if it hadn’t have been for his Uncle he would be pure. Discovering this, Draco hurried to reassure his intended.

“Bi, listen to me. None of what he did to you matters in the cause of my loving you. A muggle cannot take the virginity of some magical unless they are married. To the wizarding world, a witch or wizard is only classified as being deflowered if the witch or wizard involved gives consent with heart, mind and soul. You are still pure in every way until the day you give yourself to someone sexually.”

Tobias slowly raised his tear-stained face. “Honest?”

“Honest, Bi. Why would I lie to you? It goes back to the dark ages where if a witch was caught the men in the town or village she was found in were allowed to rape her before burning her at the stake. This became a magical law so ingrained that over the years the magic in us and our world made it so hard for a witch or wizard to be de-flowered that only another with magic could take their virginity, and only then with the said witch or wizard’s permission. If they didn’t have permission, the one who forced them got sick, was crippled or died. Where do you think the muggle superstition of sleeping with a virgin was bad and so had someone else do it for them came from?”
Tobias was listening, taking Draco’s words to heart. “Is … is that why I’m angry about the fact I was forced into it, but not scared to let another touch me in that way, like muggles are?”

Draco nodded. “Our magic makes it so. Many witches and the occasional wizard, was forced into sleeping with someone they didn’t wish to sleep with before they were married due to rape. After this, the victim could not face their intended and so they didn’t have a good marriage. In the end, magic kind of … evolved, I guess you could say, to remove the trauma but not the anger.”

Draco looked deep into his intended’s eyes. “If Remus hadn’t of killed your family, your Uncle still would have died. The magic that stops the trauma would still have punished him. The punishment for one family member raping another is always death.” Draco cuddled closer to him before whispering, “But the magic would not have had a chance to kill him. Do you know why?”

Tobias shook his head.

“Because I would have killed him with my bare hands for doing that to you. I was prepared to do it the day Sev came to us for help. The only reason I didn’t do anything about it was because I heard the Dark Lord promise the muggles to Remus, and I didn’t want to be the one to make him loose control of this wolven side.”

Tobias gave him a watery smile and cuddled into Draco’s chest. Draco smiled, and getting an idea, picked Tobias up bridal style and carried him to the sun lounge, where he sat, cradling him in his lap.

Tobias shifted slightly so he could hide his face in Draco’s chest like a small, timid child. Draco rocked the sun lounge slightly, his heart fighting over whether he should be happy the rave-haired youth allowed him to do this, or outraged that anyone could treat his intended in a way that was beneath what he deserved. Resting his cheek on Tobias’ head, Draco vowed to treat the angel before him the way he deserved to be treated. Deep in his thoughts, Draco hadn’t noticed that Tobias had fallen asleep, nor had he planned on falling asleep himself.

That was how R’thir and Ruen found the two of them when they arrived with dessert. They cleaned up silently and let the two of them sleep in the comfort of each other’s arms.

Words

Drakontas – Dragon
Dikos mou Drakontas – My dragon

Pateras – Father

Ruen – pronounced Roo-Een

R’thir – pronounced Ruh-fear

MaSirra – pronounced Muh-Seer-ugh and is a term of respect
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The day after and another meeting.

Chapter Notes

As usual, please tell me if you find any mistakes :3 for anything else, enjoy XD

Chapter 11

It was false dawn when Tobias finally awoke. He felt well rested, which was odd for him. Raising his head, he found himself looking into Draco’s eyes. Realising he had spent the night curled up on Draco’s lap with his face hidden in his chest made Tobias blush in shame.

Draco made Tobias look at him and kissed him softly on the forehead. “Thank you.”

Tobias tilted his head slightly to one side, puzzled. “For what?”

Draco smiled. “For listening to me last night and for trusting me enough to fall asleep on me. I really enjoyed last night, Bi. Thank you.”

“You mean you don’t mind that I was weak last night?” he asked in a small voice.

“Oh, no, Bi. No. You don’t always have to be strong. I’m here for you when you need to show this side of you.” Draco smiled shyly. “I enjoyed being the person to comfort you last night. It was special to me. Promise me you’ll always let me comfort you. Please?”

Tobias smiled softly at him and cuddled into him once more. “I promise, Drakontas.” Looking at him he asked quietly, “would you like to join me in my morning ritual?”
The beaming smile Draco gave him was all the answer he needed.

***

Draco and Tobias laughed as they made their way back to their special shelter. After a long meditation session, the two of them had gone for a run and were just now returning from a short swim/bathe in the lake. Walking into the clearing they had come to name Peace Haven their noses were assaulted by a sweet scent, making their stomachs rumble.

Laughing, they headed for the table where they assumed the smell was coming from. Draco helped himself to one of the buns they found there while Tobias read the note left with them.

MaSirra,

These buns are safe for you to eat. They have been made with sheep’s milk and applesauce instead of egg. They are also made fresh today. The house-elf who gave them to us said they were named “Cinnamon and Pecan butterscotch buns” and were a treat for the two of you since you didn’t eat dessert last night. The pitcher holds the herbed water we Centaurs drink on a morning. If you wish it we will allow you to have access to it in the castle, as long as it is only the two of you who drink it. Remember to drink your potion as well. I will not be responsible if you Godfather were to find out.

Ruen

Tobias chuckled and read it out to Draco, who was pouring drinks for them both, before downing his potion. Helping himself to a bun, Tobias had to admit that the previous night and that morning had been the best idea he’d ever had.

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It wasn’t until after lunch that anyone who wasn’t centaur saw either Draco or Tobias. Unfortunately for them, it was Pansy who saw them first.

“Drakkie!” she squealed, running towards him after seeing him seated in the common room. Seeing the startled look on Draco’s face, Tobias – whom Pansy had not seen as he was seated in shadow, leapt between his intended and the squealing female. Pansy screamed when she came face-to-face with an enraged miniature wyvern.
Pansy’s scream bought the rest of the Slytherin’s from the hallway and into the Snake Pit. Everyone froze as they caught sight of the bronze animal with blood coloured eyes. Draco rested a hand on its neck before it could open its mouth. After whispering to it for a moment, the Wyvern disappeared to be replaced with a blank-faced Tobias. Pansy started to breathe again.

“Try not to startle either of us again. My guardians now care for us both.”

Nodding, the Slytherins settled around the room in silence. After a few moments, Tobias spoke again. “What are we doing this fine weekend?”

“Nothing much,” Blaise returned, stretching. “We have all completed the work set for us by the professors, as you already are aware. It is too late to begin anything new as a group today because over three-quarters of the day has already past and we have a meeting scheduled for tonight – unless you plan on re-scheduling.” At Tobias’ shake of the head Blaise continued. “There isn’t much else to do until then.”

Tobias nodded, thinking. “Alright. How about from now until dinner everyone does what he or she want. After dinner we come back here for games until the rest of The Pack come. I have something we have to do tomorrow. I will also invite Sev to the meeting, if he doesn’t already know there is one.”

Everyone nodded and went to collect something to do. Pansy was soon back with her make-up kit and a thoroughly disgruntled Millicent. Tobias and Draco chuckled. It seemed that Pansy had finally convinced Millicent to have a makeover. Theo and Blaise soon returned with a chess set and a packet of exploding snap cards. Vince and Greg returned holding books, quills, ink and charcoal – Vince being a writer and Greg an artist.

Draco and Tobias chatted quietly for a while before Draco stood to get a book from his bag. Tobias followed him to the dorm, a small smile on his lips. Ten minutes after Draco had returned Tobias appeared holding a simple guitar. All movement stopped in the room as he tested the strings for pitch. Ignoring everyone he played through a song he had stuck in his head. To his surprise, when he played the song again, a clear baritone voice joined in, singing the words to Bryan White’s ‘Someone else’s star’. Halfway through the song Draco cuddled up to Tobias, unshed tears in his eyes. Pure silence was heard after the last note had vanished. A spell had been woven into the Slytherins by that song – A spell so strong that the silence was kept until it was time from dinner, and they were almost at the Great Hall before someone said something.

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When the Slytherins entered the Great Hall several people called out greetings. Tobias smirked to himself. This bit of his plan is working perfectly. In the ruckus going on around him, Tobias dropped four origami animals that ran to four people. On opening them, they all read the same:

Meeting after curfew. Kitten will bring you. Make sure you are dressed.

***

When Kitten had deposited the Potion’s Master and the three non-Slytherins in the Snake Pit, they were all awed at the silence. Nothing bar the notes of a guitar could be heard. The song hadn’t even completely finished when the player switched songs. Ginny grinned, waiting. At the right time, she joined in the song with her powerful voice. As she and Tobias finished Voltaire’s ‘When you’re evil’, the common room was full of laughter – Even Severus had a tiny smile on his face.

“Okay everyone. You know the drill. Everyone not Pack to your room. On the upside however, this may be our last meeting here. Now shoo!” Tobias made a shooing gesture at the room in general. Once the room had emptied, Tobias because serious. “Nonos. Do you have any news from Pateras, Anadochos, Lykos or Nona?”

Severus sighed. “No Neogennito. As far as I know, your father is still sending you a portkey next weekend. I also think he is as intrigued about your pack mark as Remus, Lucius, Narcissa and I are. Do you think you’d be able to discuss it with us?”

“Of course, Nonos. I’m sure I could also give a short demonstration of the workings of this pack. When this meeting is complete, please write a letter to Pateras suggesting it. Oh, and ask him if it can be done before a full meeting so everyone knows what they’re dealing with if they decide to try their games on them. I think even you will be surprised Nonos. Kitten? What are the Old Goat and the Over-cooked Chicken Club up to?”

“Well Neogennito, so far he has been planning an attack on your father’s side. He is also worried about this new person he is starting to hear about. The Death Eaters do not ever speak his name – even when under Veritaserum. Even though he doesn’t reveal it to the Order, this fact scares him. All he knows about him is the name whispered among the Death Eater ranks – Gios ek Skotadi – Or Son of Darkness. This boy is rumoured to be the Dark Lord’s heir.”

Laugher rippled through the group. “What else does he know – or heard – about this mystery man?” Neville asked, draped in one of the leather armchairs as if he belonged there.
“Only what I’ve mentioned. Oh, and the fact that one Bellatrix Lestrange is terrified of him, making him officially the most feared member of the Death Eaters – Your father included, Neogennito. With this new threat, he has paused in his meddling of your life.”

Tobias nodded. “Has anyone anything interesting to report?”

Theodore cleared his throat. “The Hufflepuff lower years are becoming friendlier towards the Slytherin youngsters. Several of the older students are beginning to thaw towards us as a whole. I have to admit that it is easier without Draco around.” Draco pouted slightly, causing Tobias to chuckle.

“With this group studying the way it has, not only have we tied with Granger in all classes already, the younger years have started to copy us in our revision timetables. Due to this, Slytherin is in league with Ravenclaw for most time spent in the Library this year,” Blaise added.

“The Slytherin Quidditch team is working harder and cleaner than I’ve ever seen them. They are more focused on the game and everyone is playing harder than ever – even when you were our opponent.” Draco smiled to soften the blow. He knew how much it hurt the younger teen to still be banned from Quidditch form the previous year. Tobias smiled sadly back.

He missed the thrill of the game, the chasing of the snitch – and most of all he missed competing against Draco. He missed the adrenalin rush that came from being free and in the air. He hadn’t even touched his broom since the toad had taken it away from him. He was jarred back into the present by a hand larger than his own covering one of his. He looked up into a pair of silver eyes, full of regret over thoughtless words.

Wordlessly Draco opened his arms and just like the night before, Tobias let Draco comfort him. The Pack, knowing how important this moment was, watched as their Alpha was comforted by his Beta.

“I’m going to spoil you Tobias,” Draco whispered to the dark-haired youth. “I know you have something planned for our pack tomorrow, but at the first available moment I’m going to steel you away for a treat, just for you. I know you are courting me, but I want to do something special for you. One night alone isn’t enough, Bi. I need more time with you. Please allow me to have it.”

Draco stayed wrapped around the centre of his universe until he sensed he was ready. The Pack, to Severus’ surprise, took turns to reach out and touch their leader.
“Many of the Ravenclaw students are starting to believe that there is something going on behind the headmaster’s closed doors. They’ve figured that you have always listened to him all the time in the past and so he must have done something to alienate you. Don’t be surprised if more Ravenclaws watch your actions more closely. Many of them will join us if asked, but they will ask for information in exchange.”

Tobias nodded in thought. Severus was still shocked that the others in The Pack didn’t attack while the boy was weak. It was then that he started to understand Remus’ protectiveness of their Neogennito – Wait a second … Their Neogennito?

“How about the two of you? How fair things in the Lion’s Den?”

Neville and Ginny exchanged looks.

“Ron is the main troublemaker. He has Dean, Seamus, the Creevy brothers and a few others behind him. I don’t think you have much support from the Gryffindor males.”

“It’s the same story for the females, I’m afraid. Hermione has been looking for the name, history, recipe and contaminants of the blood nutrient potion you’re taking. She wants to know why you have to take it and finds it suspicious that you drink it with as much relish as you do. She doesn’t believe that what she, Ron and the Old Goat made and forced you into over the summer created the need.”

Tobias nodded absentmindedly, an almost psychotic grin on his face. Everyone around him could tell he was planning. “Ok Gin. I’ve got something for you to do. First, I want you to ask Granger what she knows of the Hell’s Gate bracelets and the Hell’s Pit curse. Make her that intrigued that she needs to know more. When she is in the study mode that we all know, leave her be. She’ll come crawling back when she realizes what they’ve done. She always does. When that happens, just leave her to me.”

Tobias stretched. “Are there any other things that need to be discussed? No problems within The Pack? No? That’s good to hear. Now, I want all of you to go to bed and right to sleep. Sev, the letter I asked you to write can be worked on tomorrow night. I want you all in the Great Hall at 7:30 tomorrow morning – 8 at the latest – for a decent breakfast.”

“Aw, but Alpha!” Blaise whined. “It’s Sunday tomorrow. Can’t we sleep in?”
Tobias hid a sly look by turning to snuggle deeper into Draco’s neck before covering it with a mask of indifference. “Very well. Those who wish to sleep in may do so. I shall be spending my time tomorrow escorting those who are awake at the said time around our new meeting place – and mine and Draco’s living space from when we are bonded. But, if you are all more concerned about sleep then visiting the Chamber of Secrets, I understand.”

Hearing that, everyone vowed to be up on time, causing Severus to chuckle out loud at how easily they had been manipulated. That night, Draco once again slept wrapped around Tobias, but this time it was he who was the protector.

***

The following morning when Tobias and Draco entered the Great Hall for breakfast, they laughed when they saw nine eager pack-mates, a bright-eyed potions professor and a slightly amused Remus – who was apparently there to give Dumbledore a report. Laughing, the two boys sat at the table to eat.

Words

*Drakontas – Dragon*

*MaSirra – pronounced Mah-Seer-Ugh and a centaurian word of respect*

*Ruen – pronounced Roo-Eeen*

*Nonos – Godfater*

*Pateras – Father*

*Anadochos – Godfather*

*Lykos – Wolf*

*Nona – Godmother*

*Neogennito – Cub*

*Gios ek Skotadi – Son of Darkness*
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Exploring the Chamber of Secrets

Chapter 12

Watching the Slytherin table from his position at the Head Table, Severus almost beamed with pride. He knew how hard it hit the Slytherins to have every house against them. He was intrigued at the way Tobias had been able to make the first through third year students accepted by both Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. He’d have to remember to ask the boy about that at the meeting next weekend.

‘It’s a pity the boy hadn’t been place in Slytherin from the very beginning,’ he thought, watching the boy and his pack chat while eating. He was disrupted from his thoughts by a warm hand settling, and then rubbing, on his thigh.

***

Remus had been watching his mate ever since the dark haired man had walked into the Hall. He’d been flabbergasted when Ginny, Neville and Luna had walked in and bowed their heads minutely in Severus’ direction. He had been shocked into silence when Severus had returned the gesture.

Watching as his Neogennito’s pack wondered in deep in chatter, he blinked in surprise. Casting his eyes back to his mate, he noticed the pride in his eyes as he looked at his Slytherins. Gently placing a hand on his thigh, he continued to eat.

***

The Pack had settled into their places when their Alpha and his Beta entered the Hall. Luna, Neville and Ginny – who were seated at the Ravenclaw table under the guise of Neville tutoring the two girls in Herbolgy – also slumped slightly in relief. None of them could wait for the day that they could reveal their true allegiance.

After a half hour, Tobias and Draco rose. The rest of The Pack, Remus and Severus, followed them
closely. Neville, Luna and Ginny remained seated in a pre-ordained wish of their Alpha’s. Ten minutes after they left, Neville made the suggesting they go to the Library to complete their session.

Rising, Neville shook his head in disgust at the rest of the school. Did they honestly believe that a Ravenclaw would need tutoring? If anyone question it they had an answer for them, but just the thought of a Ravenclaw needing help with their studies was preposterous!

Ginny and Luna walked along behind him, talking about whether or not nargals would live in a periwinkle forest.

***

Tobias waited for everyone to arrive at the Library with a deep calmness about him. He knew he’d done a good job at cleaning the opening area and with Thanatos beside him, he’d found the entrance to the Founder’s Rooms. He couldn’t wait to show his pack and family around the Chamber. He’d even left the rooms alone to explore them with The Pack.

When Neville and the two girls arrived, completing their group, Tobias grinned. “Kitten? Can you handle all of us, or do you wish for me to do it?”

“Neogennito, you may be my superior, but I am your elder – stop being smug.”

“Awe, but Kitten …”

The next moment the group found themselves in a large, dirty bathroom – A girl’s bathroom.

“What do you want? You’re not allowed in here, it’s off limits!”

“Myrtle, they are with me. Now kindly go back to your u-bend and shut up before I decide to solidify your ectoplasm and turn you into potion’s ingredients. I have a new potion I am dying to try out and that is the only ingredient I don’t have. I’m sure I could get it done without anyone knowing … or caring.”

Myrtle screamed and disappeared into the toilet, making sure to splash water over everyone. A shield
stopped them from getting wet. “Shall we continue?”

Tobias turned to face the basin and half closed his eyes. “Open,” he hissed. Multiple gasps tore from his pack’s throat as the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets was revealed. Tobias turned to those behind him. “Welcome to my - and Draco’s, soon enough - new abode.”

With that, he slid down the tunnel, whooping with delight.

***

Watching in amusement as Tobias disappeared into the hole, Draco smiled. He was finally going to see the infamous Chamber! After a few minutes, Draco lowered himself to the entrance and followed his betrothed, laughing at the feeling of freedom the journey gave him. He laughed in surprise when a pair of strong arms caught him.

“Mmm,” a voice hummed as the person nuzzled into his neck. “I love the way you smell, Drakontas.”

Draco chuckled as his attacker left him to catch the next person to slide down the passageway. Draco smiled as more people joined them. It was good that they came down when they did – he didn’t know how much longer he’d be able to keep himself away from his intended. Noting the looks he was getting from Remus and Severus, he could tell that they knew his thoughts and that they agreed on the matter.

***

Severus and Remus were the last two to slide into the Chamber. Neither of them could help but notice the heated looks Draco was shooting at the dark-haired youth. They exchanged looks and Remus nodded. He would talk to their lord about the glances between the two.

With that settled, both men looked around the tunnel they were standing in and gaped. Severus remembered what this area looked like before and felt his jaw drop as he took in the sight before him. Walls that had been grey with dust were now a gleaming black. There were no cracks or any other type of damage to be seen anywhere.

Looking up, he found perfectly polished cut stone. Glancing at the ground, he stopped abruptly
causing those behind him to stop also.

“Sev? What’s wrong?” Remus hurried to his mate’s side. Without saying a word, Severus pointed to the ground while looking for Tobias. Catching his eye he noticed the proud smirk on the boy’s face.

“I see you have found the surprise I was working on, Nonos. Is it acceptable? Or do you need for the light to be brighter?” Without thinking, Severus nodded and a bright flame appeared around Tobias, causing all eyes to be drawn to him, and therefore the floor. No one could hold back the gasps that escaped them.

Before the group lay a large mosaic of the Hogwarts Coat of Arms, and motto. Beside each house on the shield was a mosaic of that house’s founder.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it? It was buried under a few thousand years’ worth of bone dust, rock and dirt. It took me four days to clean the floor enough for it to come out. Well, let’s go do this.” Tobias strode down towards the Chamber, followed closely by his pack.

***

Draco was mesmerised by the Chamber. It was everything he thought of when he heard the words ‘Chamber of Secrets’. He looked on as Tobias hissed something while facing a large statue of Salazar Slytherin. Draco turned when those behind him gasped.

Two sections of the floor separated from the walkway The Pack was standing on. As the walkway started to sink into the ground, water started to cover the floor about them. By the time they had stopped moving, the water was flowing down the walls, causing a relaxing atmosphere.

The Pack followed their Alpha in silence as he walked to what looked like an empty portrait. Once more, Tobias hissed. The answering hiss he got made many with him tense.

“No one make eye contact with the guardian. She will not be able to kill you, but she is able to make you very sick.” Tobias watched as everyone nodded before turning to the portrait once more.

~ Guardian of the Founders, I call upon thee in the hope you will grace us with your presence. ~
~I must discover your worth before I show myself to you. How do you propose to do this?~

Draco felt his heart start racing as his intended pulled the ceremonial silver dagger of the Black family from his robes. Lowering his head, Tobias raised both hands and slashed his palm, letting the blood from the wound splatter onto the main portrait.

~I give you a gift of my own blood, given freely. I am the Alpha of my pack. My pack mates mean everything to me. We are closer than family. I am a pureblood wizard, my parents being of the magical world. I am the Founder’s Heir, with each of their four bloods flowing through my veins and their magic’s coursing through my body. I give the blood of my body willingly for it to be tested to prove I speak the truth of it.~

The sound of scales gliding over a hard surface sounded. Seeing a glimpse of the guardian from the corner of his lowered eyes, Tobias bowed deeply. The Guardian chuckled.

~Your blood is rich, young one. It holds all the power needed to prove you are of the Founders. You are worthy of not only my presence, but also of being my new master. I will no longer be able to harm you, nor anyone you call family or pack.~

~Thank you Guardian. May I ask whether there is a name you wish to be known as?~

A hiss of pleasure filled the air. ~I wish to be known as Raithia, Master.~

~Of course, Raithia and please call me Alpha. Not even my followers call me Master.~

~My apologies, Alpha. May I do anything else for you before I allow you inside?~

~Yes, you can. I was wondering how well you understand the human tongue.~

~I understand it enough to relay information to anyone who speaks the snake language. I cannot speak it, however.~

Tobias laughed and straightened. ~I will introduce you to my pack, and then may we enter? I will add the blood of those few who will be allowed to enter without me being present, but I wish to
explore a bit first. ~

~I would be honoured to meet your pack, Alpha.~

“Everyone, this is Raithia. She is going to be the Guardian portrait for my rooms. She can no longer harm you. Raithia, these are my godfathers – Severus Snape and Remus Lupin.”

The two men stepped forwards and bowed from the waist. To their surprise, the Guardian bowed back.

“These are most of my pack. Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, Blaise Zabini, Theodore Nott, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Neville Longbottom, Ginevra Weasley and Luna Lovegood.”

As their names were called, they stepped forward and bowed, receiving a bow in return.

Draco felt an arm go around his waist, as he was manipulated into position before the portrait.

“This is Draco Malfoy, My intended – My mate.”

Raithia bowed deeply to him. ~ Greetings young one. You are a fit mate for the Heir. Your magical power balances his out. May your gaze kill and your venom grow stronger by the day.~

Tobias whispered a translation into Draco’s ear. Draco’s eyes widened when he heard the blessing. Standing at attention to reveal his own height, he bowed. “Thank you for your blessing, Guardian Raithia. May the sun warm your scales for many a year to come.”

Raithia bowed deeply to the blonde and the portrait opened slowly. Tobias walked in without a sound. A sharp intake of breath soon followed as the members of his pack noticed the surrounding. Tobias grinned manically as he looked around.

The Pack was in a room that resembled the Snake Pit, but twice as large. The walls were the black of the chamber about them. Unlike the Chamber, however, the edges were mother of pearl. The floor was covered with a lush cream and pale grey carpet. Looking at the ceiling, they found the same mosaic as in the entrance tunnel. Glancing around to find where their Alpha had disappeared to, their
jaws dropped when they saw him. He was lying on a black snakeskin lounge. Before him was a large fireplace with emerald and sapphire flames leaping out of it. His eyes were closed and he looked relaxed.

Draco couldn’t keep the fond look off his face as he watched Tobias. He looked so at home. Still smiling, he made his way to the lounge the raven-haired youth was sprawled on. Tobias opened an eye slightly and smiled slowly. To everyone’s surprise he sat up, allowing Draco to sit behind him before leaning back against him. Both boys hummed in contentment.

Severus caught Remus’ eye and smirked. The group looked around in wonder at the room, all feeling more comfortable here than anywhere else in the castle.

“Who are you? What are you doing here? How are you here?” A baritone voice made them all turn fast enough to give them whiplash.

Tobias sighed in resignation. “Duty calls, Drakontas,” he whispered to the blonde. Standing and casting a strong straightening charm at his and Draco’s clothing, he turned to face a large painting of a common room – The one they were currently standing in. In the room was a man with deep auburn hair and warm hazel eyes that were hardened towards the intruders.

Tobias and Draco stood and walked to the portrait. “Good morrow, Sir. We have much to discuss. May I request the company of your three companions to be present for this discussion?”

The man nodded once, sharply and disappeared. Tobias stood straight, only just containing the sigh he wished to expel from his lungs. Now for the hard part.

**Words**

*Neogennito – Cub*

*Thanatos – Greek Daemonic personification of Death*

*Drakontas – Dragon*

*Raithia – pronounced Wraith-Eee-Ugh*
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Meeting the Founders and a Potion’s lesson

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy it :3

Chapter 13

“Oh Rowan! Look at them all. Aren’t they just so cute!”

“No! They aren’t cute! I want to know how they got in and why they came here!”

“I’d like to know that too.”

“Oh hush, all of you and let the young ones speak. Yes, Helga, they are cute and if I’m not incorrect they are also highly amused. Now hush.” The elegant lady turned to face the group. Tobias bowed to the four founders.

“It is an honour to meet the four founders of Hogwarts. My name is Tobias and I would like to ask your permission to stay in these rooms after my intended and I bond. I have met Raithia’s approval and I wish to gain yours.”

Rowena smiled at him. She knew who he was and she approved, but she wouldn’t say anything to the others just yet.

Helga bounced on the spot. She approved of this polite young man and the loyalty he had in the group surrounding him. It would be so good to have youngsters in their rooms once more. If anything they would be an interesting bunch to talk to.
For the first time in his life, Godric thought before he responded. Looking into the youth’s eyes, he saw intelligence and power. He also knew that the only way Raithia would let anyone in was through a willingly given sacrifice of their own blood. He would have to answer all their questions, but he had a feeling that he would have no problem in giving his approval to the youngster.

“How did you get in? Raithia is under orders to not let anyone unworthy through! I want answers and I want them now! I can’t believe that Raithia would allow an unworthy into our living quarters!”

The other three founders, Draco, Severus and Remus winced, not knowing how Tobias was going to react.

Tobias’ eyes changed to chips of emerald. “And I cannot believe that the head of Slytherin house acts more like a Gryffindor first year.

Salazar spluttered slightly. ~ Who does this child think he is. He is nothing but the son of an ass and a Demon. ~

“Well then, that must mean that Godric Gryffindor is a demon, since you sir are acting like an ass,” Tobias snapped. Slytherin’s jaw dropped and Rowena Ravenclaw laughed.

“You have our acceptance youngster. It has been far too long since someone has been able to beat him in a verbal confrontation.” She smiled. “Am I right in believing you are one of our heirs?”

Tobias bowed slightly. “Yes, Gran’mere Rowan. I am the only heir of all four of you. My mother was descended from Gran’ther Godric and Gran’ther Sal. My father from yourself and Gran’mere Helga. There is only one other heir at the moment, and he is my adopted father, Tom Riddle. Both my parents were killed when it was discovered they were spies of the dark.”

Tobias heard the sharp intake of breath from Severus. He continued as if he had heard nothing. “When ordered to kill them, their friends refused and were tortured into insanity. These were Frank and Alice Longbottom. The person responsible for the death and torture is going to pay – but first I need to be able to get to him.”

“Who is it?” Rowan asked him softly, noticing that the others – including Salazar – were listening intently.
“He goes by Albus Dumbledore – and he is the Headmaster of this school.”

“I think we need to have a chat, youngster,” Godric said with a serious look on his face. “We need to know everything that you know. You have our permission to claim these rooms as your own. Now, why don’t you pull up a seat and tell us everything from the beginning? Your friends can listen in if you wish.”

Tobias nodded and sat in a seat that was nearby. He waited till his pack were comfortable then started his explanations.

***

It had been five days since Tobias and his pack had explored the Chamber, and in that time Severus had been summoned to his Lord’s side three times to explain what had occurred in there. He shuddered slightly, remembering the way his Lord’s eyes had glowed red when he viewed the memories containing Tobias’ explanations.

Severus had never been gladder that Tobias had been restoring his father’s humanity then at that moment. He still couldn’t believe he’d gotten away without one Crucio leaving the Dark Lord’s lips. He was relieved that he had finally chosen a side, and that it was the right side. He still couldn’t believe that Dumbledore had put his Neogennito through everything he had and still expected him to be light.

Severus shook his head slightly to clear his thoughts. He had one more class before the end of the week – and he had a surprise for his two godsons. Grinning, he managed to scare his class into the lab without trying.

***

Tobias smiled slightly at the person beside him. Neville was a good actor and he had everyone believing that he was terrified of the Potion’s Master. It was the last lesson of the week and Sev, being the Slytherin he was, wanted to use this time to torture the Gryffindor’s in the room.

The raven-haired youth looked around the room and laughed internally. Ron was partnered with Pansy, Hermione with Blaise, Dean was with Vince and Seamus with Greg. Draco, he was annoyed to discover, was partnered by Lavender Brown, while he was partnered with Neville – who had gotten into the class due to the Headmaster’s manipulations.
He also knew that Sev would go easy on the Gryffindor beside him because he was Tobias and Draco’s second. It had surprised everyone when he revealed that Draco wouldn’t be his second, but his equal and that his chosen second was in fact the klutz of Gryffindor. Tobias indicated that he would gather the ingredients. Neville nodded slightly and started setting up under Severus Snape’s watchful eye.

Draco met Tobias in the supply cabinet and hugged him from behind. “Are you okay, Bi?” he whispered.

“Yes, Drakontas. I’m just not impressed with who you are partnered with,” he sighed. “At least she is better than Granger or Weasley – but if she touches you in any way, I’ll feed her to Hagrid’s newest obsession.”

Draco chuckled softly and hugged his intended tighter. “Don’t worry, Bi. If she touches me, I’ll feed her to the Oaf’s newest obsession. I’ll even ask him politely.”

Tobias chuckled and left with his and Neville’s ingredients, growling a warning at Lavender on the way. Tobias didn’t see Lavender smirk at him as he settled next to Neville, but Draco, Blaise and Severus did. Sev hoped that he had enough of his strongest calming draft left to douse Tobias if the stupid idiot of a female tried anything.

The class was going smoothly until someone’s cauldron started to give out black smoke. Without thinking, Tobias ran at Draco and called out, “Kitten!” Tobias and Draco disappeared just as the potion exploded all over Lavender. Both boys reappeared at the front of the room, next to their Godfather, who was trying his hardest not to laugh at the girl.

After Tobias had finished looking over Draco to make sure none of the potion had hit him, he looked up at the female who was responsible for the accident with a hiss on his lips, which changed into laughter. Standing in Lavender’s place was a peacock stamping its feet. Hearing Tobias laugh freely was Severus’ breaking point.

The class was dumbfounded at the smooth, rich sound of their Professor’s laugh. When the irritated peacock started to stamp a foot on the ground in a demanding manner, he laughed harder.

Tobias calmed down under the soothing hands of his intended. Looking into Draco’s eyes, he nodded slightly at Sev, then towards his office. Draco nodded and escorted Sev into his office to administer a calming draught. Looking a Millicent and Pansy, he eyes flicked to the back of the room
where Lavender was still strutting.

With a slight inclination of their heads, they stood as one and half-carried, half dragged the girl-turned-bird to the hospital wing. Tobias cleared his throat and gained everyone’s attention.

“Those who have only a few more moments to go until your potions are complete, finish them off, bottle and label them. Those who aren’t add the next ingredient or group of ingredients and someone competent in stasis charms will be around to freeze it for you for Monday night. As you have guessed, you will be back here then to complete the practical lesson. If you have completed it already, you do not need to attend. After this has been done, you are free to leave.”

Tobias walked back to his table to speak to Neville, before indicating for Blaise to walk around casting the stasis spell on the unfinished work. To everyone’s surprise Neville was the first to hand in a sample, followed closely by Hermione. He dismissed the class before taking samples and cleaning Lavender and Draco’s work area, while waiting for his pack to return.

It was time. This weekend his pack would be taking their rightful place in the Death Eater circle.

Words

*Raithia* – pronounced *Wraith-Eee-Ugh*

*Neogennito* – *Cub*

*Drakontas* – *Dragon*
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Preparing, the making of a Pack and Draco's frustration coming out at the wrong time

Chapter Notes

Enjoy peeps :3 And I was told in one review to warn of needing tissues ... I don't know why ... but there it is :)

Chapter 14

An hour later, Tobias was surrounded by his pack. Clearing his throat to gain their attention, he waited, ignoring the onyx eyes that were drilling into his back.

“Tonight we go to Malfoy Manor. Tonight we become a pack in more than name. From tonight you do not answer to anyone but me – unless I tell you otherwise. Draco is an extension of me. If he tells you to jump, you are to respond with ‘how high’. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Alpha.”

“Good. Tomorrow night we are going to be introduced to father’s followers – All of them. There will be malcontent from them. They will try to harm you. They will not be allowed to do so. The dreams you have been having is in fact the training you were promised. Everything you could do in them you can do in the here and now. I am not your Lord. I will be the Young Lord to Pateras’ followers, but I am your Alpha. You are my family. I would kill to protect you. There is little doubt in my mind that I will have been forced to do so by the end of this weekend. The only being allowed to punish any of you is myself – but I will never make the punishment public or lasting. I cannot promise that it will not be painful. I will not waste energy in punishing other people for my own mistakes either. I do not wish for you to fear me. The only time I will go against this is if one of you disobeys or harms either Drakontas or myself.”

Tobias looked around meeting each member’s eyes. “I will never hit any of you with any of the unforgivable curses. I may hex you, but never with a curse to cause pain. This fact alone is going to make me look weak in front of those of the Death Eaters who do not know me, but they will learn. Neville, I’m warning you now that Bella dearest is going to be in attendance. You are only allowed
to harm her if she misbehaves. If that occurs, then try not to damage her too badly. Pateras still will not gift her and the rat too me. And stay away from Cruciatous on her – after my time with her I strongly suspect that she gets off on it.”

A malicious grin crossed his face. “I suggest using the curse we were discussing last night with the charm Flitwick taught us first this year.”

Neville thought for a moment before he started laughing hard enough for tears to fall down his cheeks. “Re-remind me to stay on your good side, Alpha. Th-this is going to hit her hard … not as hard as you punished her, but still hard.”

Shock ran across Severus’ face while the rest of the group looked puzzled. “What did you do to her?” he asked softly.

Tobias smirked. “I made her watch Bambi.”

Severus’ face paled. “You didn’t,” he whispered. Tobias, Neville and Draco just grinned at him. Severus swayed slightly, pale green coming up in his cheeks.

“What is it, Professor?”

Tobias answered for him, keeping both eyes on his godfather. “Bambi is a children’s movie a wizard made for the entertainment of muggles. This wizard’s name was Walter Disney – better known as Walt Disney.” Tobias stretched, ignoring the gasps of surprise from The Pack. “Bambi is the story of a fawn … Let’s just say that it is so sweet and cutesy that it would even give Lavender Brown a toothache to watch it.”

Draco started to giggle, causing everyone bar Tobias – who just grinned at him – and Severus, who was now looking like he was going to faint, to look at him in worry.

“Can I tell them, Bi? Please?”

Tobias chuckled and nodded. “Of course Drakontas.”
Draco bounced in his seat, laughing uncontrollably.

“Ok, what have the rest of us missed?” a bemused Ginny asked.

“What most people here in Hogwarts don’t know is that A-Aunt Bellatrix isn’t scared of Tobias – She’s terrified of him. For two weeks Tobias used her as a guinea pig to test out all his favourite curses on – not including the amount of crucio’s he sent at her just for fun. When the Dark Lord told him to stop before he killed her prematurely, Tobias locked her in an empty room with no light and, using a projection spell, forced her to endure a week of non-stop Bambi. It just played over and over and over without stopping. Mother was sent to retrieve her at the end of the week. She was pale and jittery. When she saw the Dark Lord, she bowed to him, shaking slightly. When she saw Bi, she flinched back, curled up in a ball shaking whimpering, ‘please, no more. I’ll be good, I promise’.”

The Pack looked back at Tobias, awe in their eyes. Ginny was the first to break the silence.

“Damn, Bi. When you hold a grudge, you make it painful!”

“The bitch should have thought of that before touching what was mine. If she had, she wouldn’t be on my bad side.”

Draco hugged him. “Come on Bi. It’s almost time to go home for our family get together. Mother and Father are expecting all of us to be there for Tea, and she will not be happy if anyone doesn’t turn up on time.”

Tobias nodded in agreement and before anyone could protest, he apparated them, their homework and weekend things into the entrance Hall of Malfoy Manor.

“How the Hell.”

“Did we get.”

“Here? Last thing.”

“We know is.”
“Serving a customer.”

“Before the shop closes itself.”

“Locks itself up and then.”

“Us and our belongings.”

“Seemed to apparate here.”

“Without a thought!”

Ginny laughed at the shocked faces of her four family members she was proud of. All four of them looked as if they’d walked through a long line of ghosts.

“That was one of the effects of The Pack mark, I’m sorry to say. We have a long weekend ahead of us and tonight we will be binding The Pack together as such. Tomorrow night we are taking our rightful places within Pateras’ group. There will be threats, there will be curses and there will be death – none of it for me and mine, I can assure you.”

“How can you be sure of that?” a pale Bill asked.

“Because he’s seen it.” Multiple gasps were drawn from everyone’s throat before turning and bowing lowly to their Lord. Tobias walked forwards to hug the man.

“You look fabulous, Pateras. I knew that would work on you.”

Voldemort smiled at his son. “So, Rowena’s gift has been awakened fully now, has it?”

Tobias nodded. “It is very useful, but a pain in the arse. I love Rowan though. And Helga is lovely. Hey Pateras? I think I know why you used to act like a Gryffindor with your plans, at least where
they concerned me . . .” Tobias quickly ducked the hand sent to swat at his head. Chuckling, he turned to him. “Can I be blamed if we both have mixed Slytherin/Gryffindor blood in us?” he smirked as his father froze. “Yeah, Sal and Ric were bonded. They had at least two kids together too. You are descended from one, mum and I from the other. No wonder we are both fucked up. We are Gryffindors with Slytherin tendencies . . . or is that Slytherins with Gryffindor tendencies?”

Smirking at his father shocked face, he led his pack into the seating room. Severus followed them, his eyes lighting up when he spotted his mate. Tobias chuckled and pushed him in the direction of the werewolf. He laughed when Remus dragged Severus out of the room enthusiastically. He and Draco locked eyes, both knowing what was going to happen. Tobias noticed something deep in Draco’s eyes and stepped forwards and let his arms wrap around his beloved. “I know you don’t understand why I’ve been avoiding most contact with you lately, Drakontas. After tonight you will know. You deserve nothing but the best.” He ran his fingers over the sharp lines of Draco’s face. “I want to give you the best.”

Draco nodded his understanding, even though he felt like he was dying inside. Tobias smiled at him and walked to the door before looking back at him.

“I promise you this Drakontas. I will be yours in every sense of the word, but not right now. I love you and I always will. Please believe me when I say I have a good reason for what I’ve done.” Tobias then left, leaving a hurt and confused Draco in the room alone.

***

Later that night the adults were all awakened by a large pulse of magic tearing through the house, followed closely by a scream of pain.

Running through the Manor to find what was wrong, they stopped outside the rooms Tobias and Draco were sharing. Opening the door, Remus paled at what he found. Yelling out to Severus to find The Pack and Draco, he hurried to do what he could for his godson, the Dark Lord on his heels.

***

Draco was seated on a chair, pale and shaking. The memory of the past three hours going through his head as he waited for his father, Sev, Remus and the Dark Lord to tell him it was okay for him to see Tobias. He felt so scared and disgusted with himself it was unbelievable. He should have guessed that Tobias would do something like this and that was why he hadn’t been spending as much time with him as he had been before. Tears gathered in his eyes, no matter how much he willed them away.
Severus found the blonde youth in the library curled up in front of the fire. With him were Blaise, Pansy, Ginny and Neville.

“We need The Pack with us, quickly. We may lose our Neogennito tonight. He needs his trusted ones around him tonight.”

Pansy, Ginny, Blaise and Neville moved to Severus’ side immediately. Draco sneered at them. “Go ahead and answer the all like good little puppies. That’s all we’ll ever be to him – Play things and lapdogs!”

“What the bloody hell are you talking about Draco? Tobias is badly injured and you are acting like you couldn’t care less!” Blaise glared at him.

“Why should I care when he doesn’t give a rat’s arse about what I want or need?”

Neville surprised everyone when he turned around and hit the blonde boy in the mouth with his clenched fist, brown eyes blazing. “You egotistical, self-centred arsehole! I hope you are happy with yourself, Draco Lucien Malfoy. Thanks to you thinking that Tobias cares nothing for you just because he will not fuck you before you have been bonded, you just may be the cause of his death! You knew what he was doing tonight – we all did, he told us remember – unless you were too busy being self-centred to listen to him. If you don’t know, he was making The Pack bonds between us all with nothing but his blood. Your selfish thoughts just may have been enough for the magic to find him unworthy and so turn on him. I hope for your sake that he still loves you as deeply as he did before, otherwise you are going to be in for a long and unhappy marriage – IF he survives.” Neville spat at him before taking off towards the rooms he was supposed to be sharing with Tobias.

Severus glared at his godson. “To say that I am disappointed in you, Draco is an understatement. You wanting to cheapen the relationship you have with Tobias with a quick tumble before being bonded to him is something I thought was beneath you. To put his life in danger because of it is pathetic. You are lucky Neogennito loves you more than life, because if he didn’t, I would kill you now just to get him out of the contract binding him to you. So help me Merlin if I lie.” Sev looked down his nose scornfully at Draco.

“I do not think you should come anywhere near him until he asks for your presence. I’d rather he die then have him beholden to someone who thinks more of himself and his wants then the person they
are supposed to love with all their hearts.” Severus stormed out of the library, leaving a scared, hurt and very distraught Draco behind.

~End Flashback~

Severus, Lucius, Narcissa and Remus stood around the chair watching the tears fall down Draco’s cheeks as what he’d done hit him over and over. Eventually, Remus took pity on the young man and sat beside him. Placing a hand on his shoulder, he soon found himself with his arms full of sobbing blonde.

Remus tightened his grip around the boy and looked up at Lucius and Narcissa in shock. All three of them turned their heads to look at Severus. Looking back at them tiredly, he responded to their unasked questions.

“I will not take back what I said to him as I meant every word I said.” He slowly lowered himself to the chair beside Remus and put a hand on Draco’s back, making him look up at him. “Draco, you know I love you and would do anything for you. I know you love Neogennito more than anything and want the world to know it – but you must learn to be patient. Please remember that Tobias is powerful, but also delicate. He needs you to be strong when he can no longer maintain his masks. I’m sorry about saying that I’d rather he die then bond with you. I was angry and upset – Not that it is any excuse. I am willing to take any punishment Tobias and milord comes up with because I was wrong to say that. He knew that the backlash would be great and didn’t want you to suffer it with him, so he forbade you to have much contact with him beforehand. He’s been asking for you for the past hour, but I stupidly refused to send anyone to come and get you.” Severus shivered. “I will never again keep the two of you apart.”

As soon as Draco heard that Tobias was calling for him, he jumped up and ran from the room and into the form of the Dark Lord. Bowing and making an apology, Draco took off again to get to his intended’s side. The Dark Lord remained where he was on the floor, blinking in surprise after him.

***

Draco knocked tentatively on the door to his childhood bedroom before opening the door slightly. He gasped when he saw the bandages wrapped around Tobias’ hands. Tobias opened his eyes at the sound. Draco almost ran to his side, tears once more running down his cheeks.

“I’m sorry Bi. I’m so so sorry. Please believe me.” He bowed his head as more tears fell.
Tobias slowly put a hand on Draco’s hair, running his fingers through it. “Calm down, Drakontas. It isn’t your fault. None of this is your fault. Anyone would fight me doing this and of all the people I did this with, you fought me the least. I love you so much Draco. Please look at me.”

Draco looked up at him. “Bi?”


Draco felt his throat close on him as he struggled to not cry again. Nodding, he climbed onto the bed with Tobias. When Neville, Blaise, Pansy, Ginny and Narcissa walked in twenty minutes later, they found the two of them curled up together, with Draco holding Tobias as if he were a lifeline he was afraid to lose.

Words

Pateras – Father

Drakontas – Dragon

Neogennito – Cub
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Punishments and embarrassment abounds

Chapter 15

Dawn found Tobias and Draco in the garden meditating. Still scared that he would lose his betrothed, Draco made sure to sit so he was touching him. Tobias secretly was touched by this and so let him have his way without argument. He had managed to get Draco to tell him what had occurred the night before after he had apologised for not telling him what he was going to do. His guardian was calling for blood, but he had a better way of punishment for his godfather and his second. No one spoke to his beloved that way and got away with it. No one.

***

Breakfast was a very nerve-wracking experience for The Pack. They had felt the mark flair that morning, calling a meeting. Neville was extremely pale and couldn’t bring himself to eat anything. Severus also was pale – well, more so than he normally was. He knew that he was going to be punished for the previous night and he knew that it would hurt. The Dark Lord and Lucius had told him why Draco had no knowledge of the ritual Tobias had performed the previous afternoon, and he was deeply ashamed of himself and his behaviour.

The already quiet room hummed silence when Tobias, the Dark Lord and Draco entered the room. The look of betrayal in ‘Tobias’ eyes made each person in the room – whether guilty or not – bow their heads in shame. Tobias looked over everyone in the room, face blank. In his hand was a vial of the same potion he’d made for Draco. Taking three drops of it, he handed the vial to his father with a nod of thanks. Severus turned pasty.

“I am disappointed in everyone here. When I ask for someone or something and I cannot get it myself, I expect you all to see that it gets to me when I ask for it. Is that understood?” Everyone nodded silently. Tobias nodded and looked at Severus and Remus.

“The two of you are being punished together. I know that it was nonos who is responsible – so he will be getting a much harsher punishment.” Closing his eyes, Tobias scratched a design into his forearm then touched his wand to it. Severus tensed as the design was slowly and painfully cut into his flesh. Tobias opened his eyes.
“Every morning for the next week that design will be cut deeper and deeper into your flesh. At the end of the week, it will appear as if it had never been done, but the deeper muscle will need to heal naturally, so it will hurt until it heals. Magic cannot, and will not, heal it. This is your first warning, Severus. To make sure this lesson sticks, you are forbidden to see Lykos, except for times when you must. This is for three weeks. That means no hugging, kissing or mating. Do I make myself clear?”

Everyone in the room winced as the two men nodded sadly. They knew that neither of them could object to the punishment because both of them had gone against their orders to get Draco. All the members in The Pack shrank back when Tobias’ gaze roamed over them. He stopped at Neville’s pale face.

“Neville. I want to thank you for your attempt at protecting me, even against Drakontas – however, you should have waited till you got the full story. My Dragon was upset at me because in preparing for last night’s ritual, I needed to refrain from sharing a bed with any living being – that is partners, children, pets and even plants. Neither he nor I were happy with it, but at least I knew why I was doing it. Draco did not.”

“If Draco had known what I was going to do last night, he would have tried to stop me. What I had to do was extremely dangerous. If Draco had started to fight me while I was in the ritual, it would have killed me. Having Drakontas pissed off at me was the only way either of us survived.” Tobias looked into Neville’s eyes. “I know you thought that you were protecting me, but you still need to be punished. As such, your physical training will be increased, as will the weight you are to carry through it and the time you will be woken will be an hour earlier than the rest of The Pack. You will now be starting your physical training in real life with me – all of you will be.”

“Bill, Charlie, Fred, George by the end of this weekend, you will be given an amulet that will gain you entrance to our new training grounds. All of you will, but before then, I will take you there tomorrow – Pateras as well.” Tobias smiled. “Now, onto more important business.” He turned to the twins and pulled out several brown paper bags. “Nonos and I came about some potions that reacted ... delightfully when sugar was added. The effects are not malicious, so we thought they would be good additions to your inventory. You can rename them whatever you like, but I’m going to need a guinea pig.” Tobias trailed off when Neville stood and bowed before him, face set determinedly.

Both Severus and Tobias were shocked. Neville was the only being other than themselves that knew what each of the four ‘sweets’ did – and he was volunteering to eat them? Tobias looked deep into his second’s eyes and realised this was a silent apology to both him and Draco – a way of punishing himself with shame and embarrassment. Tobias nodded and handed the bags to Severus, who had moved to his side during his inspection.

“The first sweet we just call ‘Chatters’.” Severus gave Neville a half-smile in encouragement and
pride before handing him a small purple set of lolly teeth – small enough to sit on Neville’s tongue.
“The way the sweet is consumed determines the severity of the reaction. If they are consumed slowly
– as Neville is doing now – the reaction is slower and much milder than if it is chewed. The effect is
even worse if they are just swallowed. Now, if we watch Neville, you will see the skin around his
eyes, lips and fingers go pale blue. His teeth will start chattering softly and he will be cool to the
touch. This will last till the sweet has dissolved. A simple glass of water will heat him up again.”

At a slight nod from Tobias, Neville spat the sweet onto a napkin and had a mouthful of water. His
flesh turned back to its normal colour almost instantly. Severus handed him another of the same
sweet, but indicated for him to wait.

“Now, if the sweet were to be chewed, rather than sucked,” Tobias nodded at Neville and watched
as he put it into his mouth and started chewing, “The person can walk through a house fire and still
be cold.” He turned his attention back to Neville, who was completely blue with purple lips. His
teeth were chattering that hard that it was surprising he didn’t chip them.

Tobias nodded at Severus, who gave Neville what looked to be a black banana. “And this brings us
to our next sweet. We call them ‘Gons’. These are the opposite of the ‘Chatters’ and are the only
way to quickly warm up someone who has eaten one, but the reverse is also true. Unlike the skiving
snack boxes, these two cannot be made into the same sweet, because they cannot touch. If put
together they react ... violently - and cancel out the other’s effect.”

Neville stood to one side, sipping at another glass of water. Only two more to go. When Severus
handed him one that looked like a yellow worm, he sighed. Trust Tobias to leave the most
humiliating one for last.

“These are Glow-worms. When eaten, they make the eater blush when a certain pre-set word is said.
Each sweet has its own code word, and you don’t know what that word is until the word is said –
but boy is it worth the wait!”

Neville ate the sweet, hoping that the trigger word wasn’t said. Unfortunately for him, Tobias was
good at guessing them.

“The last sweet is the smallest of them, but the most potent. Remember that it isn’t the size that
counts ...” he had to stop as laughter rippled through the group and he looked back at Neville, who
was glowing bright red – and giving off enough heat to set a grass fire. Tobias had to grin as
Neville’s blush receded.

“As I was saying, the last sweet is the smallest and was named by Sev, who was unfortunately – for
him – the unlucky man to discover its effect. The name is actually what he said when it happened. Neville? Are you ready?”

Neville nodded and ate the sweet, clenching his eyes shut as he felt it work. Silence ruled before the Weasley twins roared with laughter – as did Lucius, to everyone’s greatest shock.

“Trust Bi to,”

“Be the first person to,”

“Think of making a sweet,”

“That causes Premature,”

“Ejaculation and then give it,”

“To us to sell!” The twins chuckled when they’d wiped away their tears. Remus was laughing, thinking about how Sirius would have loved the last sweet.

Narcissa narrowed her eyes at Tobias – the first warning sign. “And how does it affect any female that eats it?”

Tobias chuckled. “In the same manner, Nona. The sweet cause the reaction without any stimulation, so the person who eats it gets next to no pleasure out of it – just a sense of fulfilment and, of course, horror.”

“And how was Sev the first to discover this reaction?” she asked icily.

Severus blushed crimson. “I was busy making notes on a potion I wanted to experiment with and I didn’t stop when making myself a cup of tea to help me stay awake. I put that potion into my cup instead of milk – and it was marked that it was potion, I just didn’t read it.” Narcissa’s laughter echoed through the house. Lucius grinned.
“And what did you say?”

Severus blushed deeper, until his face was maroon and he mumbled something.

Tobias laughed. “Come on Nonos. If you don’t tell them, then I will, and that will make it worse for you, wouldn’t it?”

Severus glared at him before sighing in defeat. “I said, ‘Fudge-Mellow Cum Sticks’.”

Voldemort – who had just taken a mouthful of tea – sprayed it all over the table trying to contain his laughter. No one could stop laughing at this revelation. Tobias just smiled.

“There now, Nonos. That wasn’t so bad now, was it?” Severus just growled at him and left the room, highly embarrassed.

***

Hermione slammed the book closed, growling and cursing at Ginny under her breath. She and the red-head had gotten into an argument on bondage bracelets of all things. Apparently, Ginny was revolted that Ron and her had put the bands on Harry. She had gone on to say that it was dangerous. Hermione had tried to explain to the fifth year that it was for everyone’s own good, but she was adamant that what she and Ron had done was vicious. So here she was trying to find evidence to support her. She knew she was right – but evidence for the bands they had used was elusive. She jumped when a gentle hand rested on her shoulder.

You seem to be having trouble with something, Miss Granger. Is there anything I can do to help?”

Hermione smiled softly at her head of house. “Not really, Professor. Ginny and I got into an argument about something, and I’m looking for evidence to show her I’m right about it.”

“But the information you are looking for is harder to find than you thought?”

Hermione nodded. “I’ve been here since the Library opened this morning, and I can’t find anything in any of the books I’ve looked in.”
Minerva frowned thoughtfully. She knew that something had occurred over the summer to drive a wedge between her three favourite students, but she didn’t know what. Hoping to get more of an idea of what happened, she sat across from the girl. “Tell me about the argument and I’ll see if I can recommend some texts to you.”

Hermione beamed. “Well, Ginny and I were arguing over something and bondage bracelets and bondage bands came up. Ginny said that they were vicious, harmful and extremely dark. I said that they were not and that they were necessary for everyone’s safety.”

Minerva looked confused at best. “Ok, Miss Granger. Start from the beginning – I want the full story and don’t leave anything out. I don’t understand what you are talking about.”

Hermione sighed softly and started to tell the Deputy Headmistress the full story, starting from the beginning of the previous year. The more the Transfiguration teacher heard, the sicker she felt in the stomach. She gasped in shock when Hermione explained about the bands they had put on Harry and the spells they had performed on him both before and after they had been applied. By the end of the explanation, Minerva was slightly green.

Standing silently, Minerva headed over to Madam Pince and spoke with her. Fifteen minutes later, she returned with a book that had the same runes on its dried blood coloured covering as the bands that they had put on Harry. She handed it to the girl in front of her with a stern gaze.

“Before you open this book, Miss Granger, I want your word that you will do several things for me.” Hermione nodded eyes slightly wide at the sterner than normal look her teacher was giving her. “First, you must make an unbreakable vow, do you accept?”

“Yes Professor.”

Minerva nodded and called the Librarian over. Minerva once again sat, this time gripping the bushy-haired girl’s hand firmly in her own.

“Firstly, do you, Hermione Granger, promise to tell no one who gave you this book – nor the information you gain from it?”

“I do promise.”
“Secondly, do you, Hermione Granger, promise that before you open that book, to research every spell you told me was used both before and after the bands were administered?”

“I do promise.”

“And lastly, do you, Hermione Granger, promise to stand by any and all punishment – no matter what it is – by the hand of the one who was Harry James Potter?”

For the first time, Hermione felt worried about being right. “I ... I d-do promise,” she faulted. A snake of magic slithered around the grasped hands, binding them together. Minerva stood.

“I’d start on those curses now, Miss Granger, and I’ll like for them to be handed in to me, in assignment form before you look at this book.” She tapped the book several times. “In fact, I’m going to hold this one until you finish this task satisfactorily. You also have full run of the Restricted Section – Do not abuse it.”

Minerva waited until Hermione had returned with a few books before walking out of the Library, a very pale Madam Pince seated behind the desk. Walking to a particular door, she knocked. When the door opened, she called, “Filius, we need to talk – and it is important!”

***

Albus Dumbledore stared moodily into the flames. Not only did someone remove the bands on his weapon, but also said weapon was no longer under his thumb. Add to this that his spies report that Tom is no longer insane, and just like a normal human, and he has an heir. An heir that no one has seen, knows the name of or even what he looks like! Trying to find information on this new variant was like looking for a needle in a haystack blindfolded and with numb hands! Not even Severus, his most loyal spy, had found information on the child.

Albus sighed. He needed to get more information and he needed it now! As he couldn’t get that information now, he decided to have a bit of fun planning the destruction of Harry’s support base – and he would not call the bloody brat Tobias. He was named Harry by him and that was that! Albus rubbed his eyes, tiredly. Maybe it would have been easier for him if he had chosen Neville to be his scapegoat, but at the time, he’d needed the Potter’s dead, and the boy had so much power he could drain from.

Albus sighed again, this time with regret. He could not drain the child just yet, he had to wait for him to defeat Voldemort – he only hoped that he could withstand the temptation having the boy in the school.
Words

Nonos – Godfather
Lykos – Wolf
Drakontas – Dragon
Pateras – Father
Nona – Godmother

Sweets

Chatters – Pronounced Chat-Ers: make the eater cold ranging from just slightly chilled to just above hypothermia. Effects removed by either drinking a glass of water or eating a Gon at the same speed as the Chatter.

Gons – Pronounced Guns, but with an O instead of a U: The opposite of chatters, make the eater hot ranging from slightly warm to pot-bellied wood heater. Effects removed by drinking water or eating a Chatter at the same speed as the Gon.

Glow-worms – Pronounced as spelt: make the eater glow bright red when the correct word or phrase is uttered.

Fudge-mellow cum sticks – Pronounced as spelt: causes the eater to spontaneously ejaculate with no stimulation.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Introducing The Pack and Narcissa goes a touch bonding happy ... BONDING not BONDAGE!

Chapter Notes

I apologise for the wait. I've been with family. Anyway, enjoy the chapter

Chapter 16

The Pack waited patiently at the doors leading into the Dark Lord’s domain. They were all dressed in the same thing with the only difference being a minor one. This uniform – a design created by their Alpha – consisted of a long-sleeved kimono-style bronze shirt tied at the right hip for the females, the left for the males, with long black dragon leather pants with a copper snake curled up the leg opposite that of the shirt’s tie. The top button on the pants doubled as the snake’s eye. The pants were topped with a narrow silver belt with a black snake buckle. Small pockets in the top of the belt hid important items, such as floo powder, shrunken potions vials filled with various potions, shrunken water canisters. Stone and flint and food dried so thoroughly it had to be chewed for hours before swallowing were also added – as Tobias said, they never know what would occur if their wand was ever removed from them in a fight, or worse – snapped, and they were in an uninhabited area.

Over this ensemble was a cloak like no other in the wizarding world. It consisted of a cowl that hid their faces better than any mask could and the cloak itself, which only covered their back and sides. It had one tiny silver clasp – designed for quick and easy release – hidden at the throat. This cloak was where the difference lay. Tobias and Draco’s cloaks were a deep mahogany edged with silver, gold, copper and bronze thread designed into small, but complicated, Celtic knots.

Neville, as Tobias’ second, and Pansy, as Draco’s, had the same edging in the same colour, but had cloaks the colour of thunderheads. The rest of the group were in a green so dark it could have been black with poison green embroidery around the edges that told of that person’s talents – that was if you looked close enough. The outfit was completed with dark bronze dragon hide boots with a silver dragon burnt into the inside ankle. Overall, The Pack looked hot, and boy! Did they know it!

Several moments passed them by in silence, all waiting for the Dark Lord to call for them. Five
minutes later, Lucius arrived at the door, gesturing once for them to follow. Follow they did. First Tobias and Draco closely followed by Pansy and Neville. Each Second was walking behind their superior. In lines behind them followed Fred and George, Greg and Vince, Blaise and Ginny, Millicent and Luna ending with Bill, Theodore and Charlie. Silence surrounded them.

Lucius knelt at his Lord’s feet. “Our guests, milord, as you have requested.”

“Thank you, Lucius. You may rise.” Lucius stood, bowed and returned to his place at his Lord’s side. Once Lucius was in his rightfully place, The Pack of fifteen stepped forward and bowed as one. Tobias smirked internally. His pack had been trained well by the dream drifters.

“You asked for our presence, Lord?” Tobias asked in a strong, clear voice.

“Yes. I wished to introduce my followers to our newest allies. As their leader, why don’t you make the introductions?”

Tobias did smirk at this. “Of course, Lord.” He turned around to face the congregation and used his magic to lift himself above their eye line. An armchair of amethyst and ruby flames appeared behind him and he sat on it with hidden relief.

“Firstly, I am Alpha, and the leader of this pack. You will call me Skotadi – Darkness. I am giving you one warning and one warning only – My Pack is my family. Harm or threaten one of them and I will kill you, easy as that. I am godson to Nona,” Narcissa stood tall on the Dias. “Nonos,” Severus moved to stand beside her. “Anadochos,” Lucius stepped forward and nodded once. “And Lykos,” Remus moved from the shadows behind the Dark Lord’s chair to the gasps of the Death Eaters.

I am also the son and heir of Pateras,” the congregation paled when a smirking Voldemort rose from his seat. Tobias’ cowl flew back off his head, revealing his face.

“My name is Tobias Regulas Riddle – otherwise known as Gios ek Skotadi – Son of Darkness.” Shouts echoed around the hall and a throwing knife had stopped before it could enter Tobias’ chest.

Eyes like emerald chips glared at the guilty party when Vince returned with him in his grasp. The crowd grew silent as they noticed fourteen blades buried in three areas – six a hair above the groin, seven in the stomach and one very small and deadly blade buried in the hollow of his throat. Tobias smiled.

“Good work, everyone. He is even still alive. Now, why did you throw this pretty toy at me, hmm?”
The man glared at the youth, keeping his lips sealed shut. “Aw, come on. If you tell me under your own power it will be a lot less painful for you – but less enjoyable for me. If not, then I will get it out of you with this little guy.” Tobias pulled a grub from a box. “He doesn’t look like much, I know, but let me explain what he does. I place him on a sensitive part of your body – the inside of your ear or the head of your dick, depending on how much I want to hear you scream – and it will squeeze itself into any hole it finds. If it cannot find a hole – let us say that I make a plug for the hole that lets air into your brain – it will make itself a new one. It will then hollow out the area surrounding it, and you will feel every ... single ... bite. Doesn’t it sound delightful?”

The man paled, eyes pleading him for mercy. Tobias grinned maliciously. “Now, why did you throw this toy at me?”

“Dumbledore’s orders. If I was to discover who the Dark Lord’s heir was, I was to kill him so that Dumbledore could focus on destroying the life of the one named Harry Potter.” Remus, Severus and Voldemort growled. Tobias grinned and looked up at the Dark Lord.

“Pateras? May I keep him? I need a new toy since Bella broke and you won’t give me Peter Peter.” Lucius and Narcissa chuckled softly when their Lord nodded, a large malicious grin on his face. Tobias grinned widely and waved his wand, causing all the bones in his new toy’s body snapped at the same time. Gesturing to the screaming man, The Pack moved in order of lowest rank to highest to collect their knives. Once they had all been collected, Remus stepped forward, bowed, picked up the spy and disappeared. Tobias flashed himself back into his seat.

“Now, back to what we were talking about before the joker appeared. This is my Beta. You will treat him with respect as he is my equal. His name is Drakontas – Dragon.” Draco felt his cowl fly back to reveal his face.


“Our beast speaker, Hemerotes – Tamer,” Charlie stepped to the front and removed his cowl, “and our dark mage, Katara – Curse.” Bill stepped up beside his younger brother and removed his cowl. The two of them separated, but stayed at the front of the cleared space.

they removed their cowls as one. When Millicent’s father’s hand shot out to grab her, his eyes
widened. He had a dagger at his throat – courtesy of Greg – a bladed staff at his groin – courtesy of
Vince – and a curved one-handed sword at his chest, right above his heart – courtesy of Millicent
herself.

Tobias smirked as they put away their weapons and stood with Greg and Vince before Tobias and
Draco with Millicent before them.

“Last but not least, our light mage, Epikindynos – Dangerous,” Ginny stepped forward, “and our
torture expert Kyria – Lady.” Ginny and Luna removed their cowls, smirking at the crowd.

“You have met The Pack. You know who they are, now know this – They answer to me, and me
only. Oh ... and Mr Bulstrode, I believe I made myself perfectly clear as to what would happen
should you try to harm a member of my pack.” He closed his eyes and focused on his palm where a
small black flame appeared. He threw it at the man and watched him scream with a smile on his face.
The same smile was mirrored on the Dark Lord’s face as he watched his son. Many Death Eater’s
shuddered with fear.

***

Hermione shakily wrote her essay, face pale. Not one of the spells she, Ron and the Headmaster had
cast at Harry near the end of last year was in the books found in the general library. The more spells
she researched, the sicker she felt, until she had to run out of the library with hands over her mouth.
She had used spells worse than the Unforgivables, which was disgusting – but what is worse was
that she had used them on a friend – Her best friend – willingly. She would beg his forgiveness for
this for the rest of her life and she would take her punishment without question. She just hoped that it
didn’t get any worse, but by look of the book the Deputy Headmistress took, she knew it was going
to get worse – so very much worse.

***

It was just after eleven o’clock when Tobias walked into the rooms he shared with Draco. He was
covered in blood. Draco noticed that the raven-haired youth was giddy. Laughing softly, he pushed
the slightly smaller boy into the bathroom.

“Draco?” he heard called through the bathroom door.
“Yes Bi?”

“Did ... Did you want to come for a walk with me tonight at midnight? I’ve never seen the gardens here, and I’d love to see them under the moon with you, just like the first date we had at Hogwarts.”

Draco smiled softly. “I’d love to come with you Bi. Do you want to make it a midnight picnic?”

“That would be wonderful. Remember to dress in nice clothes.” Tobias’ voice was overpowered by the sound of the running shower. Draco shook his head and walked down to the kitchen to order a basket from the house-elves. On his way back upstairs with the requested basket, he knocked on his father’s study door.

“Enter.”

“Father. If no one can find Tobias or I tomorrow, would you be able to tell them that we are alright? We are going for a picnic in the gardens.”

Lucius nodded, thoughtfully. “I will tell them, son.”

“Thank you Father. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Walking into his room, he found his favourite outfit on the bed. Smiling, he changed, looking forward to later on that night.

***

Severus downed another shot of Scotch, unaware that Lucius and Voldemort – who had just told those closest to him to call him Tom in private – watching him sadly. They knew that this was the only way to punish Severus properly. Not even one full day and the man was already drunk. The two men were almost sorry for the students the normally bitter man taught, they also agreed that neither man would ever keep the two apart. A rather Slytherin approach, they had to agree.
Draco and Tobias smiled at each other as they sipped the wine and nibbled on fruit, goat’s cheese and biscuits in a garden full of night blooming flowers. The sweet smelling air made both young men slightly giddy while the waning moon hovered above them.

“Bi?”

“Yes?”

“I don’t want to spoil this, but I think we should talk about Sev and Remus’ punishment. Don’t you think three weeks is a bit long to keep them separated?”

Tobias sighed. “I am going to tell them tomorrow morning that they have been punished enough. I’m not that heartless, Drakontas.”

Draco sighed. “I know, Bi. But remember to take a hangover potion to Sev in the morning.” Tobias nodded. They sat in silence for a couple of moments, just enjoying the feeling of being together.

Tobias was the one to break the silence. “Drakontas?”

Draco looked at him, quizzically. “Yes?”

“I love you Draco Lucien Malfoy. You are now and always will be metalleio kardia, metalleio psychi – mine heart, mine soul. We are bound by magical bonds to spend the rest of our lives together. Tonight, I wish for it to be official. Would you, Draco Lucien Malfoy, do me the honour of becoming my fiancé on this night? Will you be the death to my darkness?”

Draco looked at his intended, eyes of molten silver gleaming like mercury locked onto deep emerald pools. “Yes,” he whispered.

A slow smile spread across Tobias’ face as he slid a ring onto his fiancé’s finger. Two snakes were
wrapped together, one platinum with onyx eyes, the other onyx with platinum eyes. A large black opal was held in place by the twin snake’s snouts and tails. Draco shook himself out of his shock long enough to place the other, more feminine ring of the set onto Tobias’ finger.

Draco was shocked when Tobias leant forward and placed a soft, chaste kiss to his lips – just a gentle brush of lips really – but where their lips touched was burning pleasantly long after both boys had drifted off to sleep. Tobias’ head resting on Draco’s chest, right over his steadily beating heart.

***

It was lunchtime before the two boys decided to reunite with The Pack and their family. Walking into the quiet and depressed room, they glanced at each other.

“Nonos, Lykos. Both of you please come with me.”

Draco sat at the table and started piling food onto two plates as Tobias lead the two silent men out into the next room. Lucius noticed a flash of reflected light and searched for its origin. His eyes widened when he managed to glimpse the ring on his son’s finger. Hopefully this means a wedding for Narcissa to prepare.

Ten minutes later, Severus and Remus followed Tobias back into the room. No one missed the fact that the two of them were touching. Draco smiled as the two of them sat together. He smiled wider when Tobias sat beside him and started eating with relish. The crowd around them were gob-smacked when Draco stole a bloody piece of meat from Tobias’ plate and ate it. There was silence when Tobias softly licked away the juices left on Draco’s fingers and lips. Tobias smiled and snuggled into Draco’s chest and whispered something. Draco whispered back, before nodding. The two of them stood.

“How do you feel about organising a bonding ceremony?”

Silence ruled the room until Lucius chuckled softly. “When did he do it?”
Draco blushed slightly. “Last night, Father.”

Narcissa squealed. “Show us the ring Draco. Come on, please?”

The boys laughed softly before extending their hands and revealing the identical rings. Everyone’s eyes widened when they noticed that Tobias had the more delicate ring of the two, but they said nothing, already having been told about Tobias’ preferred position.

“When would you like the ceremony?” Narcissa asked when she eventually calmed down.

The boys looked at the other. “Um ... would the first of January be suitable?”

Narcissa laughed and summoned some books over to her. “Oh, yes, plenty of time. Now then, we are going to need catering, a cake, and a celebrant – Do you want to hold it here at the Manor or somewhere else? We need decorations ...”

The boys laughed and interrupted her. “Of course we want to have it here. We picked the night of the first because it is a new moon, so Remus can attend, and we’d like it to be in the moon flower garden.”

“Moon flower garden?”

Draco nodded. Tobias closed his eyes and called up his white fire. Narcissa gasped at the beauty of the scene before her. A moonlit garden with flowers so white they looked to be made of fine china. A delicate and sweet scent filled the air and Draco locked eyes with his fiancé, both of them remembered the kiss from earlier.

Neither of them noticed the silence as they looked deeply into each other’s eyes.

Leaning in, they shared their second kiss of their relationship, and this one was no less sweet, no less tender than the one they had shared the night before. They also did not hear everyone leave, mumbling about cavities rather than stay and watch something that was obviously a private moment.
Words

Skotadi – Darkness
Nona – godmother
Nonos – godfather
Anadochos – godfather
Lykos – wolf
Pateras – father
Gios ek Skotadi – Son of Darkness
Drakontas – Dragon
Skoteinos – Dark
Arketa – Pretty
Pontikos – Mouse
Arpakitiko – Predator
Ateria – Mischief
Ateros – Mischievous
Hemerotes – Tamer
Katara – Curse
Bouno – Mountain
Dynamo – Strength
Skia – Shadow
Epikindynos – Dangerous
Kyria – Lady
Metalleio kardia – Mine Heart
Metalleio psychi – Mine Soul
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

The teachers of Hogwarts make a decision.

Chapter 17

Hermione curled up on the chair in the Gryffindor common room, tears rolling down her face. She had managed to write half of the assignment up before she’d broken down. She hoped with all her heart that Harry would forgive her, but deep down she knew that Harry no longer existed and that the boy who had replaced him would never accept her apology. She didn’t know how she knew, but she knew for certain that she would die by the end of the year – and there was nothing she could do about it.

***

Monday morning came too early for the students of Hogwarts – even the Slytherins grumbled a bit. Blaise was the first to notice the two empty beds. Fifteen minutes later, a wide-awake and cheerful couple walked into chaos.

“Where the bloody fuck have you two been! Did you think about what this would do to us? Beds empty, No note! Do you have a death wish?”

Tobias looked from Blaise to Draco and back again. “I thought only Mrs Weasley did that. Have you been taking lessons?”

Blaise’s jaw dropped and the common room was filled with snickering.

“Bu … bu … but …”

“Yes Blaise. I know we went somewhere without your consent. I forgot that we need babysitters at all hours. It doesn’t matter that we are back in MY territory where not even Bumblewhore can touch me, not to mention that we said we were going to be seeing the centaurs sometime today. Does this mean that we will also need to have an audience at the night of our bonding completion?”
Blaise turned a brilliant red colour, blushing through his olive skin. He bowed stiffly. “Forgive me, Alpha.”

Tobias nodded once and turned to the crowded common room. “Let’s go.” The Slytherins organised themselves into their year levels and walked in an orderly fashion to the Great Hall. Tobias smirked. It wouldn’t be long before it was announced to the school of their engagement then the fun would really begin!

***

Albus Dumbledore let his fake twinkling eyes take in the population of Hogwarts. Smiling, he welcomed them back, while internally he raged. The one spy he fully trusted within the Dark Lords ranks had been returned to him earlier that morning. The man had every joint in his body snapped and it looked as if a vicious animal had attacked him. A mark – the death mark with flaming wings coming from the sides – was burnt into his chest. Below the mark was a message for him stating, “Thanks for the toy.”

The old man sadly shook his head. This mystery about Voldemort’s heir was taking his attention away from his problem with the brat. How in the world did he manage to get the Malfoy family Patriarch and Severus behind him? And even more importantly...What could he do to break apart the young Malfoy and the brat? A gleam appeared in the old man’s eye and he started to make his plans as he absent-mindedly ate his toast and kippers.

***

Minerva sat at her desk, a frown on her face. The Headmaster had called for a meeting of all staff, and it worried her. Nodding once firmly, she came to a decision that she had been thinking about since her discussion with Miss Granger. Writing a quick note, Minerva called a house-elf with the order to deliver a copy to all teachers bar the Headmaster. She was going to do what she should have done all those years ago.

***

When the last Professor walked into the transfiguration room, Minerva put up her strongest privacy charm – one that included a safety net ensuring that no one who heard what was spoken could reveal it. She turned to find herself being glared at by the school’s Potions Professor.
“Just what is the meaning of this Minerva? We have a staff meeting in two hours, so what is so important it couldn’t wait till then? And where is Albus?”

Minerva looked at Severus sadly. “Albus isn’t coming to this meeting because he wasn’t invited. I called this meeting because I found out something I thought everyone should know.” She took a deep breath and looked at Severus.

“I know it is too little too late, but thank you for everything you’ve done for the boy. I can’t believe that I was fooled into believing he was safe. I want you to know that no matter what; I’m on the same side as young Mr Black.”

Severus couldn’t keep himself from staring at the transfiguration teacher in shock. The other teachers were silent.

“What happened to make you choose this, Minerva?”

“Early Friday evening I found Miss Granger in the library and getting rather flustered. Thinking it odd, I offered her my assistance – as long as she told me what it was she was researching. I wasn’t about to help her with schoolwork, after all. She told me she was looking up bonding bands. Thinking that maybe Mr Weasley had gotten her pregnant, I asked why.”

“The reason was different to what I thought it would be. It turned out the Headmaster convinced Mr Weasley and Miss Granger to aid him in controlling Harry Potter. She gave me the full list of curses the three of them threw at him. She also told me that while he was in a drug-induced sleep, they proceeded to put bondage bands on his person.”

Minerva sobbed softly, fighting back her tears. “When I asked what the bands looked like, she described them for me.” She lost the fight to keep the tears inside, but she kept talking. “They put Hell-Pit Bands on him.”

Everyone paled.

“Minerva … are you sure?”
“You said ‘bands’ – as in more than one. How many were placed on him?” Pomona asked.

“Yes, I’m sure. He had …”

“Five,” a soft male voice interrupted her, startling everyone into staring at the Potions Master, who was lost in his own memories. “One around each wrist, one around each ankle and one around his neck. The old man had him collared like a common mutt.” The man’s voice was soft and distant, almost sad as he spoke of what he had seen.

“He was so defiant when I found him. He may have had everything taken from him, but he was defiant til the end. Never stopped insulting the pig of a man he was supposed to call ‘Uncle’ – Not even when the rat’s arsed piece of child molesting niffler shit tried to rape him again did he stop fighting.”

Severus continued, not seeing the horrified expressions on everyone’s faces as he relived his memories for them.

“He was so light – all skin and bone. He couldn’t eat without throwing up.” He chuckled lightly. “When I came back from Malfoy Manor, I found that my house-elves had surrounded him and kept trying to force him to eat. In the end he threatened to sic Granger on them with her S.P.E.W campaign to get them away from him – this was after threatening me with a painful castration. It made the Dark Lord laugh.”

He sighed, serious again. “It took me, Luc and every potion I had six hours to remove all of the bands. I have never seen Draco run from a room so many times – nor seen him that shade of green either.” He looked up, just now remembering where he was and with whom. “I can put all my memories into a pensive if you wish.”

All the staff shook their heads. The believed the potions Master – he had never lied to them, and they had never seen him act like that before, so it proved to them that it was the truth. Silence reigned for a few heartbeats.

“I Minerva McGonagall, hereby renounce Albus Dumbledore as my superior in every way and pledge my loyalty to one Tobias Regulas Black – formally known as Harry James Potter. So mote it be!”

Severus watched slack-jawed as every single teacher in the room pledged their allegiance to his
godson, even knowing – or suspecting – that Tobias was in league with the dark. Wait until Tom heard about this!

***

Half an hour into Transfiguration, a note flew over to where Tobias and Draco were sitting. Opening it, he found a note asking him to remain behind. He silently gave the note to Draco, who read it and nodded at him before passing it to Pansy.

Minerva smiled to herself as she watched the group Severus had described as a pack. She didn’t know who the members were, but she suspected the entire Slytherin sixth year was a big part of it.

When the class was over, she noticed a flick of white out of the corner of her eye. Stunned for a moment, she let the information that a Slytherin had sent the note she wrote for Tobias to one Neville Longbottom. She shook her head. She shouldn’t be surprised. Neville, after all, was very loyal to his friends and family. Forcing her mind back to the lad before her, she pulled out a pensive. It was going to be a long afternoon.

***

Pateras,

Something has occurred here at Hogwarts that will make our overall plan go much smoother and faster. I believe that Hogwarts is really and truly ours. The only problem we have is Dumbledore. All the teachers bar him have sworn loyalty to me and me only. Every … single … one … of … them. I was wondering if they could come by during the winter holidays to meet the family before the bonding ceremony. Christmas is two weeks away now, and I can’t wait to see everyone again.

Gios

Tom blinked at the letter, then re-read it just to make sure it said what he thought it said. Slowly a grin formed on his lips.

“Lucius! Narcissa! We are going to have friends for the holidays!”
Tobias flamed into the Snake Pit feeling really annoyed. He’d had plans with his fiancé, but the old goat had summoned him to his office and had kept him there for an hour, trying to get his father’s name from him. Storming over to Draco, he straddled his lap and pulled him into a gentle – but determined – kiss.

Feeling the desperation in his partner, Draco gently licked Tobias’ lips, asking for entry. True to his submissive nature, Tobias opened his mouth and let Draco plunder his mouth. Tobias mewed softly, calming down quickly. He shifted until he was curled up in Draco’s lap, oblivious to the gobsmacked expressions on everyone’s faces.

“What’s up Bi? Are you alright?”

Tobias shook his head, burying his face into Draco’s neck.

“Come on Bi, talk to me.” Draco said calmly, even though he was panicking on the inside. Tobias was NEVER this subdued. Absolutely never!

Tobias’ muffled voice came from his neck, causing him to chuckle.

“Yes, Bi. I know that Dumbledore is a goat fucker, and I know we had plans, but I’m comfortable right here, so how about we spend tonight like this and go out tomorrow night instead?”

Tobias nodded and within a few minutes fell asleep. Draco smiled softly. He knew that his beloved wasn’t sleeping well, as he was planning with his father through their link during the night. Needing to fight the magic’s Dumbledore utilises within his rooms would have also exhausted him.

Greg stepped forward and picked Tobias up. Draco bid everyone goodnight and followed his friend for the room. Severus smiled slightly from his corner in the Slytherin Common room. Slowly he walked from the room and into the floo. He had gotten a slight problem when Tobias had initiated that kiss with Draco – Now he hoped that he could find his wolf to help him with said problem. It didn’t help that he hadn’t seen him since their return just over a week ago.

*Words*
Pateras – Father

Gios – Son
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

The lead up to the wedding!

Chapter 18

It was the last day of term and the Headmaster was looking at the stay list in astonishment. For the first time in the history of Hogwarts, there were no students staying for the break. He sighed. This meant that none of the Professors had to stay. His eyes twinkled as a thought came to him. He could use this time to make an attack on that Tobias kid. He grinned. This will be like taking candy from a baby. Speaking of candy – he reached for a new packet of sherbet lemons.

***

Draco was counting down the seconds until his ancient Runes class finished. He had left his fiancé in the hands of their godfather. Severus had somehow managed to convince the other teachers into setting holiday homework. To ensure that Tobias didn’t do any of it, Sev had collected as much paperwork he could to keep him busy – Not that Tobias was upset at that.

Draco laughed softly. His betrothed was turning into quite the paper shuffler. Not only did he organise the paperwork, but he also made recommendations after consulting with all the previous paperwork on the topic. He was that good at it that Sev had handed over all his students essays – both marked and unmarked – so he could make a better lesson plan.

Draco chuckled as he remembered Severus’ face when he realised Tobias was taking notes on his teaching style, the comments he made – both in class and on the marked assignments – as well as the student’s marks, reactions and their strong and weak points in each assignment.

He sighed softly. He knew that there was nearly three weeks till their bonding and that for two of them, he and Tobias wouldn’t be allowed to touch, speak or see the other. He was worried because neither of them had slept alone since the night they were announced to the Death Eaters. He would be staying at Prince Manor with Severus, while Tobias stayed at Riddle Manor with his father.

When the teacher dismissed the class, Draco fled. He had a raven-haired Adonis to snog the breath
The carriage The Pack was seated in was silent but for the scratching of quill on parchment. The number of books that were scattered around them put one in mind of a library. With a sigh and a crack of vertebrae, Tobias put down his quill.

“Alright everyone! Who has what left to complete?”

Neville, Ginny and Blaise stretched. “The three of us have Herbology and I have arithmancy,” Blaise answered.

“I have arithmancy and ancient runes,” Draco answered after thinking for a moment.

“Us three have half of DADA to go and Potions,” Greg informed them, indicating Vince and Millicent as well as himself.

“Theo and I have Transfiguration and I have Astronomy and Divination,” Luna stated.

“I also have Ancient Runes and a near complete Arithmancy assignment. What about you Bi?”

Tobias stretched. “I have divination, Astronomy and Transfiguration to complete. I half did them this morning before talking to Nonos. I say we have a break now and for about half an hour after the trolley leaves for us to eat. That way we have roughly four hours before we have to pack up.”

Nods and groans of relief were his answers. Packing away the books they were using, the group hissed as stiffened muscles were worked.

Conversations amongst individuals broke out and for the first time in a long while, The Pack acted as a normal group of teenagers – ones who had no idea a war was going on.
Tom looked on in pride as his son led his pack into the Hall. He looked at the ladies seated beside him before standing. Tobias walked to his father.

“Pateras,” he bowed. Tom pulled him into a hug.

“Gios.”

When he was released, Tobias turned to the two ladies before him. “Lady Longbottom, Professor McGonagall. A pleasure to see you both.”

“Mr Black – or should I say Master Riddle? A pleasure to see you once again.” Mrs Longbottom turned to her grandson. “Neville, are you well?”

“Yes Grandmother, I am well. How are you?”

“I am fine, Neville, just fine.” She turned to Tobias. “I believe we need to talk youngster.”

Tobias nodded. “I agree Ma’am.” He closed his eyes slightly “Is next Friday at lunch alright with you? I’m going to be busy till then.”

Neville’s grandmother nodded. “That is acceptable. I shall see you then.”

Tobias nodded and turned to his pack. “You know where your rooms are. You have half an hour to get settled. Change into muggle wear, we are going to start arm and shoulder training. Dinner after. Neville, you have an extra 15 minutes to talk.” He turned to Neville’s Grandmother. “I’m sorry to have to limit the time you can speak to Skoteinos, but we are on a schedule. May I offer a room to you for the night so you can catch up tomorrow?”

Tom smiled, watching as his son handled Lady Augusta Longbottom like an expert. He beamed in pride when the Longbottom matriarch accepted the invitation.

“Lady Longbottom.” Tobias called as Neville led his Grandmother away. When she turned, he
smiled at her politely. “You may run into the Lestrange’s whilst you stay here. If they threaten you with anything, tell them you are under my protection. If they do anything without threatening you, call for Gios ek Skotadi and I will deal with them. I don’t think Bella dear will be any trouble though.” He bowed slightly and followed his father from the room.

Augusta looked at her grandson in confusion. Smirking, Neville explained about the things Tobias did to Bellatrix. Her laughter echoed in the empty halls.

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Over the following week no one saw much of neither Draco nor Tobias. Other than when The Pack trained and at meals, they weren’t seen by anyone.

This worried Tom. He knew that his son was clinging to the chance at spending time with his betrothed before they had to separate, but he had the feeling that Tobias was beginning to become dependent on Draco to keep him sane. He sighed heavily. The following fortnight will be hell for him. He’ll have to talk to him after all.

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Tom collapsed into the chair before the fire with a groan, causing the two men with him to chuckle softly.

“What’s up Tom? Starting to feel your age?” Sev grinned.

Tom growled at him.

“How’s young Tobias handling the separation period? Draco is driving Remus and Severus here insane.”

“Yeah. The only time the brat isn’t willing one or both of us to AK him is when a member of The Pack is with him, or he is asleep. I bet that Tobias is the same.”

Tom sighed and shook his head sadly. “No such luck, Severus. He doesn’t see anyone but me during
the day and he meditates most of the night. Since he’s been here, he’s had an hour of sleep a night. When he wakes up, he runs, swims, runs some more, swims some more. He eats only enough to keep him going and I need to force him to drink the potion he needs.”

“It’s only been four days and he’s already cleaned all the sitting rooms, re-organised the kitchens, scared the house-elves out of the kitchen on a morning, cleaned and organised his rooms, made the chambers I use for torture into a playroom for the Death Eaters and has scared me out of my office while cleaning, organising and completing MY paperwork!”

Both Lucius and Severus winced. It seemed as if Tobias was handling it worse than everyone, including Draco, thought he would. The exchanged looks and nodded.

“Let us just floo Remus and Narcissa. We’ll stay here for the rest of today and the evening meal. Sounds like you need all the help you can get with the boy.”

Tom nodded in resinated thanks. He wasn’t afraid to admit that he needed help with his son. He had to admit that this was something that he was unprepared for.

Both men walked back into the room with a slight bounce in their step.

“Remus had an idea for how to get him to relax enough to sleep for the night. I hope it works.”

“If it does, then between the three of us, we should be able to occupy his mind long enough so he doesn’t demolish the house only to rebuild it by hand.”

Severus nodded in agreement. “I have all the assignments I received before the holidays as well as quizzes from all my classes to mark. If he agrees, I’ll get him to help me by marking the first and second year assignments as well as all the quizzes. I have the answers written out if he doesn’t know any of them.”

“And when he wants a break from that, I’ll take over with getting him to teach me how to cook.” Severus and Tom looked at Lucius in disbelief. “What? I must admit that it never occurred to me to learn how to cook, but Tobias makes it look quite enjoyable and I want to give ‘Cissa something special for Valentine’s Day this year.”

Tom smirked. “Thinking against getting her another house-elf again are we?”
Lucius sighed. “This is the year of mine and Narcissa’s 20th anniversary. I need to give her something special this year – Something that will show her I love her just as much, if not more, than I did when we were married. Something that means more to her than a forty-five galleon piece of metal. I think Tobias can teach it to me.”

The three men jumped when a house-elf popped in. “Master told Binky to get him when young Master is finished in his work room.”

“Thank you Binky. Do you know where he is now?”

The elf nodded. “He is in the big room of Books. When Binky went to find him, Binky nearly got buried.”

Severus and Lucius followed Tom to the library, tears streaming down their cheeks at Tom’s shrill scream of “MY BOOKS!”

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Three hours and four calming potions later, Tom was seated in his office chair looking around in awe. The room looked much larger now that it was cream and tan in colour. The window was clean and open, letting in fresh clean air and natural light. All of the chairs found in the room were all cleaned of all stains and were comfortable to sit on. The book shelves along his walls were empty, but had been polished and each shelf had the topic of the books intended for it burnt into the front of it. The desk … Tom felt his breath catch every time he looked at his desk.

His brown and gold Eagle Quill and his favourite Slytherin green inkwell were placed at the top of the desk in the centre. To the top left was a line of inkwells full of red, blue, black and silver inks. In the top right corner was a wizard’s photo in a blue, green and silver frame of him and his son – taken after the Death Eater meeting several weeks ago.

Before him were three stacks of paper. One sat in a cedar box marked ‘reports’. A second sat in an oak box marked ‘Important Documents’. The third and centre pile, was the only one not in a box. On a sheet of parchment was a small note in his son’s narrow handwriting.

Pateras – Have read and agree. Need your signature – Gios.
Lucius and Severus also looked around, silent with awe. They had no idea as to how he’d done it, but they could tell that not everything had been done with magic. The two of them shared a look. Here was proof of the treatment their godson had had to endure at the hands of his old family. They were surprised at the style he had – It was astonishing for a 16 year old.

The sound of a door opening bought all three men’s eyes to the object of their thoughts. Tobias dropped the stack of books he was holding when Tom drew him into an enveloping hug, murmuring ‘thank you’ over and over. Sev and Lucius chuckled at the caught-in-the-headlights look on their godson’s face. Both of them were surprised when their friend had launched himself at his son, but the boy’s reaction was just priceless!

Tobias gently extracted himself from his father’s arms and picked up the books he’d dropped. Looking at them, the three men’s jaws dropped. All the books in his hands had one thing in common – They were written in parseltongue.

“Bi … What?”

Tobias smirked. “You’ve never really gone through the library have you? If you had, you would have realised that amongst all the muggle books were some absolute gems.” Humming slightly, Tobias arranged five thin books on his father’s desk. Seeing Tom’s questioning look he grinned.

~Gran’thor Sal’s diaries from when he was old enough to write~

Tom looked at them in awe, hands shaking slightly. ~H-How? How did the muggles get a hold of something so valuable?”

Tobias wordlessly handed him another book. As he looked through it, Tom’s jaw dropped and his eyes widened. Looking up at his two closest friends. “He was a squib …”

They watched in silence as his eyes rolled into the back of his skull and collapsed. Lucius and Severus waited for Tobias to leave, then both grabbed for the book. After reading it, they looked at each other and sat on their chairs, thinking it might be safer to let their Lord wake up naturally.

Words
Nonos – godfather

Pateros – Father

Gios – Son

Skoteinos – Dark

Gios ek Skotadi – Son of Darkness
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Tobias explains to Severus, Tom and Lucius as to why he isn't sleeping

Chapter Notes

Hope you all enjoy this chapter. I will admit that when I originally wrote this I needed a few tissues, but that could be because I took part of it from my own experiences. Not fun at all.

Chapter 19

The four men were eating when the floo connection activated. Smiling to himself, Severus went to answer it. He had watched while Tom cajoled Tobias into drinking his potion and he knew that he had done the right thing in contacting Remus. After Tom had woken up, the three of them had sat down to discuss what was going to happen at Christmas. Tobias had joined them and explained that he and Draco had planned to have Christmas the day after they were wed.

Noticing that everyone was finished, Severus cleared his throat. “I hear that you can’t sleep at night Tobias. Is there any reason why?”

Tobias glared at Tom then Sev. “I don’t see that it is any of your business.”

Sev kept looking him right in the eye. “It isn’t any of my business, but as the godfather to both you and Draco, it is my duty to make sure that the both of you are safe when the other is unavailable. You made it clear to me that night a few weeks ago that that was my job, and I intend to do it. I do not want to have to go back home and tell a werewolf that his Neogennito is not doing well. Nor do I wish to tell Draco that the bonding ceremony is off because if he doesn’t come see you, then you are not going to survive.”

Tom, Lucius and Tobias blinked in shock. Severus sighed. “The potion you take is vital for you to live. Due to the abuse you underwent at the hand of Dumbledore, Granger, Weasley and the Dursleys your body will never be able to process enough food for you to survive. The less you sleep while taking it, the less effective it works because it needs to fight for energy. Even if Tom hadn’t have told me you weren’t sleeping, I would have known.”
“You’re eyes are dull, your skin is slack and slightly yellow. You have the look of someone who is addicted to Dreamless Sleep – and I know that you are, hence the fact that I am not giving any to you. Everyone in your pack is here for you, Bi. Just like we are. We are your family. We want to take care of you – Please let us. Tell me why you are having trouble sleeping so I can help. ”

Tobias started shaking and wrapped his arms around himself for comfort. Severus stood and wrapped his arms around the youth. “You trusted me enough to write to me for help during the summer. What has changed for that trust to no longer be there?”

Tobias bowed his head as tears flooded from his eyes. Severus tightened his arms around him. “I miss him so much, Nonos. I feel incomplete without him.” His voice lowered to a whisper. “He keeps the nightmares away. As soon as my eyes close, they start. Always the same, always different.” He shuddered. “They keep me awake at night, and I can’t speak to Drakontas to make sure he’s alright and so I panic.”

“Shh, Bi. Tell me about these dreams and I’ll see if I can help with them. It might help to just talk about them.”

Tobias nodded slowly. “They all start the same. I’m back in the room at the Dursley’s. The room is dark. I’m naked and chained to the wall still. The door opens and Vernon walks in. He’s always got Draco. Sometimes he is struggling, other times he is unconscious. He’s always got hand marks around his throat.” Tobias closed his eyes, clear streams running down his cheeks. “V-Vernon chains him to the b-bed. S-Sometimes he cuts his clothes off him. Sometimes he just removes his shirt or pants. Then he gets the whip and … and … “

Tom and Lucius listened in silence, horror showing in their eyes at what they were hearing from the boy that meant so much to them. Severus kept hold of the boy, ignoring the tears running down his own cheeks.

“H-He uses it on him. And I have to watch. Draco never utters a word. All he does in look at me. Sometimes he mouths “I love you” to me, but most of the time he just keeps looking at me. Vernon never touches him like he did me though. He went to once, but I threatened him with instant death if he did before I woke up. Normally though, he’d just hit him a few times with the whip before saying he’s got plans for a pretty think like him. Most of the time V-Vernon sells him to men and women to use as they will. I try to get to him to stop them, but every time I move the bands holding me to the chains get tighter and tighter while they chains get shorter and shorter until all I can do is listen to Draco’s screams as he’s entered dry and told what a good slut he is.”

Tobias broke down, crying harder than he’d ever done in his life. “I tried everything to get them to
stop, even going as far as promising to take his place and do so without any trouble or freakishness if they stop and leave him alone, but they just laugh and hurt him more. I can’t stop them from hurting him and it keeps on going until one night one of Vernon’s customers pulls a knife out and starts blood games. He cuts in too deep and I watch him bleed to death, on my bed while someone who doesn’t love him fucks him.”

“When the man’s finished, Vernon comes in and swears because his money maker is dead. Then he gets a knife and he butchers him into small pieces. He gives them to Mrs Figg as food for her cats. Then he comes back and laughs at me because he got rid of the one person I love more than anything.”

Severus looked up at the other two men. Tom’s eyes were the colour of mud and you could see that he was fighting tear. Lucius, however, had tears streaming down his aristocratic features as his soon-to-be son-in-law spoke of his dreams for the first time. He turned his attention back to Tobias.

“You said this is what happens most of the time. What happens in the dreams that this doesn’t occur in?”

Tobias looked up and all three men shivered at his eyes. They were the eyes of the dead – dull and lifeless. “Dumbledore walks through the door. He puts the bands on him and casts the same spells as he did me, then he pays Vernon and Dudley to beat him until not one bit of him is left untouched.”

“He is then chained up with me where they use him to get me to do what they want me to do. I – I have to choose between dad and Draco, but I can’t. I don’t want to lose either of them. Dumbledore hits Draco with the cutting curse of Severus’ then hits him with Crucius.” Tobias shivered. “There is so much blood. I like the sight of blood – but not when it is Draco’s. I – I yell at him to stop, but he doesn’t. So I scream ok. I’ll kill dad. I don’t want to, but I have to if I want to save Draco.”

Tobias started to cry again. “Dumbledore releases me, but keeps Draco – as insurance. I come here and find Pateras. We – We sit and talk for a while. I hug him and say I’m so sorry, but I have to save Draco. Pateras simply says, “I know” and that he is proud of me. I whisper ‘Goodbye” before pointing my wand at his back and whisper “Avada Kedavra” and he dies while I hold him. I feel the life leave his body and something inside me breaks, never to mend. I apparate with Pateras’ body to where Dumbles is keeping Draco. When he sees me with dad’s body, Dumbles points his wand at Draco and utters the words “Convulsus pectus pectoris a-and D-Dra-k-cos’s h-heart e-explo-dies, killing him.”

“Before I can re-react, Dumbles points his wand at me and hits me with two spells. One to prevent suicide and the other to prevent Dementors from killing me or driving me insane. He brings in the A-Aurors and they arrest me for murder. I get sent to Azkaban without a trial where I’m forced to relive my parent’s death, Sirius falling through
the veil, this Summer at the Dursley’s, the betrayal of my ‘friends, my killing P-Pateras an-and Dumbles k-killing my Draco.”

“Sev, I can’t wake up from that dream. I get caught in it a-and I can’t make sure my Draco is safe a-and no one can h-hear m-me sc-scream.”

Tom swooped down and hugged his son in all but blood tightly – not caring that he had lost his fight with his tears. “I love you son. Next time you have a dream like that again, I want you to tell me, Lucius or Severus. After you are bonded, I will take you shopping for a snake. I know you have Thanatos, but when it comes time for his burning day, he is not very helpful. At least you will be able to talk to a snake.”

Tobias nodded, feeling safe in the arms of his father, while Severus downed the scotch Lucius poured for him. Tobias yawned, but now all three older men could see the fear in his eyes – not that any of them blamed him.

Severus spoke softly. “Bi? Can you control what guardian you have?”

Tobias thought for a moment before answering. “Sometimes I can. It depends on what the reason is.”

Severus nodded. “What is your guardian tonight?”

Tobias half-smiled and he changed into his wolf. Sev Smirked. “Do you think you will be able to keep the wolf as your guardian until your bonding day?”

The wolf before him nodded.

“This is good. Can you please change back while I tell you my idea? It should work, but if it doesn’t, you should be able to sleep without nightmares for a while.”

Within seconds, Tobias was back to his human form. “What is your idea Sev?”

Tom, Lucius and Severus seated themselves with Tobias curled into a ball at Tom’s side. “You seem to be doing a really good job of everything here, so I was hoping that you will be able to help me
with some of my grading. I have to have the surprise tests marked and the assignments I requested for before the holidays marked and graded for the first day back. I was hoping you’d do the marking of the tests and the first, and maybe second year assignments.”

“And when you are in need of a break from them, I was kind of hoping you would teach me to cook something so I could surprise Narcissa on Valentine’s Day.”

Tobias smiled a small smile. “Of course I’ll do it. I’ll need something to do so I don’t complete the library in two days. But … how does this help with nightmares?”

“It doesn’t. The idea about nightmares is that you turn into your wolf at night time and sleep as it. It would help, so why don’t you try it for tonight?”


“Goodnight Tobias.”

The three men waited in silence until they heard a happy yip come from upstairs. This time they allowed themselves to release the breaths they were holding and talk about what they had discovered in detail. They all agreed to not tell Draco until after the two of them were bonded. This decided, Sev and Lucius prepared to leave. Before going, however, the three of them looked into Tobias’ rooms, where they found him in wolf form curled up with his nose buried in the shirt Draco had been wearing that day. Severus smiled. It seemed that he’d done the right thing in asking Remus to get Draco’s shirt from the laundry before it could be washed.

Seeing that their charge was asleep and seemed to be inclined to stay that way, the three men separated. Tom to his rooms, Severus to Snape Manor, a frantic werewolf and a sulking blonde youth and Lucius to Malfoy Manor and his wonderful wife.

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Severus stepped through the fireplace with a relieved sigh. He was not looking forward to taking to Lucius or his Lord. He found them sitting in the sitting room with tea, coffee and ham and cheese sandwiches.
“Sev! It worked! He’s still asleep. Isn’t that wonderful?”

“Yes, Tom. I’m happy it worked, but we have a problem.”

“What is it? Surely it can’t be that bad.”

“Draco knows.”

“What! I thought we agreed not to tell him!”

“I didn’t tell him. He was waiting for me in the floo room …”

~FLASHBACK~

Severus stepped out of the floo and into his sitting room, where he collapsed with his head in his hands.

“He’s having nightmares again, isn’t he?”

Severus sighed. “Yes, he is. How do you know?”

Draco sat down next to him, handing him a large Firewhisky. “Why do you think we started sharing a bed at Hogwarts, even though we hadn’t bonded? He has horrific nightmares, but sleeping next to someone seems to help him with it, but not all the time. What dream was it?”

Sev started to tell him about all the dreams while he struggled to stop his voice from shaking. When he finished, Draco looked thoughtful. “So they are only mild at the moment. That is good. We can stop them from getting worse with little to no hassle.”

Severus sat frozen on the chair. Did he just call them mild? “Draco, what did you mean by mild? These dreams had him freaked enough to not go back to sleep after them!”
“I know, Sev. But by mild, I meant mild. The next step in nightmares is him killing everyone he cares about while under something like the Imperious Curse. The next one is watching as one of his family kill the rest of the family. After that is having me in Dumbledore’s pay and me only being with him because I was ordered to, followed closely by me leaving him for either Granger or Weasley. The worst on, however is where he remembers everything he went through at the muggles’ house, but it is me who is doing it to him and saying whatever that bastard said to him. Those dreams break my heart because he yells out that he loves me in his sleep, but then I say something that makes him cry. I asked him once what it was that I say and I’ve regretted it ever since.”

“What did he say?”

“He said that I said, ‘If you think that I could love a pathetic freak like you, then you are more delusional than I thought.’”

~END FLASHBACK~

Tom and Lucius stared at Severus in shock. It was obvious to all of them that this was news to them.

“Pateras? Nonos? Anadochos? What’s for breakfast?”

The three men looked up in surprise to find a freshly showered Tobias in the doorway, blinking sleepily. The three men had to grin when they saw what he was wearing. An open robe revealed dark blue pants, feet encased in white socks and muggle sneakers. It was the shirt, however, that caught their attention.

“Nice shirt, Bi,” Lucius teased, watching the slight blush coat Tobias’ cheeks. Tobias mumbled something, making Severus chuckle.

“What was that, Gios?” Tom asked, humour evident in his eyes.

“I said it still smells of my Drakontas.”

This made all of the men smile. Sev stood and hugged the youth. Reaching into his pocket, he removed and enlarged a small package. “From Draco,” he whispered.
Sitting down, Tobias opened the package to find a small green and grey stuffed toy dragon. He hugged it close and smelt sandalwood and cinnamon. Squeezing it tighter, he heard a click and a soft voice started talking to him.

“I love you, Tobias. I can’t wait to see you on the first, just so I can hold you once more. I’m missing you so much. I’m having fun driving Sev and Remus insane, but I am safe. Your wolf has made sure of that. He cooks almost as good as you, Love. I need to go now, but anytime you need me, just give the dragon a squeeze and you’ll be able to hear my voice again. Knowing you, you are probably wearing the shirt I saw Remus steal from the laundry, and I have to say that I always thought you were cute when wearing my things. Stay safe and remember I love you always.

Your Drakontas.”

Tobias wiped a single tear from his cheek as the three friends pretended not to notice.

“What is it that you have planned for today, Bi?”

Tobias smiled before taking the potion that appeared beside him and started eating the fruit salad before him. “I’ve got the library to continue, recipes to think up for Anadochos and, if Nonos has them, tests to mark. Why Pateras? Did you have anything you’d like for me to do?”

Tom smiled. “I would like to take you out for lunch then go shopping for both Christmas and something for us to do as father and son. Have you ever been to India?”

Tobias’ eyes lit up with excitement. “We’re going shopping in India? Great!”

Tom laughed and checked the time. Seeing it was almost 10:30 he yelped.

Severus laughed. “I have the first thru third year tests here, if you’d like to start on them.”

Tobias grinned and nodded. He couldn’t do anything in the library at the moment since he needed a few book ledgers so he could record what books they had. He thought he’d have one for muggle titles and one for wizarding – then he’d also have the Malfoy, Snape, Lupin, Black and Potter library’s to catalogue. He smiled to himself. He loved being busy if it was constructive.
Lucius chuckled softly. He’d seen the light in Tobias’ eye when he’d seen the pile of paper in Sev’s hand. When the youngster had left, he turned to Tom. “Do you know what his going to do once he leaves Hogwarts? I have the feeling that everyone in The Pack – Including Miss Weasley and Miss Lovegood – could sit for their NEWTS at the end of this year and pass them with good marks.”

“I have a feeling that The Pack will be sitting for their NEWTS at the end of this year,” Sev put in, helping himself to strong tea. “I have noticed that all the members help each other with all the homework. Someone who is strong in one subject works on their assignments with those who are weak in the subject. When all the subjects have been done, the assignments are then exchanged so everyone can read them. And everyone adds little bits of information to each assignment in different coloured ink before they are handed back to the original author, who then re-writes it to include any extra information that had been added and to correct spelling and grammar that they had missed. Once that had been re-written, they make a duplicate and give it to the subject’s strongest; who reads all of them to make sure that nothing is copied, either from a book or from someone else.”

The assignments are then given to Tobias, who files them away. The original goes to the teacher. When it is marked, the assignment goes back to Tobias who files it with the unmarked copy for easy access on the weekends, where they are gone through and discussed while they are re-written, with the Professor’s comments taken into account. This happens with every assignment – whether they do the subject or not – as well as every homework item set. All of them do better on the seventh year potion’s syllabus them my seventh years. I talked the others into testing them, and all of them passed higher – on average – then the seventh years who did it at the end of last year.”

Both Tom and Lucius blinked in astonishment at the news. They’d had no idea at how much The Pack studied. They had the feeling that it was Tobias’ influence on the small group.

“How about we talk to The Pack after the bonding at what they want to do? I have a feeling that they may have plans that we haven’t been told about.”

A laughing Tobias interrupted the men. “S-Sorry to interrupt, but I thought you all could do with a laugh. A first year pureblood Gryffindor student completed this test.”

“Question: Explain why you need to study Potions for the first five years of Schooling. Answer: Headmaster Dumbledore wants to test us to see if we really are brave enough to be Gryffindors.”

“Question: what is a bezoar and where would one be found? Answer: It is a market found in India … what does this have to do with potions?” He stopped to wipe the tears from his eyes, watching his father’s shoulders shake with suppressed laughter. “It gets better, Pateras.”
“Question: What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane? Answer – one is used to keep wolves away from the garden and the other is used by monks to stop them wanting female company.”

Lucius lost his control and laughed along with Tom.

“One more then I’ll leave. Question: What is the worst thing that can happen in a Potion’s Lab? Answer: Getting taught by Professor Snape while working with Slytherins and needing to touch icky squishy stuff.”

At that, Severus started laughing until tears streamed down his face.” I-Icky Sq-Squishy stuff? How u-utterly Hufflepuff of them! Are you sure this is a Gryffindor?”

Tobias grinned and ran out of the room, leaving all three men to compose themselves. He had a nice stack of papers to get through before 12:30.

Words

Neogennito – Cub
Nonos – godfather
Drakontas – Dragon
Thanatos – The Greek daemonic personification of death
Pateros – Father
Anadochos – godfather
Gios - Son
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

The bonding is here! And meeting new friends :) 

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for reading :3 

Chapter 20

Tom stood in Tobias’ doorway and watched him sleep. It had been nine nights since Tobias’ troubled nights had been bought up and the boy had spent every night since sleeping with the stuffed dragon and the shirt Draco had worn that day. Each day he wore the shirt from the night before as he worked in the library and on the work Severus had for him to do. He had finished that work three days before and since then had taken to teaching Lucius how to cook. So far he had managed to perfect mixed berry pancakes with strawberry yoghurt sauce and was on his way to being able to make a nice lightly spiced rice and chicken salad.

When not in the kitchen with Lucius, he was in the library recording the books he found there. So far, he had found several rare books that were hidden amongst the muggle books. To Tom’s surprise, Tobias had placed a muggle book on his bedside table with a note asking him to read it. He hadn’t understood why he had wanted him to read it, but once he’d started, he hadn’t been able to put it down. It had been written by a muggle named Jeffrey Deaver, and he’d just started another of his books.

Now he was starting to question whether or not muggles were the problem he had believed them to be. He had travelled into muggle India when he and Tobias had gone there to shop and the things he had seen had amazed him.

While they had been there, they had spoken about anything and everything. Tom had admitted to no longer knowing what he wanted for the wizarding world, while Tobias had discussed his plans for after the bonding. Tom had been ecstatic when he discovered that Tobias was going to hyphenate his name so he could keep the Riddle name. He and Draco had discussed it and Draco was fine with it – going as far as to suggest that he also hyphenate his name. Neither Tom nor Tobias knew that Draco had spoken about it with his parents and that Lucius had given his blessing.
Tom knew that Tobias had to be nervous. Tomorrow was New Year’s Eve, so in two nights time, he was going to be bonded. Narcissa was going to be over in the morning with the bonding robes. Tobias already had everything else ready. Sighing, Tom closed the door and walked to his room. No matter how he looked at it, he felt as if he was going to lose his son in two days’ time. He just hoped he didn’t cry, no matter how much he felt the urge to.

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Tobias looked at the outfit hanging up in front of him, his hands shaking. He wasn’t scared of what was going to happen the next day – He was terrified. It was actually happening. The outfit before him was identical to his pack uniform, but for colour. His was white with copper and bronze runes and Celtic knots. Draco’s – he knew- was mid grey with gold and silver runes and Celtic knots.

Tom stood in the doorway, watching his son. Silently he walked in and laid a hand on his shoulder. “Sickle for your thoughts?”

Tobias gave his father a small half-smile. “You’ll probably want change.”

Tom smirked. “Maybe, but I’m sure you’re rich enough to spare a few knuts.”

Tobias couldn’t help but laugh. “I’m terrified, Pateras. I’ve gone from having no-one, to being surrounded by people who genuinely care about me, and it’s happened so fast. What if I stuff it up? What will I do if I drive him away? What if I’m not good enough for him?”

“Bi, calm down. Draco loves you more than anything. He doesn’t need to say anything, because you can see it in his eyes and how he treats you. I don’t doubt that you will have problems. All couples do – but you will get through them together. Nothing you will do could drive him away from you. And Bi? It doesn’t matter what anyone else thinks, because to Draco, you – are – perfect. Always remember that you are welcome here at any time. You are still going to be my son no matter what.”

Tobias smiled. “Thank you, Pateras. I needed to hear that,” he admitted sheepishly.

“I needed to say it,” Tom admitted in a stage whisper.
Tobias laughed. “Love you, Pateras. I hope I never lose you.”

Tom smiled with tear filled eyes. “You never will, Gios. Even if I’m no longer here in body.” He drew his son in close to him. Tobias just smiled and returned the hug.

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Draco stood in the centre of the garden fidgeting slightly. His outfit set off his hair and eyes. His stomach was jittery and he couldn’t wait until he could see his fiancé again. A small commotion at the door drew his eyes and his heart jumped when he caught sight of his beloved’s father and he struggled to bring liquid to his now dry mouth.

Lucius caught his son’s eye and walked to him. “Alright, Draco?”

“J-“ Lucius handed him a small amount of water in a glass. “Thank you, Father.”

Lucius nodded. “How are you feeling? Nervous?”

Draco nodded slowly. “I am exceedingly nervous, but also excited. I haven’t seen Bi for fourteen days, and I want him back where he belongs.”

Lucius hid a smirk. His son had it bad. He was drawn from his thoughts with the arrival of Minerva in her best robes. Narcissa had surprised everyone by asking the transfiguration teacher to oversee the ceremony. That she accepted without hesitation surprised many more, but Draco had been thankful. All the Professors of Hogwarts bar the Headmaster were in the congregation, as were all The Pack members. It had been decided that only Tom would stay with Tobias before the ceremony.

Ten minutes later, silence reigned as Tom walked into the garden with a silent green-eyed youth hiding behind him, eyes downcast. Tom turned and lifted his son’s face with a finger under his chin. Silently he placed a kiss to his son’s forehead. The congregation was so quiet you could hear the Manor’s Albino Peacocks in the far distance.

Tom gently turned his son until his eyes locked with those of his future husband. Everyone who saw them in that moment shivered as their eyes flared into flames – Green for Tobias, silver for Draco. No matter how hard those watching tried, they could not pull their eyes away from the couple.
Watching the couple, Minerva was astounded by the connection the two boys had formed just by locking eyes, but if she was fully honest with herself, she shouldn’t have been. They’d always had a strong reaction to the other since they’d been at school, and now, she couldn’t wait to see what these two could do now that they were together.

Tobias kept his eyes locked onto his betrothed as he walked slowly towards him. As his father had led him to the ceremony, Tobias had felt as if he was going to lose his stomach, but as soon as his eyes had locked with Draco’s, everything had faded until all he could feel was a deep, consuming love. Neither he nor Draco realised that with every step closer together, the magic in the garden grew, making the flowers glow as if it were a full moon, rather than a new moon.

When Tobias was ten steps away from him, Draco silently extended his hand. Tobias slowly extended his hand until it rested in Draco’s. Still starting deeply into the other’s eyes, Draco drew Tobias closer to him until he held both of Tobias’ hands in his own. Keeping his eyes locked on Tobias’, Draco slowly raised both his hands and kissed the backs of his intended’s, noticing the slight blush on his cheeks.

Once their hands were in front of them, Minerva picked up the ribbons and tenderly tied them around the clasped hands of the boys in front of her. Silently she tapped her wand on their hands, binding them together. No one expected what happened next.

The combined force of Tobias and Draco’s magic lit up the garden and caused the once porcelain white moon flowers to turn a clear ice-blue – the colour of a wolf’s eyes. When the guests could see, they found the two boys engulfed in emerald, mercury, sapphire and onyx flames. When the flames had receded, the eyes of the now bonded boys were silver-green – Tobias with more green and Draco with more silver.

Still in silence, Draco softly kissed Tobias’ forehead, eyelids and cheeks before he drew him into his arms and placed a gentle, teasing kiss to Tobias’ lips that made the raven-haired youth’s knees collapse. Holding him close, Draco nuzzled into his cheek.

“Now that I have you back in my arms, I’m never letting you go.”

Tobias purred at Draco’s words and whispered, “I don’t plan on leaving any time soon.”

Draco beamed at him and gently teased Tobias into their first French kiss as a bounded couple.
Minerva cleared her throat. “May I be the first to present-” She paused to look down at the names that had appeared on the certificate before her. “Misters Draco and Tobias Riddle-Malfoy.”

Tom, who had managed to not cry during the ceremony, stared at Lucius, who nodded with a small smile on his lips. The familiar sound of a body hitting the ground interrupted Tobias and Draco. Seeing Tom on the ground, Draco raised an eyebrow in his father’s direction. Lucius just smirked, causing Draco to shake his head and pull Tobias closer to him before turning around to sign the certificate.

The sound of another body hitting a hard surface drew everyone’s attention to the newly bound couple, only for them to find Draco pinned to the closest tree getting enthusiastically snogged by an ecstatic Tobias. Smiling, everyone left them alone to enjoy their reunion after fourteen days apart.

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Half an hour later both boys arrived with arms full of the now changed moonflowers. Together, they walked around to all the guests and thanked them personally before giving them a crystal flower to take home with them. All the guests looked at the flowers in awe, having seen what they had been like before the ceremony. When they go to Lucius and Narcissa, Tobias flushed slightly.

“Sorry about the moonflowers, Nona. I didn’t think this would happen to them,” he gave one to each of them, smiling sheepishly. Lucius just smiled at his son-in-law.

“When we agreed to hold this ceremony here, Tobias, we hadn’t even known of its location. That you and Draco found it was incredible. Moonflowers are one of the few plants to react to the people and magic around them. Both you and Draco are magically strong, and your bonding released all the bonds on your magic – bonds that form naturally when you learn control.”

“With so much magic, and released in the conditions both of you released yours in, the flowers reacted. For most people, the flowers would have changed either their colour, or their structure. Because the two of you decided to refrain from seeing the other for two weeks, the magic that bound you together was increased because you had proven that neither time nor distance could lessen the love that is between you.”

Draco smirked at the slight flush that had returned to his husband’s cheeks. Bowing to his parents, he drew Tobias away and towards the Manor, their arms now empty of flowers. Guiding his husband to the room they would now be sharing at the Manor, Draco drew him into a large, enveloping hug.
Tobias felt himself melt into Draco’s arms and he allowed him to remove his robe before doing the same for him. Both boys smiled at the other and turned away from the other to dress in their bedclothes.

Once properly attired – Draco in black silk pyjama pants and Tobias in blue – They stumbled over the bed where they quickly fell into a relaxed sleep, with Draco holding Tobias as if he were the most fragile thing on the face of the Earth.

This was how Tom, Lucius, Narcissa, Severus and Remus found them half an hour later after seeing off the guests. The five of them had known that they wouldn’t have consummated their bond that night, since the both of them had been deeply affected by the past fortnight.

The five of them went to bed, none of them prepared for what was going to occur the following day.

***

Tobias woke up feeling warm and content. He smiled, remembering the events of the night before. To make it even better, he was sleeping with his Drakontas’ arms wrapped tightly around him. He smiled and tried to spin around without waking his husband. Succeeding in doing this, he snuggled into Draco’s chest and allowed his slow, steady heartbeat soothe him back into sleep.

Draco – who had been awake through all this – smiled and tightened his hold on Tobias, happy that he was once more in his arms – right where he belonged. Soon after, Draco also drifted off.

***

Two hours later, a pair of soft lips brushing against his woke Draco up. Smirking internally, Draco pretended to still be asleep, wanting to see what happened. The shy lips touched his once more and Draco heard a soft whimper come from Tobias’ throat. Waiting for Tobias’ lips to touch his once more, Draco pounced, grinning at the small squeak that escaped Tobias’ lips, before cutting it off with a gentle – but insistent – kiss.

Once he was on his husband, Draco released his lips, panting softly. Waiting for his breathing to return to normal, he inspected the beautiful creature beneath him. Black hair that was mused with sleep framed a face pale due to a lack of sunlight. This made his now green-silver eyes glow in contrast to his dark kiss swollen lips. Draco felt his breath catch in his throat at the beautiful sight his
husband made.

“What a wonderful way to be woken up … and that’s not to mention the view,” he purred, making Tobias whimper and wriggle slightly. Draco kept his eyes on those of his husband’s as he leant down and plundered the willing mouth below him.

Tobias moaned softly under the assault and sub-consciously wrapped his legs around his husband’s waist and pushed up, eliciting a moan from Draco. He did it again, only to have Draco push down and rub his groin on Tobias’ at the same time. Moaning with the pleasure caused between strong friction and smooth silk, neither of them lasted long. Draco collapsed to the side of Tobias, panting slightly and trying to adjust his now wet pants.

“Wow.”

“Yeah,” Tobias agreed quietly. He looked at Draco with slightly lowered lids. “I’m curious, Drakontas. If this is what a couple does when they first wake up, what things do they do when night falls?”

Draco almost moaned at the coy look his bonded shot at him. Leaning over, he licked the outer shell of the ear closest to him. “How about we shower up, go see our family and friends and when it comes to nightfall, we’ll see what happens?” His voice was husky desire and velvet seduction to the ears of his slightly younger husband.

Before he could react, Tobias was in the bathroom and in the shower. Chuckling, Draco followed him into the shower and revealed to him the pleasures of having someone scrub your back.

***

Twenty-five minutes later, the two of them walked into the Dining room only to find five shell-shocked adults. Both boys stopped.

“What’s wrong?”

“Didn’t you feel the magic that was attacking our wards, Draco?” Lucius asked, shakily. The two boys looked at each other, blushing slightly. Remus started to sniff the air around them, before growling.
“What do you two know of it?”

They blinked in surprise. “Um …”

Remus growled at them again. Everyone, including Draco, stepped back as Tobias’ temper flared.

“Remus John Lupin! If you do not stop growling at us like that I am going to introduce you to an Alpha Wolf that you will not like one bit! How dare you threaten us like that. Yes, we know about the magic, and no, we don’t have to tell you anything about it, but because you are all so slow this morning, let me make a few things clear to you all. One, Draco and I were married last night. Two, we had refrained from physical contact since our contracts had been signed. Do you get the point?”

Remus nodded, blushing ashamedly. “You don’t smell like the bond has been consummated.”

Draco smirked. “There are a lot of things that we can do without actual penetration. I would have thought that you would know that by now, seeing you are in a relationship with our Potions Professor. If not then …”

Draco was interrupted by a noise from the main sitting room. He and Tobias ran to it and opened the door slowly.

“Surprise!”

Tobias yelped and hid his face in Draco’s neck, causing him to chuckle. The muffled, ‘I hate you’ that came from there made everyone, including the adults who had followed them, laugh.

“Merry Christmas, Love. Arketa went to Riddle Manor and collected all the presents she found from both you and Lord Tom and bought them here. I hope you enjoy your Christmas celebration.” Draco whispered, pleased that his plan had gone off without a hitch … well, that is if you don’t count the whole nearly blowing the wards through sexual activity a hitch.
Tobias sat in the middle of the sitting room, looking around in awe at what his pack had organised for him. They had all eaten breakfast in the decorated room, followed closely by large stockings filled with small wrapped presents and small packets of international wizarding sweets.

Following this came a scene that no one had ever thought they’d see, even if they lived for a thousand years. Tom Riddle – the darkest Dark Lord of the century – had told his son-in-law to call him either Tom, or Pateras but just leave out the bloody Lord, before sitting on the ground before the tree and handing everyone their presents.

Tobias smiled softly as he remembered the happenings of an hour before while snuggling into his husband’s side. Theodore cleared his throat softly.

“Yes, Pontikos?”

“Thank you for the gift, Alpha.” Tobias had bought him a book describing the different bonds between people. It covered everything, including parent/child, husband/wife, husband/husband, wife/wife, friends, siblings and master/servant. Tobias nodded, accepting his thanks.

“Is there something amiss, Pontikos?”

“No, Alpha. I was just reading about the bond you and Drakontas have formed, and it appears that you have a partial creature bond with a soul mate bond.” Murmuring broke out amongst those surrounding them, but when they saw the slight smiles on the lips of both bonded, they settled down.

“If it isn’t too forward of me, Alpha, may we see the bonding mark?”

Tobias looked at Draco, who nodded slightly. Both boys slowly unbuttoned their shirts and pulled them off. Turning their backs on the room, they heard a deep intake of breath. In a space the size of a palm between their shoulder blades was their bonding mark. A silver dragon wrapped in a black and gold snake, holding a black green and blue phoenix all protected by an Earth Daemon’s claws.

Cool, elegant fingers gently caressed the one on Tobias’ back. Draco let out a warning hiss when he felt his bonded stiffen slightly, only to be smacked on the back of the head by Narcissa.

“I’m not going to hurt him, Dragon. Now behave.” Draco ducked his head in embarrassment as those around him chuckled. Once more Narcissa ran a finger over the design. “This is beautiful. Can
you explain it for us?"

Tobias closed his eyes for a while then nodded. “The snake is Draco, the phoenix is me. The silver colour of the dragon represents all those we think of as family – mainly everyone here, but including those no longer with us. The dragon itself is a symbol of how close we are as a family unit. All of us are protective of each other and I know that each of us will protect the family with dragon-like ferocity.” Tobias paused.

“And the claws?” Remus prompted. He was finding this incredibly interesting.

“Maybe I should be the one to explain,” a deep, gravely voice rumbled behind the group. At the sound of the voice, both Draco and Tobias fell to one knee, head bowed in respect.

Every jaw in the room, bar those of the two with their heads bowed, dropped. Standing before them was a large Earth Daemon. Looking at his claws, they noticed they were the exact replicas of the claws in the bond mark of the two boys.

The Daemon chuckled – a sound remarkably similar to the rumble of a rockslide. “Tobias, Draco – Akzant’tra, what have I told you both about doing that?”

“Not too,” Draco answered as they lifted their heads. “But we do it anyway in respect for your position. You know this Zog, so why do you keep insisting we not do it?”

“We do not wish to forget to respect you for who you are, not only for what you are. The one day that we do forget to react in this way will be the day you are here on official business.”

“To show disrespect for you is to show disrespect for The Mother.”

“And she is one being no one wants to make angry.”

Zog grinned. “I AM here on Official Business, Akzant’tra. I am here to congratulate you on your bonding and to present you with The Mother’s gift. Booph will be arriving soon from The Father, but first, I think we have an explanation to give.”
The three of them turned and faced the silent group. Tobias chuckled when he saw the light in Remus and Sev’s eyes. Neither of them could pass up the opportunity to question an Earth Daemon. They had a suspicion that they would think they were in heaven when they met Booph.

Zog created an earthen seat and sat. Draco straightened when his husband did.


Each person nodded once as their names were called. Tobias continued. “Everyone, this is Schozoggplan – or Zog – Head of the Earth Daemon clans of the UK, US and Europe. First Defender of the Natural World and answering only to Mother Earth – Gaia - and Father Sky – Nefran.”

Zog rolled his eyes and a smooth, silky chuckle echoed around the room.

“And may we introduce Boonifiphelus – or Booph – Head of the Shadow Daemon clans of the UK, US and Europe. Second Defender of the Natural World and answering only to Mother Earth and Father Sky.”

The Shadow Daemon grinned toothily and bowed. “Pleasure to meet the loved ones of our Akzant’tra.”

Remus frowned. “What does that mean? Aks … Akzant’tra?”

“*It means ‘Precious One’ in our tongue. We have been calling The Mother’s Raven this since we knew of his presence.*”

Tobias grinned. “At one stage in my life I believed it was my name.”

The two Daemon snarled. “If the wolf hadn’t destroyed them three humans, we would have. They were lucky that our vows to the Mother and Father prevented us from killing someone unless we see them do something.”
“But what about that time when I was eight and chained up in the backyard?” Tobias asked in confusion. Everyone’s eyes turned ice cold.


Zog cut in with a similar smirk. “I don’t think we’ve heard you laugh that hard nor that much before or since then. I wonder why?”

Tobias snorted. “You are talking to the boy who – when other boys were having naughty dreams about girls – was having trouble not creaming his jeans from his memories of you torturing his human family. Hell the only reason why I didn’t have that reaction to the things I could see coming from Pateras was because it fucking hurt me … and they didn’t involve Dumbledore, or the Dursleys spread on the wall with their heads on spikes.”

No one, not even the Daemon, had anything to say to that.

*Words*

**Pateras** – Father

**Gios** – son

**Nona** – godmother

**Drakontas** – Dragon

**Arketa** – Pretty

**Pontikos** – Mouse

Akzant’tra – pronounced Ack-Zarnth-Ugh, Demonic form of addressing a treasured friend, literally translates to “Precious One”.


Zog – Pronounced as spelt, shortened form of Schozoggan

**Gaia** – Mother Earth

**Nefran** – Father Sky

Boonifiphelus – Pronounced Boon-If-If-Ell-Us, Shadow Daemon

Booph – Shortened form of Boonifiphelus
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Plans within plans within plans and a few explanations.

Chapter Notes

For those who are familiar with this story, the next chapter is the one many of you are probably looking forward to, for those who aren't ... You'll just have to wait for tomorrow night my time to see what I'm on about. and Ann, luv? try not to destroy any eardrums tomorrow morning XD

Chapter 21

Once the group was settled with drinks of their choice, Remus cleared his throat. “Ok, I’m afraid there are some things we would like to know. Firstly, how did you get attached to Tobias? Second, can you explain the creature/soul bond the boy’s share? Third, why are your claws a part of the boys bonding mark? Fourth …”

“What did Mother Earth and Father Sky send you with?”

Remus glared at Tobias, who smiled innocently at him. Narcissa giggled softly.

Zog chuckled. “Okay. We were first drawn to Akzant’tra when he was on the doorstep of the muggle’s house. We were on an errand for the Mother. She had felt something was off that night and sent us. We were drawn to this small sleeping babe. He was what the Mother had felt, so we gave him a gift – The ability for his magic to protect him by connecting to any predatory animal. So that we knew the little one was safe that night, we curled around him.”

“Why…”

“You need to be aware, Mr Snape, that Daemon children are rare things. As such, we view all children as miracles – and this child wasn’t just any child. He had the Mother’s interest, so we sort of gave him our protection.”
Tobias chuckled softly. “Ah, Booph, is that a blush?”

Booph growled and sneered at the now laughing Tobias and Zog. Ignoring them, he turned back to Remus.

“The bond between the two of them isn’t a creature/soul bond – but it is similar. Akzant’tra and his mate are soul mates and they have been since before Merlin’s time.” Booph glared at Remus, who had opened his mouth to ask another question. “The ‘creature’ part of the bond is due to something that occurred when we first took him to see The Mother. Only two people know what happened that day, but all of The Mother’s and Father’s minions know the result.”

He turned to face Tobias, who had his head on Draco’s lap and his feet on Neville’s. Both Daemons’ eyes softened slightly at the look of contentment on the Raven-haired boy’s face as the pale, elegant fingers gently carded through his hair. Neither of them was surprised at the soft – almost silent – purr coming from the lad.

“Akzant’tra? Do I have permission to tell them the result of your first meeting with the Mother?”

Tobias sighed and stretched cat-like. “You have permission, Booph. When it comes to my Pack and family, you don’t need to ask. You know that.”

Zog grinned. “Just like you know not to stand on ceremony with us.” Everyone laughed as Tobias stuck his tongue out at the Earth Daemon.

Booph bowed slightly. “Akzant’tra and his mate are what you would call Demi-Daemon. When their human body dies, they will essentially be reborn into a body that will last. In essence, they are Immortals in a mortal body. That is the creature part of their bond. It ties them together for the rest of their lives, and they will not die until the both of them agree it is time for them to die once they reach that form.”

Tom interrupted. “Why would she do that?”

Tobias’ voice answered. “By the time Drakontas and I die, Pateras, Zog and Booph will have outlived the time for them to serve the Mother and Father. When we die, we will be taking over from them.”
Tom’s mouth made a small O in understanding. “Ok, then.” He looked at Tobias. “We will be talking about this Gios.”

Tobias nodded and returned his head to Draco’s lap, eyes half-closed.

Zog stretched and his mottled green and brown wings spread out behind him with a soft crackling of muscle and tendon. “The bond mark changes for the both of them. During the day, they have my claws. During the night, they have Booph’s. Our claws are there because we are the protectors - I’m on duty during the day and Booph on duty at night.

“Now, for what we are here for,” Booph stretched to his full height, causing all his tendons to snap satisfactorily. Narcissa giggled again when Lucius had to duck so he wasn’t hit with the Shadow Daemon’s tail. “We know that you had no plans for a honeymoon so The Mother has organised one. We will pick you up before the evening meal. Tonight, you will be introduced into the Mother’s garden.”

Tobias beamed at the two Daemon as the both disappeared.

Tom looked at his son and son-in-law. “What did they mean by that?”

Tobias looked at his father, and then at Draco, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Draco chuckled as his husband hid his face in his shirtfront.

“Tobias and I are going to be adding our magic to that of Mother Earth and Father Sky. This is always done in the Mother’s Garden. I’m glad of it, truthfully. The first time those with magic join their magic are released – just like in the bonding. The amount of magic released depends on several things – the strength of the couple’s bond and their strength to name only two.”

“We already know this Draco. We want to know why you will be going there instead of staying here!” Sev growled.

Tobias glared at the man, who paled slightly and gulped. “We need to leave because what we will release when we join will be strong enough to blow up the wards here, at Hogwarts and the Ministry with no resistance to speak of. Just what we did this morning when we woke nearly blew the wards, and that was nothing compared to what will happen tonight!”
Neville laughed at the pale faces of the five adults. “I think you gave them too much information for their comfort.”

Theo looked at the two of them with a slight frown. “Alpha? Just so they understand, I think you should show them.”

Draco growled softly in agreement. He wanted to taste his husband again, and this was the perfect excuse to. Tobias shivered in agreement as Draco pulled him onto his lap. No one in the room missed the flame of magic burning in both of their eyes.

The kiss started out sweet, but quickly turned into something else. By the time Draco stopped plundering his husband’s very willing mouth for the second time that morning, the three girls of The Pack were flushed and fanning themselves and Severus and Remus were no longer in the room. A growl and the thud of a body being slammed into a wall gave an indication of where they were.

The rest of The Pack and the three remaining adults looked at the two of them in awe. They had all felt the strain the wards had been under to contain the magic leaking from the two before them. Tom ended up admitting that they would be best in the place the Daemon’s were talking about.

***

Tobias picked at the food before him, finding no interest in the fried leftovers of the day before. He glared at the plate, hoping that it would somehow disappear. Bill yelped as the plate by his hand caught fire. Everyone watched as Tobias stormed out of the room.

Fifteen minutes later he returned with a large plate of cold turkey and pasta salad. Ginny, Narcissa and Pansy giggled at the hum of appreciation that came from him. Remus chuckled when he noticed that Draco couldn’t keep his eyes off of his husband’s face.

Tobias swallowed his last mouthful with a soft sigh of contentment. Once everyone finished and Tom left the table, Tobias gave his husband a gentle kiss and left. Draco smiled and challenged his godfather to a game of chess.

***
Albus sat back in his chair, sucking on a lemon drop in glee. He had a plan, now all he had to do was wait. The portraits exchanged worried looks. They knew the Headmaster was insane, but to plan on doing that to any person, let alone a student, was unforgivable.

Hogwarts herself shivered in disgust. In the Founder’s rooms, a trill and a flash of black flame signalled the departure of Thanatos.

***

Tom was half way through a report when a flash of flame and a harsh trill appeared in his office. Intending to snap at the intruder, he stopped as image assaulted his mind. When the images stopped, Tom stood and ran from the room.

***

Tom, Severus, Lucius, Remus and Draco found Tobias buried in a book in the library. Thanatos followed them in and perched on the arm of the lounge his Master occupied and ran his beak through Tobias’ long hair. Absent-mindedly, Tobias gently stoked the flaming feathers on the Phoenix’s breast. Tom cleared his throat.

“Pateras?” Tobias asked in confusion.

Tom sat across from his son. “We’ve received warning that Dumbledore is planning something. We don’t know what it is, but it concerns you and Draco in some way. All that we could discern from Thanatos was that it would hurt both of you.”

Tobias marked and closed the book he was reading and curled up on his seat, deep in thought. Thanatos, once again, started to preen his hair – something that calmed both of them enough to think clearly.

“He can’t harm me physically or magically within Hogwarts walls – Kitten wouldn’t allow it. So he is either planning on attacking while I’m not within the safety of the walls, or he plans on attacking Draco. He doesn’t know it, but Draco is safe magical wise in Kitten’s walls, but he can be harmed physically.” He trailed off, eyes glazed over as he focused on his thoughts. He looked at Remus.

“Lykos, what would you say to a quick trip into Diagon Alley with me? I think I need to obtain a
few more … friends.”

Remus laughed. “I’ll come with you, as long as either Bill or Charlie come with us.”

Tobias nodded. “Go get one of them and meet me in the floo room in five minutes.”

Remus grinned and left. Tobias put his book to one side and stretched. Standing and muttering to himself, he kissed Draco on the cheek and left, leaving behind a room of amused men.

***

The Leaky Cauldron was quiet when Tobias and his two companions appeared. Nodding a greeting to the barman, they walked out the back and into the crowded street that was Diagon Alley.

The three men had made their way to Gringotts, where a rather large, pink body crashed into them.

“Mr Potter, do try to watch where you are going. After all, you are not above anyone else and we wouldn’t want you to find yourself in Azkaban now, would we?” a familiar girlish voice announced.

“Ah, Miss Umbitch – sorry – Umbridge. I see you have recovered from your time with the centaurs. They do know how to celebrate, don’t they?” Tobias stretched lazily. “How are things going in your campaign against half-breeds? Pity about the Vampire Laws not going through, I mean, how could they not see that they are dark creatures because they need blood to survive? How could they also not see that creating blood banks where they can go to get blood taken cleanly so that no one is killed will make them more dangerous as they will attack more humans?”

“I also hear that someone has the Were-Laws up for review sometime this week? Wonder who would have the audacity to do that? Oh, and Miss Umbridge? My name is Mr Black, not Mr Potter and as you can see,” he held out both hands to reveal the backs of them, “I have no blood quill taint on my body. Have a good day, Miss.” He bowed mockingly and walked into the building, followed by two grinning men.

***
An hour later, a pale Bill, an amused Remus and a hissing Tobias flamed into Tom's office. Tobias started pacing, still hissing angrily. He stopped when Tom walked to his seat with Nagini – both of them laughing.

“I didn’t think it was possible for that to occur, gios. I also severely doubt that the Weasleys got their red hair by having a fire demon do that to them. I think being married to Draco has made your mind visit the gutter.”

Tobias blushed. “I forgot that you would be able to understand me,” he admitted.

Remus chuckled as Bill asked, “What did he say?”

Tobias’ eyes widened and he blushed a brighter red.

Tom laughed. “He said that he bets the Weasley red hair is a unique shade of red because they were originally the bonded pets of Satan’s Fire Demons.”

Bill chuckled. “I don’t think that’s right, but it does have something to do with the status the Weasley family held in the past. The Weasley family – unlike what everyone believes – have not always been a light family, but that is a discussion for another day.”

Draco crept into the room and pounced on Tobias, kissing the breath from him. When he pulled back, he paled when he found himself face to face with a snake stunned in the middle of a strike. Tobias put the snake on the ground before nodding to Remus, who re-enervated it.

Watching as the brown and yellow serpent bit into the air, Tobias started hissing. After a tense few minutes, the snake nodded and slithered to Draco.

“This is Discord. When we return to Hogwarts, she will be protection against physical attacks. Her nest mate, Chaos, will stay with me.” As he spoke, a black and yellow serpent’s tail waved from Tobias’ sleave.

Draco was speechless as the snake wrapped around his lower leg. Silently he unwound the reptile and gently rubbed its eye-ridge. Looking up, he beamed at Tobias and put his snake into the snake tank set up for Nagini when she was a hatchling.
Together the two boys left to prepare for their night.

***

The group met in the sitting room an hour before the evening meal was served to wait for the two Daemon. Once they were seated, Tom looked at his son. “Now, Gios, what is this about you taking over from the Daemon and why wasn’t I told about it?”

Tobias sighed. “You weren’t told about it because no matter what, I’m going to take over from one of them, and Draco the other. It’s been permanent since I was four. It also only comes into effect once both my and Draco’s hearts no longer beat. When I said we were going to take over from them, we are. We will be first and second defenders of the Natural World. One will be night, the other day.” Tobias stretched.

“We will be light and dark – Masculinity and Femininity, but we will be best working together.” Tobias laid his head in Draco’s lap and purred when the slender fingers started combing through his hair.

“You look comfortable there, Akzant’ra,” a silky voice purred.

“If you’re waiting for me to jump up, you’re going to be waiting a long time. I’m quite comfortable where I am thank you, and I’m not moving til we have to go.”

Zog’s rockslide chuckle announced his arrival. “So now you decide to not stand on ceremony? What if we say that the Mother is here to see her Raven?”

Tobias kept his eyes closed. “If she was here, she would hit you across the back of the head for teasing me about my lack of ceremony when you know all I care about at this point in time is being close to my mate until we are bound to the other so tightly physically, mentally, emotionally and sexually that nothing can come between us, or has it been that long since you’re bonding night that you can’t remember it?”

His eyes flew open when a sharp smack and a yelp of pain filled the room.
“Booph, what was that for?” Zog whined, making everyone in the room laugh.

Booph lent forward and whispered something to Zog, who lowered his head and murmured an apology. Tobias nodded his acceptance and lay his head back on Draco’s lap.

“So what’s going to happen tonight, Zog?” Draco asked as he resumed running his fingers through Tobias’ hair.

“After we leave here, we will go to the rooms you will be staying in until your schooling starts again. We will be transporting you to the train, so you have nothing to worry about, so if someone will take their things, that will be appreciated. You will have time to organise the rooms to your liking before you are taken to the Garden. There you will speak to The Mother and Father. Once that is complete, you will be led to the Sacred Lake where you will bath. Then you are given a light meal of the Mother’s choosing. Then meditation time, then it will be time for you to consummate your relationship.”

“You must remember that once we leave here, you are not allowed to use magic at all, not even for lubricant. I know this sounds harsh, but they are the rules,” Booph cut in.

Zog nodded his agreement. “He’s right. As well as this, once you are integrated into the Garden’s wards, you will lose the protection we gave you as a babe. You will have the mother’s protection and will therefore no longer need ours, however, one of your guardians will remain with you while another will become your animagus form. We do not know which ones they will be, but they will probably be the two that have attached themselves to you the most.”

Booph and Zog tilted their head to one side at the same time. “They’re ready for you now. We leave in five minutes, so say your goodbyes.”

Tobias stood up and stretched to his full height. “Well, I guess this is goodbye for now.” He looked towards his pack. “We’ll see you at King’s Cross, same time, same place – the password is Phoenix Flame and touch the green flame.” He looked at the four Weasley men. “When it is time for a meeting, Thanatos will be there to flame you in.” He bowed to Severus. “We will see you at Hogwarts.” He hugged Remus, Lucius and Narcissa. “We’ll see you next time we are home.” He turned to his father. “Goodbye, Pateras. We’ll speak to you soon – try to convince Fudge that the sooner we get our NEWTs, the sooner you can ‘kill’ me without him getting the backlash of not doing anything to prepare me.”

Tom nodded and returned the hug, then watched in silence as the four beings disappeared. After several moments of silence, Remus sighed. “Why do I have the feeling that everything will change
after tonight?"

He was answered with several murmurs of agreement before everyone left for the dining room.

**Words**

*Akzant’tra – pronounced Ack-Zarnth-Ugh, Demonic form of addressing a treasured friend, literally translates to “Precious One”.*

*Drakontas – Dragon*

*Pateras – Father*

*Gios – Son*

*Thanatos – Greek Daemonic personification of death*

*Lykos – Wolf*
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Bonding preparation and sneak peeks of what is going on the the real world

Chapter Notes

This is a public announcement ... Killing the author of a story is NOT recommended if you want to see the stories end ... Thank you for your attention.

Chapter 22

Tobias blinked, trying to clear the shadows from his eyes and gasped at the scene before him. The room they were in was built into the cliff face that surrounded the Mother’s Garden. The front of the room opened out into the outer garden where the bed they were to share was protected from the elements by a glass awning with retractable sides.

Both boys looked around in awe while the two Daemons watched them with identical smirks. The room was a dull off-white with the highlights in tan with pale fern green vines swirled throughout it. The rest of the room was completely white with odd bits of bold colour scattered around. The bed was cream and covered with a mix of blood red, black and yellow-tipped pink rose petals.

The only splash of colour in the bathroom came from the burgundy strips on the large bath sheets and the large vase of red carnations situated on the vanity.

Booph cleared his throat, making the two humans jump. “We must leave you now. We will be back in 30 minutes to guide you to where you will meet up with The Mother and Father. After then, you will not see us again until the time for you to return arrives.”

“Use this time wisely, Akzant’tra. The robes you will need are in the wardrobe. DO NOT TOUCH THEM! The Mother will gather them both while you are bathing.”

With that, both Daemon left, leaving two quiet boys. Silently they set up their belongings the way they desired them then they collapsed – gracefully – onto the armchairs before the fire grate.
“We’re here,” Draco eventually murmured. “I can’t believe we’re finally here. This is … wow. I can’t explain it. And this room! It’s amazing!”

Tobias smiled at Draco with no mask covering his emotions. Draco felt his breath leave him at the love and devotion he saw in his husband’s eyes. The sound off a throat being cleared tore his eyes from the wonderful being before him.

Silently the two of them followed the two Daemons, careful to not touch the other in case the temptation to mate became too strong for them to fight. Booph and Zog exchanged looks. They could taste the desire the two behind them held for the other, and they could do naught but hope they could contain it until the right time.

***

Tom watched as Remus paced, deep in thought. Since they had discovered the bond between Tobias and the two Daemons, Remus had spent every spare moment in the Riddle Manor Library researching all he could about the different Daemon and their cultures, as well as everything he could find on the gods they served. He had found little on the Daemon and even less of the Mother and her consort.

“Do you think they are alright?”

Tom sighed. “Lupin. I do not know if they are alright or not, but I do know that they will come to no lasting harm where they are. No mortal knows what they will have to go through tonight, so we do not know whether it will hurt them or not. There is nothing we can do if they aren’t, so we have to put our faith in the boys.”

Remus nodded and sat in the chair across from Tom. “Sorry Tom. I’m just worried – what with Albus trying to get to Tobias and all. At least I can say that I’m happy they are now in a place no one can get to, because they are out of Albus’ reach – at least they are for now.”

Tom nodded. He understood how the younger man felt. He just wished he would keep his son and son-in-law away from the Headmaster until he’d been dealt with.

***
Hermione sat on her bed with her arms wrapped around her knees. It had taken less than an hour for her parents to notice she wasn’t herself and she had found herself sitting across from them after their dinner the first night back with a cup of tea in her hands. By the time she was normally in bed, she had told her parents everything that had occurred the previous year, leaving nothing out. She would never forget her parent’s response.

~FLASHBACK~

“Hermione.” Hermione looked up from her hands, which had been holding onto her now empty cup in her lap as if it was a lifeline. “We are very disappointed in you. We’ve always trusted that, before you jump into things, that you would ask or look for information about it first.”

“That is why we agreed to let you attend that school in the first place,” her mother cut in. Hermione nodded.

“Do you remember the time we met your two friends for the first time?” her father continued. Hermione nodded again.

“Then you’ll also remember what it was said to you after we arrived back home?” She nodded again.

“Well, Young Lady?”

She looked up, teary eyed. “You said you weren’t sure about the red-haired one, but I’d have a friend for life in Harry.”

“That was at the beginning of your second year, Hermione. You told us in fourth year about what happened between the three of you when the tournament was announced, and you told us how it ended. What the Hell were you thinking at the end of last year?”

Hermione was now in tears. “I wasn’t thinking, dad. I thought I could trust the Headmaster when he told me about the band. I know that Harry has a large magic reserve and it is tied directly to his emotions, so I believed it when the Headmaster said it was necessary, and that the bands would only help to ensure that the magic didn’t escape and hurt someone when he was angry. Ron was Harry’s best friend and he is a pure-blood wizard and he had nothing to say against it, so I didn’t think it was a bad thing.”
“Did you think to take into consideration the jealousy that that boy has shown on several occasions towards the poor boy?” Hermione bowed her head in shame. Her mother steepled her fingers and pressed them against her lips in thought. “There is only one thing for you to do about this, Hermione,” she said after a few moments. “When it comes to your punishment, you will not argue and you will undergo it without a sound – even if your punishment is your death.”

Hermione stared at her mother in shock.

“Don’t think we don’t love you because we are saying this, Hermione,” her father said. “We love you so much you wouldn’t believe it, but we also believe that you have done something that deserves punishment, and we think – with what you’ve told us about the spells and the bands – that it could be only paid for with your life.”

“What you did wasn’t just a prank that went wrong, love. You admitted to us with your own mouth that all the spells you cast were the darkest spells you could get without being recognised as a full dark witch or wizard. The punishment for something less than what you’ve done here in our world would be tried and in prison with no hope of parole.”

Hermione nodded slowly.

“Now, as your punishment from us due to you doing something illegal is that you are not allowed to go anywhere without either your mother or myself and there is no hope in hell and beyond that you will be going anywhere NEAR that red-head. And if you know what is good for you, you will distance yourself from him at school as well.”

Hermione nodded and walked to her room

~END FLASHBACK~

True to their word, she was not allowed out the front door without one or both of her parents with her, and all owls from the Weasleys had be delivered to her parents, who had declined their offers to have Hermione for the holidays and have since then, burnt all letters with no response. She was glad that the letters had now stopped.
Albus smiled malevolently. His plan was complete; it was just a pity that he would have to wait for a few months to carry them out. He was disappointed that he couldn’t harm the brat due to him being the Founder’s Heir, but he could hit him hard by attacking that which was most important to him. A knock on his door had him quickly hide the parchment containing his plans.

“Enter!”

“Headmaster. I’d like permission to make some changes to the library,” Madam Pince asked. “I’d like some more individual work spaces around the outer edge of the space and I’d like a few group tables in the centre of study groups. I’d also like permission to re-organise the shelving.”

Smirking to himself, he listened to the request before denying her request. After all, soldiers don’t need to think for themselves.

***

Tobias and Draco looked around the tea garden in awe. At that point in time they were alone, with Zog and Booph leaving them there and the Mother and Father not being there. The garden was full of blooming flower buds of all kinds. Roses, iris’, snapdragons, narcissus, pansy and many more brightly coloured plants passed before their eyes as they slowly revolved around.

“I have found the treasure that lies at the Rainbow’s End

Wealth beyond computing
Is mine to give or lend.
Opals of an April dawn,
Gold of a shimmering noon,
Amethyst of the sunset,
Pearls with the glow of the moon.
Would you like to share it?
There’s more than enough for all
In my Iris garden against a grey stone wall.”

(Agnes Hayes Post – Rainbow Tressure)
“I have heard many compliments about your garden, my dear, but never one like that.”

Draco and Tobias spun around fast enough to give themselves whiplash. Standing before them was a woman so pale she seemed to glow in the darkness and a male so dark he could have been mistaken for a shadow. A pair of luminescent blue eyes shone with humour from The Father’s face.

“Neither have I, Dear, but it was lovely to hear.” The mother answered before turning to the two boys. Black eyes – made deeper by the pale face and black hair that framed them – looked into Tobias’ emerald ones. “That was beautifully said, My Raven. I am taking that as admittance to linking my garden.”

Tobias nodded. “I do like your garden, My Mother. I remember reading that poem a long time ago and it just seemed to fit.”

Draco smiled at his husband. “You took the words right out of my mouth, Love.”

The mother and Father shared a loving look at the obvious connection the two newlyweds had. “Please, have a seat. We have much to discuss before the night can truly begin.”

***

Narcissa looked into the fire before her. She was happy for her son, but rather sad as well. Her baby boy was no longer her baby. He was now married and getting prepared for life as a fully qualified wizard. It pained her that there were no more children around the Manor. She and Lucius had been lucky to have Draco. Every other time they had tried, she had lost the child. She sighed softly. It would be better for her if she stopped think of it as it had always made her depressed.

‘Oh well,’ she thought sadly. ‘I’ll just have to wait for grandchildren.’

***

Lucius and Severus were seated in Lucius’ study nursing a glass of scotch each, both deep in thought.
“What do you think the children are planning for their schooling?”

Lucius sighed. “I have no idea. The only thing I know is that they are trying to get Fudge to allow them to sit their NEWTs before the end of the year.”

Sev nodded and went back to his thoughts.

***

Draco followed his husband to the section of the Mother’s garden where they would be eating. He hummed in pleasure as he watched his husband’s hips sway to the natural rhythm of his walk.

A black hand on his shoulder made him jump and tare his eyes from his beloveds behind.

“Can I give you a suggestion, youngster? Use the meditation time after this to think about what we said and about the future. Use the meal as a time to focus on your husband. Use this as a reminder to yourself to keep some time of the day for time with him and your family. If you take this advice to heart, then many of the situations that will cause problems between the two of you will be easier to overcome. Don’t be afraid to talk to him. It is clear that you both love the other.”

Draco smiled and bowed his head slightly, vowing to do as the god had suggested and never make Tobias, their pack, parents and any children they may have feel as if anything was more important than them.”

***

Ron sat on his bed and fumed. Not only had he had to put up with his ex-best friend for the past three months, but the girl he wanted to marry refused to see him over the holidays. It’s a pity that the Headmaster wouldn’t let him use the potion on her yet. He had to wait for after graduation to administer it to her. Oh well, he’d get her in the end he just wanted her NOW!

He sighed. It was very quiet in the house. Ginny had asked for – and received – permission to go travelling with Luna and her father for the holidays. Bill and Charlie were in Egypt and Romania and due to the shop; the twins were rarely at the burrow. Percy still wasn’t talking to the family – but he
had started to answer the letters Ron had been sending him. In fact, he was going to be picking him up later on in the week to spend the day with him.

***

Fred, George, Bill, Charlie, Ginny and Luna sat around a card table playing exploding snap.

“Gin, aren’t you supposed to be at the Burrow? What are you going to tell mum and dad when they ask where you’ve been?”

Smirking, Ginny explained to her brothers how she and Luna were looking for Double-tailed Xansprites in New Zealand. As the twins laughed hard enough to need the support of their older brothers, the two girls shared a look that would have made the four men shudder in fear. They had an idea for their first official victim – the way they would announce their presence. They would bring fear to the hearts of the wizarding world before bringing about peace. Things must become worse before they could become better.

***

Tobias and Draco talked throughout their meal, neither one mentioned the information The Mother had given them. Instead, they spoke about what they wanted in their relationship. Both were pleasantly surprised when it turned out that they wanted roughly the same things. The only disagreement they had worth mentioning was the number of children they wanted. Draco wanted two, while Tobias wanted three or four – if not more.

They were halfway through discussing their reasons when laughter that sounded like a burbling brook interrupted them.

“It is good to see you talking things over, My Raven. Did you both enjoy your meal?”

Draco nodded, with a small smile while Tobias answered with, “yes, milady.”

The mother smiled at her Raven’s mate. She understood his silence. Her Raven would be the same as his mate if her consort were here and not she. The young man impressed her.
“Please follow me to the Lake.”

Tobias looked at her in confusion for a moment. “Excuse me, my mother?” When the Goddess nodded, he continued. “We were told that we would bathe before eating. May I ask why it has been reverse?”

The Mother smiled. “Normally I do make the two successors first bathe then eat, but it is not normal for us to have a mated pair as our chosen. For mated pairs, the rule is for them to eat then bathe, then meditate so there is no need for them to speak between bathing and meditating – less chance of temptation.”

Tobias nodded and smiled lovingly at his husband.

Draco felt his throat close and his heart pound when Tobias smiled at him. He now understood where The Mother was coming from. If they had to only meditate, he didn’t think he’d be able to stop himself from touching – or tasting – his beloved.

Gaia sent Draco a half-smile, revealing that she knew what he was thinking. Nodding once, she turned and walked away from the eating area, knowing the two boys would follow her.

After five minutes of walking in silence, both boys gasped. Before them lay a paradise. The lake was still, its crystal blue-green waters reflecting the diamond filled night sky above them. Patches of lush green vegetation was revealed by fae-lights and sparkle –fairies. The Mother whispered a word and the lake was covered with a thick layer of mist that sparkled with mystery.

With one last glance at the other, the two boys walked in opposite directions for 25 paces before removing their garments and vanishing into the mist.

***

Vince, Greg and Millicent stretched. They had just finished an exercise routine with their weapon of choice. None of them spoke, but none of them needed to. Their Alpha and his Beta would be returning to Hogwarts where they would be under the eye of the most manipulative man to be in control of the school, and they would need protecting. It was their job to protect The Pack from physical attack, so their Alpha could focus on what was important. It was a job they took very seriously, and Merlin help those who received their wrath because by the time they were finished with them, not even Beelzebub himself would be able to make them suffer more.
Neville stretched in the hope of relaxing the muscles in his back. He, Pansy, Blaise and Theodore had been in the Longbottom Manor Library since an hour after the evening meal. It was now just after eleven. He swore softly under his breath at the ache that now started to pound. They had been working non-stop since just after 6:30. Hissing slightly in pain, he tried to stand and failed.

Before he could try again, firm but gentle hands attacked the knotted muscles under his skin. He moaned softly in relief as the muscles relaxed under the strong fingers. After several moments, he hissed as his shoulder blades cracked with the release of tension. The hands stopped and Neville turned to face the person, only to find his Grandmother smiling down at him.

“I came to say it is time for the four of you to get some sleep. Whatever it is that you are doing can wait for tomorrow. I have cocoa for you so you can relax before attempting to sleep.”

The faces of the four teens almost glowed with delight at the small gesture. Laughing to herself, she indicated for them to head downstairs before her. Just as Neville was about to leave, she placed a hand on his arm.

“I know that I haven’t said it much, and contrary to how I treated you when you were younger, I am, and have always been proud of you Neville. You are deserving of the Longbottom heritage – and I am honoured and proud to have you as my grandson.”

Neville rested his hand on his Grandmother’s shoulders and looked at her with love and respect in his eyes. “I have been privileged to have had you to raise me. For that you have my thanks. I am proud and honoured to by your grandson. I may be the legacy of my Mother and Father, but you get all the credit for who I am today.”

Bowing slightly in respect for her, Neville followed the three Slytherins, leaving his Grandmother in the library with tears of pride and joy gathering in her eyes.

“If you were here, Frank, you would be proud of him, for there is no doubt that he is your son. None at all.”
Draco slowly opened his eyes as the soft chiming wormed its way into this awareness. It had been surprisingly easy to slip into a meditative state once he’d dressed in the plain white robes. He smiled softly as he remembered what he had seen in the deepest pit of his heart. He and his husband had been lying on a blanket by a lake. A black haired boy of about eight sat beside them holding the hand of a two-year old girl with his face and his husband’s hair and eyes. By the way his and Tobias’ hands rested on Tobias’ extended stomach, he guessed that they were expecting another child.

The thought of his husband with his stomach distended and full of a child he helped create was almost enough to agree to have as many children as Tobias wanted. Almost being the operative word there. He would have to see how his husband handled his first pregnancy before agreeing to more than two. His thoughts were disrupted by a hand waving in front of his face. He jumped, much to the amusement of the man before him.

“Come youngster. It is time for you to claim your mate as your own – unless you no longer wish to claim him.” The Father added slyly.

Draco growled and hissed at the dark-skinned male, causing him to chuckle. “Alright, youngster. Let’s get you to your mate. He is waiting for you.”

Draco stretched, almost purring in delight as his muscles stretched. Silently he followed the Father to the centre of the garden, where he found a large Willow tree that was fully encased in magic of the most pure he’d ever seen. The Father stopped and turned to face him.

“The Raven is already in there, waiting for you, but before I allow you entry, I need to explain something to you. The willow is the centre of the garden and it responds to The Mother and her chosen ones. The only times anyone enters the space beneath its canopy is to strengthen the wards and to add their magic to it. The magic you can see around the Willow is what will absorb the magic the two of you will be releasing. The strength of the wards after tonight will be the indication of how long the two of you will be serving after your ‘deaths’. The majority of the magic you release will not be used in the wards until you pledge yourselves as our defenders.” The Father smiled. “Now go and see your mate”

Draco smiled his reply and bowed to the god before him. “Thank you My Father, I will take your words to heart.” He turned his eyes to the Willow and strode confidently towards it, thereby missing the look of pride in the god’s eye.

He stopped at the edge of the willow and took a deep breath. Snapping his eyes open – when had he closed them? – He slowly spread the branches apart. He got his first glimpse of the area enclosed in
the Willow’s protective embrace and almost allowed his jaw to drop.

Stepping inside, he allowed the branches to close behind him. Looking around, he eyes fell on his husband and he fought to breath. He walked, mesmerized, as the Adonis before him opened his eyes and his lips parted slightly.

“Draco …”

Words

Akzant’tra – pronounced Ack-Zarnth-Ugh, Demonic form of addressing a treasured friend, literally translates to “Precious One”

Xansprites – Pronounced Zen-Sprites. New Zealand magical creature that looks similar to the Kiwi but is reptilian and feeds on blood
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

The bonding, part 2

Chapter Notes

*looks around the corner of the building* Good news is ... I'm still alive ... bad news? I don't think I'll be able to hear much after this chapter for a while, so remember to talk really really loud

Chapter 23

Draco felt his mouth go dry as Tobias rose slowly from where he lay. He watched, mesmerised, as the green-eyed man walked slowly towards him, giving tantalizing glimpses of the taunt, almost golden, flesh that was hidden by the white robes.

“Draco,” he purred again as he curled around the shell-shocked blonde. He stopped when he was standing nose-to-nose with his husband. Smirking, he leant forwards until he could see the blonde hairs around Draco’s ear flutter softly with his breath. “I can’t believe it is time,” he whispered, relishing the slight shiver it caused the other boy. “I can’t wait for you to claim me, to mark me. To make me yours and yours alone.”

The black-haired boy moaned softly at the thought of his words coming true and received an answering moan from his companion. “I know we discussed our hopes for our first time together, but you know we need to consummate our bonding at midnight.” He smiled softly. “I spoke with The Mother about it. She said that when it was midnight, the time in the Garden would stop as it senses what is going to occur this night. Do you know what that means, my Lover?” He stopped to slowly pull his very agreeable husband closer to the trunk of the Willow.

Draco shook his head. He was still in shock at the change in his husband.

“It means that we have all the time in the world to explore each other until we know each other by touch,” he stopped and ran his fingers through the silken platinum hair and down his husband’s cheek. “Sight,” he gazed lovingly at the face before him. “Sound,” he breathed into Draco’s ear softly, eliciting a soft moan of desire from the blonde. “Smell,” he lent forward and took a deep lungful of Draco-scented air, releasing a soft whimper. “And lastly,” he quickly flicked his tongue out and ran it along the outer rim of Draco’s ear. “Taste.”

He opened his mouth to continue, only to find it obstructed by Draco’s mouth. After an intense kiss that lasted several minutes they parted panting for breath.

“You, my Love,” Draco stated, looking deeply into his husband’s eyes, “are a tease.”

Tobias looked back with a smirk. “It’s only a tease if it isn’t delivered,” he whispered passionately
into his husband’s ear before planting a quick kiss to the tempting lips before him. He squeaked when Draco picked him up, deepened the kiss and carried him back to the raised dais covered thickly with dark green moss that he was laying on when Draco had first entered.

Pulling away, Draco grinned cockily as he took in the slightly plump, bruised lips and glazed eyes on Tobias’ face. “When you put it that way,” he purred, laying Tobias down. “I guess we’ll just have to make it a promise.” As soon as he felt his beloved’s head touch the moss, he began devouring his lips once more.

Draco smirked at the small moans and whimpers coming from Tobias as he plundered his very willing mouth. Slowly, he ran his hands down Tobias’ sides, seeking a way for his hands to enter the fabric. Breaking the kiss, he glared at the robes, causing Tobias to giggle slightly. Draco turned his glare to his husband, who sat up and kissed him softly.

“Allow me, Love,” he purred before kneeling in front of Draco and slowly undoing the tiny buttons with his teeth. Once he had finished, he placed his hands so they were only a hair above the alabaster skin he loved so much and moved them up, gently removing the robe while being so close to touching the flesh he yearned for, yet not quite touching it.

Draco moaned as he felt his husband’s fingers remove the robe from his flesh without touching him. He didn’t know what had gotten into Tobias, but he wasn’t complaining!

Once he had the robe off, Tobias gave into temptation, and ran his hands up Draco’s arms to his chest, before his mouth was claimed once more in a frantic, almost desperate, kiss.

“You seem to be wearing too many clothes, my soon-to-be Lover.”

Tobias only just managed to stop himself from shivering in desire. He caught Draco’s lips with his own, silently commanded one of the Willow’s roots to form a back so Draco could lean against it. Making sure to keep Draco’s lips on his own, he slowly rose, bringing Draco into a seated position.

Draco broke the kiss, reaching for the robes that were hiding his husband’s flesh, only to have Tobias catch his hand.

“Mmm, Draco,” Tobias moaned into his mouth. “No touching … not yet.” He pulled away and moved to a small raised patch of hardened dirt.

Draco felt his jaw drop when a soft, slow sensual tune came on and Tobias was bathed in fae-light. His eyes widened as the dark-haired man started to dance in time to the music, slowly running his hands from thigh, over stomach to chest. When Tobias removed the outer section of his robe, Draco realised that he had planned for tonight to live up to Draco’s expectations, and as he watched the sensual sight before him, he vowed to make tonight just as special for Tobias.

By the time Tobias had completed his strip show Draco was hard and aching. Seeing this, Tobias gave a half-smirk and sauntered over to the blonde. Moving slowly, he placed his lips onto Draco’s and started a slow, teasing kiss that promised everything, but gave nothing.

Draco growled deep in his throat after trying – and failing – to deepen the kiss his husband had started. After several more failed attempts, he took matters into his own hands and lay down slowly. Smirking to himself, he quickly flipped over, eliciting a whimper of delight from the delectable man that was now beneath him.

Smiling, Draco copied his husband’s first moves as he ran his hand down the dark-haired boy’s face then lent forwards to first sniff, then lick the flesh at the base of the now revealed throat, causing
another moan-like whimper. He smirked. It seemed that he had found one of his husband’s weaknesses. Lifting his head, he whispered, “Roll over, Love.”

Tobias opened his mouth, but Draco quickly covered it with his own.

“Please, just trust me and roll over,” he whispered against the bruised lips.

Seeing the agreement in Tobias’ eyes, Draco rose from his position on his partner and watched him turn before heading towards something that had caught his eye.

Tobias was a little disappointed that he was stopped from doing what he had planned, but he had seen the spark of pleading in Draco’s eye and so had stopped. He was just starting to wonder where his other half had gone to when he felt something cold and slippery hit his back, followed by his husband’s warm hands. He couldn’t stop the moan that came from his mouth as he was straddled – taking the strain off Draco’s wrists.

Tobias decided that he had died and gone to heaven as Draco’s fingers worked their magic on the flesh of his arms, back, neck and legs.

Draco smirked in satisfaction, as his husband became a pliable puddle of goo beneath his fingers. He now had knowledge of two of his husband’s weaknesses – and he would exploit them if he thought it would do his – and Tobias – health good. He worked slowly but steadily on the muscles presented to him until he only had the one spot he desperately wanted to touch left – his beloved’s firm rear end.

Slowly, Draco started to knead the almost golden globes, causing Tobias to moan, and him to smirk. Gradually, Draco progressed from kneading to rubbing; his thumbs inching towards the creases that held his prize. He almost grinned triumphantly when Tobias gasped in pleasure when his cheeks were opened softly. Smirking with the thought of his husband’s reaction to what he was going to do, he slowly ran the tip of his tongue from the base of Tobias’ ball sac to the base of his spine.

Tobias inhaled sharply and held it. All that his short-circuited mind could process were the words, “OH Gods’ that were playing over and over in his mind, and the sensation caused when his husband’s tongue swiped across his flesh – but not yet penetrating. Gasping slightly, Tobias tried to move onto the inviting tongue, only to whimper as his plan failed.

Draco smirked internally before pointing his tongue and pushing the point of it against the small flower that protected the entrance to his husband’s body. Feeling the shudder that went through the dark-haired boy before him, he slowly wriggled the tip to see what reaction he would receive.

Tobias whined softly when he felt the soft pressure at his entrance. The whine turned to a pleading whimper as the slick muscle gently probed into him. As Draco’s tongue wriggled its way into him, it took all of Tobias’ mental strength to not start begging. It wasn’t long before the soft whimpers became desperate pleading as Draco speared him with his tongue over and over.

After plunging the slick muscle into his husband’s depths several more times, Draco removed it and slithered up the tanned body until he reached his husband’s ear. “Did you like that? Did you like the feeling of my tongue pushing into you?” he whispered heatedly.

Tobias moaned at the empty feeling and at his husband’s words. He wanted something to fill him – something larger then Draco’s tongue – and he knew exactly how to get it. Using all the strength in his abdomen, back and legs, he escaped from Draco’s grasp and vanished behind the Willow trunk, where there was a slow-flowing stream.
Draco smirked and stretched out on his side as he watched his husband disappear. He jumped when ice-cold water hit his chest. Listening to his husband’s laughter, he knew where it came from. “Tobias!” he growled. Tobias just laughed and sent another double-handful of water at him. “That’s it!” Draco hissed, as he leapt after Tobias.

Tobias laughed joyfully as he ran from a mock-enraged Draco. He hadn’t thought that having his husband chase him naked would be something that would make him want his husband’s touch more then he already wanted it – but it did.

Draco smirked as he noticed his husband’s eyes glaze over in thought. He knew that if he wanted to get him, he needed to act now. Without thinking, he grabbed Tobias, yanked him around and pushed him up against the trunk of the Willow tree. He pinned him there with his body and raised his husband’s hands above his head and held them there with his own. He pushed his groin into the one before his, causing Tobias to moan out loud and push back, tilting his head back until it was resting on the tree behind him.

Seeing the throat that was bared to him, Draco attacked it viciously with lips, tongue and teeth – marking the tanned skin as his. The loud, needy sounds coming from said throat only made him more demanding. When he pulled back to look at his artwork, his husband was newling softly for more, and there was not one spot on the throat that wasn’t either red with teeth marks or black with love bites. He lowered his head so he could plunder the lips of his husband and moaned.

“Oh Gods I want you ‘Bi. So fucking badly. I want to lick, kiss, suck and bite my way down your body before I sink into you slowly, claiming your depths for me and me alone.” He stopped so he wouldn’t whimper and started to push his groin into Tobias’.

“I – I want you to, Draco,” Tobias whimpered, “But – but can I – I do something first? Then you can claim me however you wish.”

Draco stopped and thought about it before he initiated another bruising kiss. “You have half an hour, Bi, and it better be good, or I will take you up against the trunk of this tree.” Draco smirked when Tobias moaned in desire at the threat. It seemed as if his partner liked to hand over control to him in this setting – and he had a kink for slight bondage How utterly … delightful. Coming back to himself, he gave Tobias’ lips a biting kiss and pulled away. “Where do you want me?”

Tobias shook his head slightly to clear it of its lustful fog. “S-sitting on the moss.”

Draco sent him a cocky smirk as he sauntered over to their bed for the night and sat down in a relaxed position, wondering at what was going to occur.

Tobias stood in once spot until a fae-light fell on him and a song with a bouncy tune started to play. He heard Draco’s laughter as he danced around the area before the bed. The laughter stopped, however, when Tobias seated himself on Draco’s lap, his hips still gyrating to the beat of the music.

Draco froze, his breath caught in his throat. This was surely a dream. Tobias could not be doing what he thought he was … Could he? Draco moaned as he felt his husband’s cheeks rubbing against his cock. Yes, he was! Draco remembered telling Tobias about receiving a lap dance – the only sexual contact he had had with the opposite sex other than the odd blow job – but he’d never imagined that his husband would give him one on their ‘wedding night’. He had to admit that getting a lap dance from his husband was a very big turn on for him – even if the dance itself was inexperienced compared to the one he had been given before.

Once again, Draco felt his breath catch in his throat as Tobias moved with more confidence and the shaft of his dick found its way into the crease of the lovely arse on his lap. He couldn’t help but
moan in delight at the sensations. With another move of the hips, he suddenly felt the head of this
dick catch onto his husband’s muscular ring, before gliding past it. He could hear Tobias whimper as
he did it again and again and again.

Draco swallowed deeply as he touched the back before him. At the moan that came from this, Draco
felt his control snap once more as he maneuvered Tobias under him. Pinning the dark-haired man to
the moss-covered dais, he moaned. “I’ve said it once, and I’ll say it again – You, my Love, are a
tease – and you are mine!”

Tobias smiled at him. “Not yet, I’m not,” he whispered. “Are you going to claim your prize?”

Draco growled and pressed his lips to Tobias’ with a less-than-gentle biting kiss. “I’ve changed my
mind,” he purred, licking Tobias’ lips. “You are not a tease – you are one of the carnal sins, and I am
going to claim you, but first,” he smirked, “I’m going to make you beg for it. I’m going to touch you
and taste you. I’m going to get you to the very edge of bliss – and leave you there. Then I’m going to
tease you. I’m going to make you think that I will sink my fingers into you – but I won’t. Then,
when I enter you, I’m going to push just the head in and stop. When you tell me it’s okay to move – I
will, but just barely. I will continue to do this until you are nothing but a puddle of goo beneath me
and then,” he moaned softly and leaned down to whisper into the ear closest to him. “And then, ‘Bi,
I will push into you, sheathing myself inside you in one,” he pushed his groin into his husband’s
“hard,” he tensed slightly – preparing for movement, “Shove!” As he said the last word, he ground
his groin downwards, dragging a moan from Tobias’ lips.

He raised his head and looked into his husband’s lust-filled eyes. He pulled back to stop himself from
cuming too soon and to look over the body beneath his. He jumped when he felt hands on his
shoulders. Smirking, he removed the hands and pinned them above their owners’ head.

“If you move them from there, Bi, I will tie them up with the willow’s branches so you can’t move –
and if that’s what you want, then by all mean, touch me,” he whispered seductively.

Tobias’ eyes widened at Draco’s words and he kept his hands where they were knowing that Draco
would do it. It seemed as if Draco had discovered his biggest kink.

His thoughts were disrupted when Draco sucked his earlobe into his mouth and bit it softly, showing
his dominance over his husband. Tobias whimpered softly and lifted his chin, causing Draco’s eyes
to flare in possession. When he felt Draco mark a path from his earlobe to his neck, he moaned
softly, gripping his hands together so he wouldn’t touch the image of sex-personified on top of him.
When Draco sucked hard on the pulse-point at the base of his throat, however, his restraint broke and
he buried his hands into the silken strands of hair.

Draco felt the hands tangle into his hair and smirked to himself before biting down on the flesh
beneath his lips. He untangled the hands from his hair and removed himself from the dais, leaving a
whimpering Tobias there.

Tobias knew he had done the wrong thing once Draco bit him and so he wasn’t surprised when
Draco left him alone on the dais. Whimpering at the loss of heat from Draco’s body, he slowly put
his clasped hands above his head. Once his hands were back above his head, he felt something slide
around his wrists and tighten.

“I warned you, Tobias Regulas Riddle. I warned you that if you touched me before I said you could,
you would be tied up til I let you go. Now,” Draco purred, appearing back on top of his husband,
“Where were we? Oh yes, I remember.” And with a self-satisfied smirk, he lowered his head and
nibbled on an exposed collarbone before leaving a claiming mark and left small nips and biting kisses
to the other side.
Tobias was having trouble breathing with the intensity Draco was marking his body with. The last thought he had before he felt Draco’s hands move down his arms to join his lips, tongue and teeth in the worship of his chest was to wonder if he would have a spot of unclaimed skin when they left the Mother’s Garden. He suspected not.

Draco nipped and licked his way across Tobias’ chest, with his hands starting to run slowly down the leanly muscled arms of his soon-to-be claimed spouse. When he reached his husband’s dark nipples, he stopped and gently ran his hands over them, revelling in the gasp it pulled from his husband’s throat. He stared at the nipples in interest as he kept rubbing the small nubs until they were semi-erect. Once they were semi-hard, he licked his lips and lipped one of them, causing the black-haired man to start whimpering while he arched his back and struggled to remove his hands from their ties.

Draco bit down on the nipple in his mouth, then soothed it with his tongue, ignoring the now desperate whimpers coming from his husband. He started to nibble on the one still in his mouth while he pinched the other between thumb and forefinger before twisting them slightly. After he had reduced Tobias to a quivering pile of goo, he swapped nipples to reduce him to more of a quivering pile.

Once he was satisfied with his marking – and claiming – of Tobias’ chest, he let his hands and mouth slowly wander over his stomach, marking every defined muscle after thoroughly licking and nipping it.

Tobias was in sensory overload. He had no sight, no memory and all he could bring himself to do was whimper needily and twitch spasmodically when Draco’s wicked mouth latched onto a sensitive section of his body. When Draco reached his navel and dipped his tongue into it, Tobias cried out and arched his back.

“Please,” he whimpered. “Please.”

Draco smirked as his husband arched into him, but he lost the smirk and his eyes widened when he heard the tears in Tobias’ voice as he pleaded. He gently ran his hands up Tobias’ sides.

“Soon, Love. Soon,” he answered before he attacked his navel again with renewed vigour.

As he put the last mark for the night on his husband’s body, his left hand reached for his husband’s mouth and his right reached for the botte of lubricant he had obtained before tying his husbands hands together. Draco was extremely hard and was impatient to sink into his husband’s depths, but for some reason, he also knew that he had to be sure to not allow Tobias – who was now sucking on Draco’s fingers as if they were the only thing keeping him sane – to come before he was breached.

Tobias whimpered in loss when Draco removed the fingers from his mouth, but turned his eyes to watch his husband slick his erect cock thickly with lubricant. He groaned when Draco’s unlubricated hand wrapped around his neglected and leaking dick and squeezed the base as his entrance was teased by a fingertip. Now he knew the reason for the firm hold on his member. Without it, he would be very close to coming as the slick fingers teased his quivering hole into relaxation. He moaned when he finally felt his beloved’s finger enter him and search around.

Draco stifled a moan as his finger was swallowed by the hungry hole. It took all his self-control to not rip his finger from the silky warmth and sheath his cock into it to the hilt, but even he wasn’t controlled enough to prevent himself from letting out a small whimper when Tobias pushed further onto his wriggling finger. He moved up the well-marked body beneath him to claim the plump, kiss-bruised lips as he removed the finger, to replace it with two. Both men moaned.
Tobias whined and whimpered into his husband’s mouth, trying to get the fingers deeper. He turned his head to breath and whined as Draco attacked the flesh behind and below his ear. “Please,” he whimpered. “Please Draco, please. I want to touch you.” He let out a keening cry as his prostate was hit for the first time, followed by a whimper as the fingers were removed from his hole and dick.

Once Draco had removed his hands from his partner’s intimate areas, he pulled himself away from the tempting flesh of the already abused throat that he loved. Moving away from his pleading husband, he released him from the willow and kissed and licked the slightly chaffed skin with intensity that surprised Tobias. Giving both wrists one last kiss, he moved until he was between Tobias’ legs. Lying on top of him, he looked into his eyes lovingly and kissed the tip of his nose.

“Are you ready, Bi?”

Tobias nodded, running his hands slowly from the top of Draco’s head and over his neck, back and shoulders. “I’m ready to be yours, Draco,” he whispered.

Draco moaned and moved Tobias’ hands back to his head. “Don’t be scared to hurt me, Love. I know I will hurt you when I enter you, so don’t worry about doing it back, and remember to relax.” Manuvering Tobias’ legs so they were over his shoulders, he used on hand to guide the head to Tobias’ entrance and lowered himself enough to latch onto the lips he couldn’t get enough of. He felt Tobias tangle his hands in his hair as he kissed back and before he could hesitate, he pushed his hips forward, moaning at the feeling of the tight ring of muscle giving way under the continuous pressure he was administering, until he was buried balls deep in his husband’s depths.

Hearing the pained moans coming from his husband, he stopped and moved his legs so they were around his waist and lay on him, chest to chest. Instinctually, neither moved other than Draco kissing and licking his husband’s tears away, and the odd flicks of his fingers over Tobias’ nipples.

In a space of time that seemed to take days, but was in fact only minutes, Tobias moved slightly, indicating he was ready. Draco captured one of the dark nipples between his teeth and pulled out a small distance before pushing back in, his heart lightening now that the small whimpers were once again falling from Tobias’ lips. Feeling a sharp tug on his scalp in response to a not-so-gently nip he gave the nipple in his mouth, he moaned loudly. If there was anything that turned him on more than being on the receiving end of a lap dance, it was his hair being pulled – a fact that he had noticed in one of the more physical fights between him and Tobias when he had been Harry Potter.

Encouraged by the moan, Tobias pulled Draco’s head up to his and kissed him softly. It didn’t take long for the soft kiss to be deepened and for Draco to pull more of his cock out before pushing back in.

Tobias started to whimper and moved his hips in time to Draco’s thrusts, causing Draco to be pushed deeper. Draco started to thrust with purpose, no longer scared of hurting his husband and after three more thrusts, he managed to hit Tobias’ prostate.

“Draco!” Tobias arched into the movement, trying to get the feeling back. “More! Oh Gods, please more!” he pleaded, whimpering.

Draco smirked and removed his shaft from the tight canal, leaving only the head inside the ring of muscle. Moving his hands to his husband’s shoulders, he thrust back into the warm, welcoming depths. He pulled out and had almost completed his second re-entry by the time Tobias screamed with the pulse of pleasure he had received when his prostate was hit head on with the force of a battering ram.

Within moments, Tobias had been reduced to a quivering pile of goo once more. If you were to ask
him later how he still managed to thrust in time with Draco, he wouldn’t have been able to answer.

Draco was in heaven. His husband was pinned under him in the throes of passion, and his hair was being tugged on spasmodically every time the god beneath him begged for more. He had sped up til he was pounding into the depths of his husband’s body and he could feel the tell-tale signs that indicated his climax was building. The continual chant of “Yes! Oh Gods yes!” from beneath him, revealed that Tobias’ was building as well. Continuing with his thrusting, he moved the legs that were around his waist back to his shoulders and thrust harder.

When he heard the chanting stop, only to be replaced by a soft keening, he wrapped his hand around the engorged dick and tugged on it. As he continued to administer to his husband’s engorged member, the soft keening built in pitch and volume until Tobias’ mouth was open in a silent scream and his whole body tensed.

Tobias felt his body tense as a huge wave of pressure flowed from the pit of his stomach, through his tightened sac and out of his extremely sensitive head.

“Draco!”

The sound of his husband screaming his name in pleasure, combined with the tightly clenched and pulsing passage, pulled Draco’s orgasm from him in only two extra thrusts.

“Mine!” he growled as his seed filled his husband.

“Yours,” Tobias agreed sleepily as Draco pulled out of him and moved to lie beside him.

Tobias clumsily moved til his head was on Draco’s chest and both were asleep within seconds – neither noticing the bright flare of magic they were encased in, nor the slight amount of blood-mixed semen that was leaking from Tobias’ anus.

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The Mother and Father looked at each other with eyes wide in wonder before they let their eyes wander over the scene before them. The light of the magic released by the boys has been strong enough for the entire garden to be seen as if it were the middle of the day. Looking back at the other, they remained speechless at the combined strength of their chosen couple.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Return to School ... Yay ...

Chapter 24

The people in The Pack’s normal compartment were quiet. Tobias and Draco hadn’t arrived before the train left and they were starting to become concerned for their leaders. They were also extremely bored. Thanks to their Alpha, none of them had any unfinished homework and none of them could do any more planning or training until they talked with Tobias.

“Hello my fellow Ladles and Jellyspoons! Did you miss me?” Tobias, Draco and the two daemons appeared.

“This is where we leave you. We will see you whenever we can.” The daemon disappeared.

“So … What happened?” Ginny demanded.

Tobias and Draco exchanged amused looks. “We completed our bonding and no one will be able to doubt that either of us is taken now,” Draco answered.

“What do you mean?” Blaise asked, deep in thought.

“You’ll see when we decide to change.”

The Pack smiled as the couple sat and Tobias curled into Draco’s side. It was the most relaxed they had seem both of them in a long, long time. Everyone was half asleep when a black flame appeared, dropping a letter on Tobias’ lap. All The Pack waited while he read it.

“Paters says that he’s going to call a full meeting in a few weeks’ time. We will have our first full meeting either tomorrow night or the night after. Our study group will be starting up once more when
lessons begin. Naturally, Prefect duties and Quidditch will interfere, so we will not have any meetings on those days – or if we do, we will cut them short so that no one misses out on them. Draco and I will also start sleeping the Founder’s Rooms a few nights a week.” He stretched, groaning in please as his spine crackled. “Is there anything we need to be made aware of before the next time we meet up?”

Everyone shook their heads.

“We’d better change, Bi. We’ll be there soon.”

Tobias nodded and removed the shirt he was wearing, revealing what the cloth was hiding.

“MERLIN Alpha! What the Hell happened?”

Draco smirked. “When I mark what is mine, I don’t mess around. I wasn’t kidding when I said no one would doubt that we are taken.”

Chuckling, Harry pulled on his shirt. “I did mark my territory as well, but Draco here is too much of a prude to take his shirt off in front of others, so …” He grinned when Draco responded by taking off his shirt and throwing it at Tobias, hitting him in the face. Tobias’ eyes roved over his husband’s marked torso before he walked up to him and latched onto the skin where his collarbone was closest to his throat.

Draco moaned softly, bought the dark-haired boy closer to his body and wrapped his arms around him protectively. Blaise and Pansy smothered their sniggers at the blonde boy’s whine of protest when Tobias released him. Draco glared at the slightly shorter male before his lips were captured in a tender kiss.

“Sorry Love. I wanted to taste you. Forgive me?”

Draco visibly melted at Tobias’ whispered apology and allowed him to snuggle slightly into his chest before pushing him away slightly with a regretful look in his eyes. “I need to change, Love. You can have me back when I am presentable,” he said in reply to Tobias’ pout.

Tobias’ face changed from a pout to a slightly superior expression. “I admit that I must share you – against my will, though it may be – but I have you forever and later …” he smirked, his metallic
“Green eyes shining with something the rest of The Pack was scared to name. “Later we have a new set of rooms to Christen.”

Draco’s sliver-green eyes flared with lust and the temperature of the compartment rose – bringing The Pack’s attention to the fact that the chill that was evident before had been banished by the arrival of the couple. He pulled on the shirt he had in his hands before pouncing on the minx before him. “You are a tease,” he murmured against the tempting lips.

“It’s not a tease if I deliver,” Tobias whispered, causing Draco’s mind to flashback to their bonding night. He released a soft moan.

“And deliver you do – So I’ll have to make that a promise.” Just as he was about to capture the lips below his, a voice came into the carriage announcing their imminent arrival at Hogsmeade station. Both boys groaned in annoyance.

“Well,” Ginny started, looking at everyone in the carriage. “I don’t know about you lot, but I’m thinking of turning Voyeur – That was Damn Hot!”

Greg nodded. “I’m as straight as they come, and I thought it was hot.”

Everyone laughed at that before preparing for the next term of school.

***

Kitten laughed joyously as she worked her magic over her domain. Because Hogwarts had been built on a large magical well, she had obtained a will of her own, and over the years of absorbing the escaped energy of young wizards and witches, she had grown to be a sentient being, with her own magic. At this point in time, she was helping the house-elves decorate the castle in celebration of the heir’s bonding. The kitchen elves were preparing a celebration feast the likes of which hadn’t been seen in 1000 years. After all – it wasn’t every day that the heir bonded while still at the school and she was going to help him celebrate it!

***

The students walked into the Great Hall with gob-smacked expressions on their faces. Never before had it looked so magnificent. The walls were sparkling with fine glitter and housed a magical breed
of Ivy that changed the colours of its leaves. The Head table had been moved forward on its dais and had been covered with a deep purple tablecloth and white cutlery. Behind the Head table was a table for two on another slight platform. This table was covered in a white cloth with cutlery made of the purest of crystal. Behind this table was the crest of Hogwarts. The house tables were set in a similar fashion as the other two tables. Gryffindor table with a burgundy cloth and gold cutlery, Ravenclaw with a royal blue cloth and bronze cutlery, Hufflepuff a yellow cloth and black cutlery and Slytherin with a deep emerald cloth and silver cutlery.

Those students that could tear their eyes away from the tables and look up gasped. The ceiling had a clear view of the night sky, making those that enjoyed astronomy itch to start mapping. The only light came from tiny fae-folk that flew through the space between tables and ceiling, or rested on the leaves of the ivy plants. Those close to Tobias and Draco focussed their attention on the Headmaster, who was silently fuming in his seat.

When Tobias and Draco walked into the room an aurora appeared above the white clad table with the words ‘Congratulations, Tobias and Draco’ easily readable.

“Was this necessary, Kitten?” Tobias sighed, knowing deep down that it was.

“Yes, ‘Bi and you know it. It isn’t every day that the Founder’s Heir bonds to their life-mate.”

Chuckling, Tobias and Draco walked to their place under the banner, where they ate, seemingly oblivious to every eye in the Hall focused on them.

***

Albus fumed. All the planning he had done over the holiday period had been for nothing! Now, he had to do everything all over again, because the two boys had bonded. He had to make doubly sure that any “accident” to occur to either boy could not be traced back to him. Some days he wished he’d told the Dursleys to just drown the brat!

***

Tobias sank into his seat in the Snake-pit with a sigh of relief. He was glad to be back and the almost mothering feel of Kitten’s magic washed over him like a tsunami.
Draco watched his husband as he dozed in his spot. Slowly, so not to disturb him, he manoeuvred himself so Tobias’ head was on his chest.

Severus arrived several moments later to find a silent common room. He smiled to himself when he saw his godsons asleep in each other’s arms. He had a suspicion that neither had gotten much sleep while they were away. He cleared his throat softly so he didn’t disturb the two sleeping students.

“Welcome back to the Snake-pit. I hope you all had an enjoyable break. As you all know tomorrow is our first day of the new term. All I ask of you tonight is that you get a good night’s sleep. Try not to wake the young Lord and his husband; I doubt they’ve had much sleep this past week. If they do wake before you are all in bed, please tell them I wish to see them. Lights out is at 10. Now, enjoy your evening.”

As Severus turned to leave, the room was filled with quiet mutterings of silencing spells as people organised chess tournaments, hob stones and exploding snap games, or else pulled out quill, parchment and books to complete or check their holiday homework. The Pack stayed seated around their Alpha and Beta as they waited for the rest of their number to appear from their dorms. No one was surprised when the three of them arrived at the same time.

Quietly The Pack split into smaller groups before pulling out the plans they had been working on in their leader’s absence and reviewing them before the meeting where they would be revealed. If anyone had cared to look into the common room at all that night, that was what they would have seen.

At ten o’clock exactly, Luna, Ginny and Neville disappeared without a sound and all lights bar fourteen candles went out. The candles were numbered one through seven and had either a pink or blue flame. The students followed the candles to their rooms, smiling at the still sleeping couple as they passed them. Before the sixth year students left the room, they transfigured the lounge into a bed with warm blankets and covered the sleeping couple, not knowing that the next morning would be the first time that Tobias would not be awake before everyone else.

***

“Bi … Bi … Come on Love, wake up.”

Tobias groaned and buried his face into Draco’s chest. Draco chuckled softly. “Come on Love, we have an hour til breakfast. You go have a shower and I’ll pack the bags, and then join you, okay?”
Tobias nodded sleepily as he stretched. “Don’t be too long, Draco. I’ll need you to wake me up again if how I’m feeling is any indication.” He made his way to the bathroom, not aware of the worried silver-green eyes watching him. When the raven-haired man was out of his sight, Draco turned to pack the things they needed for that day’s lessons before following his husband into the bathroom – where he did indeed need to wake him.

***

By lunch time, Draco was beyond worried. Tobias had had trouble staying awake the whole morning, so after he had eaten, he’d gone looking for his godfather. He found him hovering over one of his potions.

“Just a moment, Draco,” he muttered as he added finely powdered basilisk bone to the simmering potion one pinch at a time. Draco watched with interest as the potion slowly lightened from the muddy brown it was originally to a colour that reminded one of a certain sandy-haired werewolf. “Now, what is troubling you, Draco?”

Draco jumped, causing the potions master to laugh softly. Draco semi-glared at the man before sighing, “It’s Tobias. He is finding it hard to stay awake. I’m a little worried about him. He’s been so full of energy lately and now he’s always struggling to stay awake.”

Severus nodded, deep in thought. “He could just be having a reaction to the difference in the magic between here and the Garden. How about this? You both only have potions this afternoon, right? Well, I’ll let you off this lesson so the two of you can sleep. I suggest using your new rooms, I’m sure that Kitten will alert me if something goes wrong.”

Draco smiled in relief and nodded. “I guess you’re right, Sev. We probably are just magically exhausted. I’ll come get you if anything happens.”

Severus nodded, turning back to his potion before Draco had left the room.

***

Draco walked into the Founder’s Rooms with a very sleepy Tobias beside him.

“Merciful Merlin! What’s wrong with him?” a worried female voice called.
Draco jumped, causing four different people to chuckle. “We were bonded a week ago, Madam Hufflepuff. Last night we fell asleep really early due to what I assumed was magical drain. When I awoke, I was fine, but Tobias here can’t seem to stay awake.”

Godric frowned. “Was it a week since you bonded or a week since you consummated the bond?” Draco blushed furiously as the other three founders turned to scold the brash man. “Before you start on me, think about what happened between me and Sal after our consummation.” The other three paled slightly, but nodded for him to continue. “Do you think our Heir has inherited the trait?”

The other paused and thought for a moment. “There’s only one way to find out. Draco, is there an adult in the castle that you trust explicitly?” Draco nodded. “Then can you bring them here so we can talk?”

With a sharp nod, Draco ran to get Severus, leaving his husband to sleep on the lounge under the eyes of the School’s Founders.

***

Forty-five minutes later, Severus, Draco and Tobias were listening to Godric and Salazar explain what they thought might be wrong with him. By the time they had finished with their explanations, Severus’ jaw had connected his chest, Tobias’ eyes were wide and slightly fearful and Draco was dangerously pale.

“So you mean that this could be …” Severus began.

Salazar nodded. “Yes, I believe it is, not could be. He is showing the same symptoms in the same time period as I did. There is only one way to be sure and that is to get a healer you trust to confirm it.”

“I am NOT going to Pomphrey!” Tobias yelled at that pronouncement. “I do not like, nor trust her.”

Severus nodded his understanding. “I will go see your father tonight under the guise that he has called a meeting. I will explain all of this too the family in one go and get them to organise a visit to a healer we all trust. Until then, is there anything he can have that will make him act more like himself – or at least make it so that he can stay awake during his lessons?”
Sal nodded. “He can take a normal pepper-up potion, but if he did inherit this from me, it will take longer for everything to balance out. It really is best to let him sleep and let him rest … No using magic either.”

Tobias pouted. “H-how long?” he yawned. “How long will this last?”

Sal smiled sadly. “Without the potion, between 4-7 days. With the potion between 2-4 weeks.”

Tobias paled. “I want to do the week without the potion please Sev. All The Pack are essentially ready for their N.E.W.Ts and putting off our plans for one week won’t hurt them too much. I could stay here, or with Pateras, or Lykos, or even Nona and Anadochos, but please don’t make me take the potion!”

Severus and Draco exchanged semi-amused looks, but even they had to admit that the potion would make it worse. Leaving Tobias to sleep, Severus and Draco returned to the main school building, still slightly in shock. Realising the time, the two Slytherins split – Draco to go to the Slytherin commons, where he would need to inform The Pack as to what was going to happen, and Severus to go to Dumbledore’s office to tell him his ‘other master’ was calling.

Severus shuddered slightly. He had no idea how his Lord, Mate or even Lucius and Narcissa would react to the news that Tobias might be a natural bearer and that if that was the case, he would be with child. It was something he didn’t want to think about – even thought it would mean The Pack would definitely be sitting their N.E.W.Ts early.

**Words**

*Pateras – Father*

*Lykos – Wolf*

*Nona – Godmother*

*Anadochos - Godfather*
Chapter 25

Tom gave a grateful sigh when someone knocked at the doorway to his study. He was starting to think about pulling his son from Hogwarts just so he could hand all of the paperwork to him. He hadn’t given into the desire – but it was a close thing.

“Enter.”

The door opened to reveal a slightly nervous Severus, who bowed slightly.

“Milord, I have something I must tell you, Remus, Lucius and Narcissa. It is concerning your heirs,” the man whispered.

Before Severus knew what was happening, he was seated in the Dark Lord’s study with Remus beside him and Lucius stepping out of the floo.

Once everyone was seated, Severus took a deep breath. “The Founder’s believe that Tobias is a Natural Bearer like Salazar Slytherin was, and he’s showing all the signs Salazar did when he was with child.”

The silence was deafening before a large wave of sound washed over him. ‘Now the fun really starts,’ he thought with a sigh before silencing the others and telling them what he had both been told and had observed. ‘It’s going to be a loooooooong night.’

***

When Draco reached the Slytherin common room, his ears were assaulted by multiple voices, all
“QUIET!” He moved deeper into the room and collapsed gracefully into the seat he normally sat in and put his head into his hands. The room stayed silent while their Prince gathered his thoughts. “Is everyone in the house here?”

After a few moments 12 ‘yeses’ sounded, as well as The Pack’s resounding “Yes Beta.” Draco nodded and removed his hands from his face.

“I, Draco Riddle-Malfoy, bonded mate to the Founder’s Heir, call upon the name and protection of Salazar Slytherin for the people in these rooms so they cannot speak of what I am about to reveal to none who are already aware. So Mote It Be.”

“So mote it be.”

“Now that that’s over with, what’s going on Beta?”

Draco stood. “The information I am about to reveal is going to test everyone in this room whether they are a member of The Pack or not. The next time that Tobias is seen, he must have no fewer than three others with him until the time comes for us to leave. He is NOT to be left alone, is that clear?”

The room resounded with a confident and resounding, “Yes.”

He nodded. “Good!” He sat down again.

“Beta? What’s wrong with Alpha?” Luna asked as he laid his head back. The room was so quiet you could have sworn you could hear the water in the lake moving.

“He is currently asleep in our bed in the Founder’s Room and, depending on how Sev goes in his meeting, he should be there for a week. For those of you who were wondering, no he hasn’t been hexed, poisoned, hit with a wayward spell or taken a potion. It turns out that he has possibly inherited one of his many great grandsire’s abilities. We think that he may be a Natural Bearer like Salazar Slytherin. The odds that he has this trait are exceedingly high, as he is currently showing all the symptoms of the beginnings of a Bearer with child. Sev is talking to my parents and our Lord about getting a healer we can trust into the Castle, or getting Tobias out.”
Draco silently counted to three before Pansy and Ginny squealed in delight. “We’re going to have a Neogennito in The Pack!”

Draco sighed, and then decided against restraining the two girls. How he had managed to stand and leave the Snake Pit with no one the wiser, he had no idea – but he was thankful for small miracles.

***

Four hours after he left the school, Severus was leaving the Headmaster’s office after ‘reporting’ on the meeting. All he wanted to do was fall into his bed and sleep the week away, but he couldn’t. He needed to meet his Lord and his Lord’s healer in his rooms so he could take them to the young Lord.

A sound drew him from his thoughts. Smirking, he silently glided over to were a particular redhead was to be found with his tongue down the throat of a girl.

“Just because you are a Prefect, Mr Weasley, does not mean you can take bribes to not take points from people,” he purred, laughing internally at the look on their faces. “After all, no human would willingly attach themselves to someone like you if there was nothing in it for them.” The girl – a fourth year Hufflepuff he realised – flushed with embarrassment as tears filled her eyes.

“Now, I suggest both of you go back to your dors immediately. Mr Weasley, you first, and I will know if you don’t get there.” He waited until he was positive the Weasel was no longer in hearing before turning to the girl.

“You could do much better than him, Miss Ravel. I suggest staying away from him. As a teacher, I don’t want to have to floo your parents with the news that their daughter is pregnant before her 14th birthday to a student two years older than her who wants nothing to do with either her or the child.”

He smirked internally as the girl paled. “As I suggested, it would be in your best interest to stay away from him, he is nothing but trouble – If you don’t believe me you can ask your Head of House, but for now, you should get to bed – I believe you have me first thing in the morning?”

She nodded and then fled. He smirked and returned to his task with a spring in his step.
Tom entered the Chamber of Secrets with wonder in his eyes. Not even in his youth had he believed that there was more to this place than what he had seen originally. He was astounded by the amount of work his heir had put into his old hideout. He followed the Potion’s Master to the room where the four founder’s portraits hung.

Severus bowed slightly. “Madam Ravenclaw. The gentleman behind me is Mr Riddle – Tobias’ adopted father – and beside him is Mrs Greengrass Snr – his personal healer. They are here to see Tobias, with your permission.”

“Of course they have our permission!” Salazar exclaimed, incredulously. “Why wouldn’t we allow it? Rick,” he whined, “he doesn’t think we care about our grandson’s wellbeing!”

“They need our permission because we are the entrance to the rooms, Sal,” Godric tried to reason with his angry mate. Salazar huffed and left with Godric following him.

“Please ignore them. I told them it was a bad idea to get the portraits done when Sal was with child,” Helga shook her head. “You have our permission to enter, but please don’t disturb the young Masters – I don’t think either of them could keep awake any longer.”

Severus paled slightly. “Draco’s also being affected?”

Godric smiled sheepishly as he reappeared. “Sal’s just watching the boys.” He turned to Severus. “Yes, Draco will be affected by this, just not as badly. What occurs this week is the foetus developing its own magical signature and to do that, it absorbs magic from both parents. It is a normal thing to happen between magical child and parents. Don’t worry, neither boy will be harmed during this time.”

Severus released the breath he was holding. “May we enter?”

The portrait moved and the three of them stepped into the rooms.

“The boy’s room is this way. If they are asleep then it might be best to do it without waking them.” The three adults stopped at a large set of open doors. Before them, curled together in a way only comfortable for couples who adore each other, were the two boys. Mrs Greengrass smiled softly on
the scene before raising her wand and casting several spells on both boys. When she had finished, she indicated for the two men to go back to the main room. They didn’t notice that Salazar followed them out.

“Firstly, both boys are perfectly fine heath wise. Mr Gryffindor was correct in saying it was just magical drainage.”

“So does that mean?”

“Yes Milord. It does mean that Tobias is expecting. It is much too early to see the little one, but I can tell that there is someone growing in there. So I guess congratulations are in order, Milord.”

Tom and Severus collapsed onto the seat behind them in shock.

“They are very powerful individuals with a very powerful bond,” Salazar spoke softly. “It took Rick and I nearly two years for me to conceive our first born. What are you going to do?”

Tom looked up. “They are safer here than if I pulled Tobias out for the week. I want to stay here, but I know that I cannot. I trust them – but I’m going to tell that idiot Fudge that if The Pack doesn’t sit for their N.E.W.Ts before the end of this month, I will personally see to it that he will lose not only his job, but his life.”

Severus nodded. “Is it safe to give either of them any potions?”

The healer shook her head. “Draco can have one pepper-up potion a day, but other than that, neither of them is to have anything else until after this week. Draco will be able to go to classes – but I suggest that he not attend practicals.”

Severus nodded. “I will tell my colleagues that both boys are experiencing a magical drain and Tobias has been hit harder than Draco, so he is resting under the eye of his family healer. Draco is well enough to attend lessons with theory, but not practicals and he also is staying under the eye of his husband’s healer. When we have our big meeting, I’ll tell them when I know that the Buzzard can’t over hear us.

Tom nodded in acceptance. “I’m going to go talk to Fudge about getting The Pack to sit their N.E.W.Ts. I am also going to head off any snooping the old Fool will most assuredly do when my
son re-joins the world.” He smirked. “Let’s see him try and get rid of THIS child before anyone but the parents know of it.”

Severus blinked. “Um … milord? What do you mean by that?”

Tom flushed. “In my seventh year, my partner told me he was pregnant. The Transfiguration Professor overheard and convinced him to go to the nurse for a check-up. The next day, he turned up childless, in tears and hating life. Two weeks later I found him stone cold on his bed. He’d committed suicide. That was when I went insane. We were engaged and we couldn’t wait to start a family – That was why he had decided to take the potion while we were still in school. I am NOT going to allow him to do the same thing to MY son.

Severus’ shock showed on his face. He had not known how much the potion Tobias had made had affected his Lord. He also had not known that his Lord had come to see Tobias as his own son. He smirked internally. He’d love to be a fly on the wall if Tom was ever to meet Dumbledore after the Headmaster had harmed his son in some way. It would prove to be extremely entertaining.

***

Severus stalked to the Slytherin common room with a scowl on his face. He had one class – ONE CLASS! – out of seven that didn’t have at least one Gryffindor in it that day. He’d had no sleep, he was out of extra concentrated pepper-up, something that he normally added to his tea when he’d had to stay up most of the night and to make things even worse, his two favourite students were unable to join today’s class!

The wall hiding the Snake Pit opened as he approached, allowing him entrance as the Head of House. He blinked as he entered to find … Chaos.

“Silence!” All movement stopped. “Now – what is going on?”

Blaise stepped forwards, face slightly pale. “We can’t find Draco. He came here to tell us what was going on with Tobias, and then he vanished and we can’t find him.”

Severus squeezed the bridge of his nose. “Did you think to check with the Castle? Or even in the room he now shares with his PREGNANT husband?”
Every person in the Slytherin Common room blushed. Severus shook his head. It was far too early for him to be dealing with this. Taking a deep breath, he calmed down and explained what was going to occur.

***

Tobias groaned softly as awareness hit him. He felt very stiff and – for some reason – very gritty. Grumbling slightly, he stretched and blinked his eyes open.

“It’s good to see you awake youngster. We were beginning to think you were never going to get up.”

“How long?”

“Nearly eight days.”

“Eight days?”

“Yeah. If I were you, I’d go have a shower while we do something about the bedding and the air in here.”

Tobias nodded and sleepily trudged to the bathroom. Half an hour later, Tobias appeared back in the room. “I had the strangest dream. I dreamt that you all told me that I might be pregnant and that I had been asleep for nearly eight days.”

The four founders exchanged looks.

“Um … Bi …” Sal started. “I hate to say this but … You are pregnant and you did sleep for nearly eight days.”


“Calm down, young one. Your husband reacted like any proud father-to-be would. We don’t know
how your wolf took it, but your father is adamant about protecting you during this time. You have a letter from him on the bedside table for you to read. Your phoenix left to tell your father that you were awake, so expect a visit from him, Draco’s parents and the Wolf at lunch today. Once you have read the letter, you may go – but remember to stay away from the Headmaster.”

Tobias nodded and opened the letter. As he was reading, his smile grew. If all went well, His Pack would be out of the school within two weeks, but for now, he was hungry, thirsty and wanted to see his husband. The four founders smiled as their heir left the rooms, not noticing the slight glow he held.

***

Tobias breathed deeply before the doors to the Great Hall opened. When he walked in, the Hall went silent.

“… Bi?”

Tobias’s eyes snapped to those of his husband and he smiled. “Draco …”

No one had ever seen the Ice-Prince of Slytherin move as fast as he did to gather his husband in his arms. “I love you, I love you, I love you,” he murmured, a single tear falling from his grey-green eyes to roll down his face. “Don’t ever forget that, Tobias. I love you so much, and this gift you have given me – as unexpected as it is – is so amazing. Don’t believe for a second that it isn’t welcome, because it is.”

Tobias melted into Draco’s arms, hiding his face in the crook of his neck. The Professors and The Pack smiled at the counter. It was evident – to all who wished to look – that they adored each other. The watched as the two conversed in whispers and soft touches, before Draco gently guided his husband to the Slytherin Table.

The two boys were half-way through their meal when they heard the voices.

“… care if the Queen is in there, Lucius. I want to see my son!”

“Sir please! You know it isn’t safe …”
“If it isn’t safe enough for me to visit my son, then it sure as Hell isn’t safe enough for my son in his condition. Now, are you going to let me in, or do I have to hurt you?”

“Come on, Lucius,” a female voice now sounded. “I want to see my boys so if you don’t move, I’ll let Remus at you. You are – after all – keeping him from his Neogennito.”

The Pack smirked as the door opened quickly to reveal two blondes, a sandy-haired brunette and a man with red-streaked black hair, a pair of rose-tinted glasses and a muggle suit. Tobias and Draco stood slowly.

“Pateras?” Tobias asked shakily, as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Tom smirked and raised the glasses, revealing azure eyes. Tobias walked to him before almost throwing himself into the waiting arms of the older man.

“Are you disappointed with me, Pateras?”

“No Gios. I’m not disappointed with you. What you have is special – don’t do anything to ruin it.”

“I won’t Pateras. I promise”

Lucius, Narcissa and Remus stepped forwards as Tobias left his father’s embrace and returned to Draco’s.

“We hear that congratulations are in order,” Remus stated with a smile. “We are here to make sure you are okay and to celebrate. After your last lesson, meet us in the entrance hall. We’re taking you out for dinner tonight.”

“We only have Potions after this, Sir,” Draco told the man before him respectfully. “Professor Snape has assured me that he has something Tobias can do that won’t harm anyone. He’s even given him permission to use his personal lab.”
Tom turned to face the Potion’s Master. “Thank you Severus. I know how much he stresses when he is bored.”

The adults laughed, knowing how true it was. Tobias blushed, thinking of how he’d reacted the fortnight before his wedding. The laughter stopped when the Headmaster stood, his anger only just visible in his eyes.

“I am sorry to be rude, but who are you?”

Tom went serious within the blink of an eye. “I am Randal Johns, Tobias’ adopted father, and who might you be?”

Albus blinked in surprise. This man hadn’t heard of him? Where had he been all his life?

“I am Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

Tom just looked at him levelly. “So you are the one responsible for everything that has happened to my son. I will give you a warning old man. You come anywhere near MY son – particularly while he is in such a delicate state – and I will show the world just how dangerous I can be – muggleborn or not.”

Albus frowned. “Your son is fine. I’ve had no reports saying that he had been to the Hospital Wing …”

Tom smirked. “Of course you wouldn’t have. My personal healer has been attending him. Well, since I am here I may as well make an announcement. Anyone who threatens my son will be on the receiving end of my wand. It has been confirmed that he is with child. I’M GOING TO BE A GRANDPAPPY!”

Everyone who knew that ‘Randal Jones’ was really the Dark Lord Voldemort stared at him in astonishment. Tom just grinned.

“Hey! I may be a businessman and dangerous when my family is threatened, but my Son has a grandchild for me to spoil growing inside him. I have the right to act like a child on Christmas morning!”
Looking at the time, the happy family left the hall and headed to the Dungeons, leaving a still shocked hall behind them.

*Words*

*Neogennito – Cub*
*Drakontas – Dragon*
*Pateras – Father*
*Lykos – Wolf*
*Gios – Son*
*Randal Jones – Tom’s name in public when acting as Tobias’ father*
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Announcements

Chapter Notes

Sorry peeps, not feeling like myself tonight anyone have a spare hug I can have?

Chapter 26

Tobias sat in Severus’ private lab with a sigh of relief. It had been four days since it had been announced that he was pregnant and the only time he had any time to himself was when he was in his godfather’s private rooms. He was thankful for the other Slytherin’s but the rest of the school was driving him insane! Not to mention that the Headmaster and Madam Pomphrey kept hassling him to get a check-up with the School Matron. He sighed. He hoped that he heard from his father soon about the N.E.W.Ts. Living here was hell at the moment. He was so glad that tomorrow was Saturday.

***

Draco relaxed as he stirred the mixture in his cauldron, focusing on nothing else. He had noticed that Tobias was still tired most of the time and he was starting to cramp. When Tobias was asleep, he had taken to watching him and talking to the Founders. He had discovered that for a few weeks after the conception, Tobias would be tired and sore as his body was still getting used to the foreign material in his body. Even though he now knew that this was normal for those who could naturally conceive, he still watched his husband like a hawk – just in case.

***

Tobias stretched lazily and snuggled into the warm breathing pillow beneath his head. He wasn’t sure about what woke him til a soft giggle and a soft chorus of ‘Aww’s’ reached his ears.

“If there is not a good reason for your being here disturbing us this early in the morning, then I will...
personally strip the skin from your bodies – layer by painful layer,” Draco muttered sleepily.

“There is, Beta,” Neville answered softly. “I got an owl from The Lord. All it said was ‘breakfast’ with the time ‘7:15’.”

Tobias sighed. “I assume that it is important that we be there. Why he couldn’t have just waited til lunch and sent it with Thanatos, I have no idea.”

Pansy shrugged. “I don’t know, Bi. I think The Lord just has a flair for the dramatic.”

Draco rose from the bed and pushed them out of the room with his magic. “We will see you as soon as we get dressed.”

***

The Pack walked into the Great Hall cautiously. First to enter were Neville, Ginny and Luna as the school were still not aware of their friendship with the Slytherins. After they were at their seats Millicent, Theo and Blaise entered. A few seconds after they had moved forwards, Draco appeared with his arm around his husband’s waist in a protective manor. Tobias sleepily snuggled into his husband’s side, not caring that the Professors and the students were watching them. Almost immediately after they had entered, Pansy, Greg and Vince followed them.

No one in the Hall took any notice of the Slytherin’s after they had entered as their attention was on something … or someone … else. Their attention was caught up in the person seated between the Headmaster and the Transfiguration Professor.

***

Cornelius Fudge looked over the four tables with an internal smirk. His lord had told him exactly what was going on and he’d had to laugh. Who would have thought that the Boy-Who-Lived would turn to the Dark Lord for salvation! He had also come up with the best idea for how to get The Pack to sit for their N.E.W.Ts without anyone getting suspicious.

The door opened and he felt his eyes being drawn to it. He watched in awed amusement at how The Pack walked in, protecting their Lord’s son.
He shook his head slightly. At first, he hadn’t believed Lucius when he’d told him about the summer, but when he had viewed the memories in the pensieve; he hadn’t been able to control his laughter.

The Headmaster interrupted his thoughts once more.

“Are you sure …”? 

“Yes, Albus,” he sighed. “The Board of Governors wants this to happen, so they came to me to enforce it.”

“I bet it was Lucius who wanted it!”

“Actually, he was one of the three that didn’t think it was a good idea.”

The Headmaster spluttered softly, causing Fudge to hide a smirk. “I believe that it is time?” Fudge struggled not to laugh as Dumbledore sighed and stood up to introduce the Minister. Fudge stood and faced the school.

“The Governors have decided to see what you are learning here, and have requested that fifth through seventh years sit practice exams at the Ministry. Fifth years will be sitting them tomorrow, with Hufflepuffs and Gryffindors in one room and Slytherins and Ravenclaws in another. The exams will be taking place in special rooms in which time will flow differently than out of them. On the following day, the sixth and seventh years will be sitting their N.E.W.Ts. I’ll be waiting for you at nine at the ministry. I’ll leave you to your meal now.”

He sat down and swapped a secret smile with Minerva before food appeared and everyone started to eat.

***

Tobias sat at his desk, an owl feather quill in his hand. Before him was a list of potions that were safe enough for him to make for his N.E.W.Ts. He read through the short list and circled one. Shaking his head, he reached for another sheet of parchment and started to write.
The Pack crowded around the love seat that had appeared in the Slytherin Common room. They smiled at the sight of the dozing couple.

“What are you looking at?”

The Pack chuckled.

“You and your husband. You are simply cute together!” Pansy smirked.

Tobias pouted sleepily. “’M not cute.”

Draco laughed softly before kissing his husband gently. “Of course you’re not cute. You’re adorable, sexy and MINE!”

Tobias smiled and stretched. “Is everyone ready for the next two days?”

Everyone settled into a seat and nodded.

“Ginny? Luna?”

The two girls exchanged looks.

“We’re ready for it, Bi. We’ve studied with all of you really hard this year and we have done our best. We should probably get all of our stuff ready for tomorrow – as well as an early night so that we are ready for the day ahead,” Luna offered.

Tobias nodded. “That is a good idea. When you wake up in the morning, I would like everyone to come down to the Chamber for breakfast. This goes for both days since we may not all be there together physically, but we can give you our encouragement before you go. I’ll tell Minnie and Flitwick that you will be ‘eating in the kitchen’ tomorrow morning. And no fighting. I don’t want anyone to cry at our first family meal.”
Everyone looked at Tobias in shock.

“Family meal?” Asked Neville.

Tobias looked at him. “Yes. You all are my family, and as such, we are going to be living as a family when we leave here – no matter where you are, so we will be having family meals – cooked by Pateras’ house elves, of course.” He turned and muttered, “School house elves be damned if they think I will be letting them cook for my family meals.”

The Pack laughed and spent the remaining time to the evening meal relaxing and talking about children’s names.

Words

_Thanatos – Greek daemonic personification of Death_

_Pateras - Father_
The next morning found The Pack in the Chamber bright and early. The sitting room now held a large table groaning under the weight of the food on top of it. There was steaming cinnamon twists, apple and minced fruit bread, a large bowl of Devilled kidneys with hot buttered toast around the edge, bacon, eggs, grilled tomato, sausage, yoghurt, muesli and an extra-large fruit and cheese platter.

It wasn’t the food that held everyone’s attention, however, it was the people seated to the left of their Alpha.

“Hello Father,” Luna said, not at all dreamy. “I see that Periwinkle found you.”

“Yes, she did. I never thought of using Crumple-horned Snorkacks for important messages. Did she give you much trouble?”

Luna continued talking with her father with everyone listening in amusement, when a startled yelp caught everyone’s attention.

“Fred and George! I’m going to get you for this!” Ginny yelled from her perch on Fred’s shoulder.

Everyone laughed as the twins greeted their little sister while Bill and Charlie attempted to hide their faces in their hands. It was evident that they had known – and protested – what the twins had planned.

Severus raised an eyebrow when he stepped out of the shadows to see Xenophilous Lovegood and the entire Pack before him. Behind him Lucius, Narcissa, Remus and Tom were getting impatient, so Tom did what any self-respecting Dark Lord would do. He started whining.
“Seeveeeeeeerus, I wanna get through!”

All activity in the Chamber stopped and Severus stepped to one side. “As you wish, milord,” he intoned, bowing slightly.

Tom nodded in satisfaction and he moved into the room with a flourish, causing Tobias to laugh.

“Pateras! What in the world are you wearing?” Tobias asked between breaths.

Tom grinned and spun. “Isn’t it wonderful? Some muggle was throwing it away and I thought it was just too good a thing to not get!”

Tobias shook his head. “Pateras, you do know that white isn’t your colour, don’t you?”

Tom pouted and crossed his arms. Tobias looked at the picture his father made, lip lowered so far down his chin all he needed to play the part of a bull dog was fur and him on all fours, arms crossed with his hands tucked into his armpits and wearing a very very very very famous glittery white jumpsuit.

Tobias then moved his gaze across his silent Pack, his fascinated-yet-horrified husband, his embarrassed Godfathers, his resigned Godmother and a very amused wolf.

“You do realize that that is the jumpsuit of a dead muggle singer, don’t you?” he asked.

Tom started to pout more, but he then noticed the white sage that was burning in one corner.

“Oh! You have burning herbs too!” he squealed excitedly. “Can I burn mine?”

He pulled a packet out of his pocket and was about to light them when Tobias caught the scent of them and panicked.
“DON’T LIGHT THEM! DON’T LIGHT THEM! DON’T LIGHT THEM!”

Tom dropped the mix of herbs in alarm as Draco leapt to Tobias’ side and began attempting to calm him. After ten minutes, Tobias had calmed enough to start giving orders.

“Lykos, sit Pateras down and keep him sat! Kyria, get the smoke of the white sage surrounding him. Ateria, Ateros hit him with iced water when Kyria is finished. Nonos, I don’t care how you do it, but destroy them herbs without fire IMMEDIATELY. Anadochos, when you leave, I want you to search every manor Pateras visits for more of them and get rid of it with the same rules as Nonos – and burn white sage in every room of each Manor – just to be certain.”

As everyone who had orders carried them out, Draco pulled the still trembling form of his husband onto his lap and stroked soothing circles from the base of his neck to the top of his arse. The two of them jumped with a start when a shriek sounded.

“What the bloody hell was that for!”

The quiet voices murmured and it wasn’t long before an extra hand was placed on his back.

“Tobias – Explain what just happened to me, because I have no idea.”

Tobias raised his head from Draco’s chest. “I want to know how you got those herbs!”

Tom got a look of puzzlement on his face. “I don’t know. I’m guessing they were put into my robe pocket that day I told everyone that you were pregnant. I just assumed you gave them to me.”

Tobias turned to the founders. “Is there a way to see what happened that day?”

“Well,” Rowena smiled. “You could always ask kitten – she is still here, remember.”

Tobias blushed. “I didn’t think of that.”

Salazar smiled. “You’ve got a lot on your mind – so don’t worry about it. Kitten, show them that
A voice full of humour echoed around them. “Of course Sal. Do not worry about forgetting about me, Bi – I know things have been busy for you. Now, if you will all please look towards the blank wall, I have a memory to show you.”

Everyone looked at the wall and watched as a very familiar redhead paid a first year to slip the herbs to Tom without him knowing.

“Remember,” they heard him say, “He’s dangerous and needs to be treated with utmost caution. The Headmaster needs this to be done ASAP.”

The first year nodded and then the screen changed until they watched the first year put The Packet of herbs into one of Tom’s pockets. The screen went blank and attention went back to Tobias – who was once more trembling in Draco’s lap.

“How dare he!” Salazar raged. “How bloody well dare he! How in the World did he become the Headmaster of this school?”

“Why? All he did was give milord some herbs that made him act … rather peculiarly” Lucius said.

“Those herbs are the first things we bearers are warned against. They are Asian in origin and they are burnt or made into a tea to cause women to abort an unwanted pregnancy. The only trouble is that it aborts wanted pregnancies just as easily.”

Draco clutched his husband closer to him as Tom backed up as far away from the couple as he could.

“I didn’t do any damage did I?” he asked, panicking slightly.

“No. That is why he got me and the twins to surround you in white sage smoke and iced water,” Luna explained, calming Tom down. “But I think that it is time for me to pull out my bag of tricks now.” She smiled a smile that made the adults in the room shudder in fear and The Pack to smirk. “I’ll deal with him when I get back.”
“Oh no! What time is it?” Ginny asked.

“It’s only 7:45 Ginny,” Bill soothed. “We all got here at 6:45.”

“I think we should all eat now though,” Theo announced. “What do you want Draco, Bi? I’ll get it for you so you can both just sit and relax a bit.”

Draco looked at the table. “I’ll just have my usual thanks Theo.”

Tobias brightened. “Kidneys please! And tomato! And yoghurt! And fruit salad!”

“On the same plate?” Narcissa asked queasily as everyone in hearing range turned slightly green.

“No – the fruit salad and yoghurt on a different plate. I may be pregnant, but I’m not craving yet!”

Everyone laughed and moved to get their breakfast, only to turn sharply and another shriek.

“What the Hell am I WEARING?” Tom yelped.

Everyone laughed once more and the slight undercurrent of tension bled away.

***

At the Ministry

“Okay everyone!” Minister Fudge said, walking into the room full of O.W.L students. “We have to start soon, so please follow me.” Everyone stood and followed him deeper into the building.
“These are the two rooms we have set up for you all. One day in the rooms is the same as an hour in the real world, so by the time you leave here at four this afternoon, you will have been here for a week. We have places where you can sleep when you are tired and food for when you are hungry. You can work at your own pace and once you have finished the written part, you will have a private practical in individual rooms with your own instructor. Now, please stand in your houses – Ravenclaw and Slytherin to my right, Hufflepuff and Gryffindor to my left …”

***

Tom was seated at his desk watching as Lucius and Remus destroyed his office.

“What, exactly, are you doing?” he asked through clenched teeth.

“Following orders, milord,” they answered.

“Whose orders?”

“Your son’s: he wanted to make quadruple sure that all influence of those herbs is out of every house you have visited since the day you got them.”

Tom deflated when he heard that. He didn’t know what he would have done if he’d been responsible for his son to abort his child. He wouldn’t have been able to forgive himself. Anything that would keep his family safe was worth a few moments of distraction. He nodded and quietly went back to the report he was attempting to read and understand.

Lucius and Remus exchanged shocked looks. They were expecting an argument, if not the cruciatus curse. Their Lord must really love his heir if all he did was accept their irritating distraction.

Remus shrugged and returned to what he was doing. Lucius followed his example, willing to accept this odd behaviour as a gift.

***

In the Slytherin common room
Tobias sat between Pansy and Vincent watching Neville and Millicent playing a game of chess. He smiled softly when he looked around and saw all bar three of his Pack around him. He thought of the two girls that were sitting in a special room in the Ministry, privately sitting their N.E.W.Ts.

Both girls had blossomed into wonderful women, and he had noticed that both of them had caught the attention of a young male of The Pack. He smirked internally as he mentally planned out a letter and report to his father. If he had his way, his four females would be married and mated by this time next year – and the remaining males well on the way to obtaining a match.

His thoughts then turned to the male that was missing. When the girls had left, Draco had pushed everyone out of their chamber and locked them out – including him. He wanted to be angry with him – or upset at the least – but he was too comfortable to care much and before he knew it, he was fast asleep.

Seeing their Alpha sleeping peacefully, Pansy and Vince half snuggled into him protectively as Theodore covered him with a light blanket. All around them the inhabitants for the common room quietened so as to not wake the young Lord.

***

Ginny lowered her quill with a sigh of relief. As she massaged her hand to alleviate the cramp, she looked around. Because there were more people in one group, she had been moved into the Slytherin/Ravenclaw group – for which she was grateful. When her eyes focused on her pack-sister, she realised that she was copying her movements.

As one the two of them rose and handed in their third paper each. With a slight nod to the other, they walked into separate booths for their third practical.

***

Draco collapsed on the sofa, exhausted. For the past two hours he had slaved away in his and Tobias’ room. He had put silk sheets the colour of flax on the bed with a black and cream blanket over it. Everything in the room had been changed, the ceiling to a clear night sky – with Kitten’s permission, of course. He had everything planned – now all he had to do was hope Severus had completed his bit – and that Tobias liked what he had planned.
Severus watched the cauldron closely as he added the last ingredient and smiled as it turned a deep turquoise. He was positive that both of his godson’s would like this. He looked at his clock and swore fluently. He had five minutes to bottle this into thirty-eight vials or he would be late for a teachers meeting. He carefully bottled the mix, deciding that the meeting could wait since his godsons were more important than a meeting that sounded like a broken record.

Luna walked out of the private room, exhaustedly. She looked around and saw Ginny seated at the table with two steaming cups. She walked over and collapsed into the seat.

“Strong?”

Ginny shook her head. “Weak, no sugar, little bit of milk.”

Luna nodded and took a small mouthful. “Transfig, Divination, Astronomy.”

“Potions, charms, Herbology.”

Luna winced. “Intense.”

Ginny nodded. “Very.”

“Sleep?”

“Food first.”

Luna nodded. “Usual?”
Ginny nodded and knocked on the table. “Two chicken salad sandwiches on multigrain and two tomato juices with a small amount of salt and pepper.”

The sandwiches appeared before them and the two girls ate tiredly. When they were finished they sat for a while to allow their meal to settle.

“Sleep now,” Luna murmured. “How long?” Six hours?”

Ginny nodded and set her alarm. “Meditate in the morning?”

Luna nodded. She didn’t have much energy left, and she doubted that Ginny had much more.

The two of them padded over to the side of the room where several camping beds had been set up. Without discussing it, they headed for the same bed, climbed onto it and curled up together. The last thing they did before falling asleep was send a soft pulse of energy to the rest of their Pack. As they were falling asleep, they felt a responding energy pulse and they fell asleep with smiles on their faces, much to the amusement of the Slytherins and bemusement of the Ravenclaws.

***

Tobias smiled as he sent a small burst of energy back to his girls. When he’d marked The Pack as his, he hadn’t expected a bond as strong as theirs was to form. It seemed that The Pack’s bond had strengthened until they started to take on characteristics of The Pack they were named. He missed his missing Pack-sisters, just as they were surely missing them.

***

Severus stood in his corner and rolled his eyes. Every meeting was the same. Complaints about certain students falling on deaf ears, arguments over whether-or-not to allow newspapers on school grounds, and what Tobias was up to. All of the teachers frowned at this. Yes they were all on Tobias’s side in his fight against the Headmaster, if not the war – but even if they hadn’t have been, they knew that any teacher interfering with a student’s life was prohibited. Everyone was happy that he would soon be out of the school and, therefore, away from young impressionable minds.

***
Ginny and Luna lowered their quills in perfect synchronization on their last exam with a large sigh of relief. They had worked as hard as they could in the time frame they had been given. They were onto their fourth day in the room and they had finally gotten through all eleven exams and their practicals that went with them.

The walked up and handed in their papers for the last time. The lady who was collecting the papers marked them off in wide-eyed wonder.

“What do we do now?” Ginny asked tiredly. “Since we’ve finished, there doesn’t seem to be much sense in us staying here till the end of the time – unless you have something for us to do.”

“But we miss our pack so is it possible to head back to school?” Luna asked.

“Um, I’m going to have to go asked the Minister …”

“Okay. We’ll wait here,” Luna said as she guided Ginny to the food table. “If we are meditating, just place your hand on our shoulders so you don’t startle us.”

The Lady nodded and left to talk to the Minister, leaving the students in complete silence.

***

The Pack sat together at the Slytherin table – Neville included. They didn’t care about what anyone else thought because they were feeling incomplete without their pack members. They felt as if it had been days, not hours since they heard from them.

Tobias was thinking about what that meant about the bond and the room’s influence on it when the doors to the Great Hall opened and standing in the opening were Luna and Ginny.

As one, The Pack rose and went to great their Pack-sisters. Everyone watched in shock as the two girls were swallowed by the crowd and nuzzled by every person. Severus blinked in surprise. He had no idea how it had happened, but the young ones had honestly formed a pack. He was just starting to think about if their animagus forms had anything to do with it when an unmistakable voice sounded.
“You weren’t happy with ruining your own life, you had to drag others down with you! What have you done to Ginny, Neville and Luna? They would never talk to slimy, sleazy snakes like you on their own!”

Tobias sighed. “They – unlike you – are not pea-brained, snot-nosed bigots,” he sneered.

Ron snapped his wand up and yelled out the cutting curse. When The Pack saw their Alpha was in danger, all of them – including said Alpha – transformed into wolves and charged the shocked redhead.

When one of the wolves had Ron’s wand in its jaws, Luna changed back and walked towards him. “I am under my own power as you know – or should know – that spells to control others don’t work when either of them is in animagus form. And I support Tobias with 100% of my own will.” She leaned in closer to him and cast a spell that blocked his ability to speak of what she was going to say.

“We know it was you who tried to terminate Tobias’ pregnancy – and we know that it was the old coot that ordered you to do it – He will get his, just as you will get yours. But until then, you are mine,” she whispered, a near malicious look in her baby blue eyes. “Let me introduce myself. My name is Luna Lovegood; otherwise known as Kyria of the Death Wolf Pack. I’m the Torture Expert, and you will be my first human specimen.” She smirked. “I’ve been told I have a very rare talent for my art.”

She smirked in satisfaction as the pale boy before her fainted.

Words

_Pateras – Father_

_Lykos – Wolf_

_Kyria – Lady_

_Ateria – Mischief_

_Ateros – Mischievous_

_Nonos – Godfather_

_Anadochos – Godfather_
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Bath-time fun and a slight look into Luna's art.

Chapter 28

Tobias laughed as Draco led him around the castle blind-folded. “Where are we going?”

“You’ll see,” Draco chuckled.

The walked for another five minutes in near silence before Draco guided him to a seat. He could barely contain his excitement – damn hormones! He fidgeted slightly as he waited for the blindfold to be removed. When it was, he stared around him in wonder. The room they were in glowed a soft pearlescent gold in the light of a thousand and one candles. The picture frames that doted the room gleamed silver and Draco’s hair seemed to be made of liquid moonbeams.

He looked at the table and gasped feeling tears gathering behind his eyes. The table was set for two with the best plates, cups and cutlery the Malfoy family could afford. Two silver candlestick holders sat on either side of the table and in the very centre was a crystal vase holding a bunch of ten roses; three yellow with pink tips, three the colour of Champaign, three pale blue and in the very centre, one single black one. He felt a single tear roll down his cheek.

“Damn hormones!” he laughed wetly. “This is beautiful Drakontas. Is this why you kicked me out this morning?”

Draco smiled and nodded. “Well, half the reason. You’ll get the rest of it later. I contacted the Malfoy house-elves and ordered a special celebratory dinner for the two of us.” He smiled charmingly. “We haven’t yet celebrated your pregnancy and I thought that we should do so tonight.”

Tobias smiled lovingly. “I think it is a wonderful idea: Just as long as there is no alcohol.”

“There isn’t any alcohol. There is a lovely drink the centaurs sent when they heard you were with child. It is lovely. It’s water with crushed mint and some other herbs that they say will help
strengthen the little one. Do you feel up to starting?”

At Tobias’ nod, Draco rang a small crystal bell and with a small pop, a house elf wearing the Malfoy insignia appeared holding two small covered trays.

“Everything has been made by the Malfoy Elves and you can eat everything.”

Tobias smiled and took a sip of the water. “Then I shall enjoy it.”

With another grin, Draco ordered the house-elf to serve.

***

Two and a half hours later, Tobias put down his spoon for the last time with a sigh of happiness. “That was wonderful Draco. Thank you.”

Draco neatly folded his napkin and placed it on his plate. Standing, he offered his arm to his husband. Guiding him to a clear section of the room, he drew the dark-haired man into his arms just as soft instrumental music began.

Starting to move to the music, Tobias allowed himself to melt into Draco’s embrace. “This is wonderful, Draco. I think we should do stuff like this more often.”

“Soon we will be able to do so,” he whispered in response. “I’m glad that you are enjoying yourself and I hope that you enjoy the rest of the night.”

Tobias raised his head, eyes wide with excitement. “What’s later?”

Draco smiled softly and nuzzled his check on the top of Tobias’ head. “Later is later. This is now. Just relax my special one. Just enjoy.”

Tobias returned his head to Draco’s shoulder with a sigh of contentment and smiled. He could get used to this!
Luna watched the sun sink below the horizon with a satisfied smirk. It was almost time for her to get to work. Before vanishing into the castle, she looked up at the full moon. “It’s almost our time, Mother. I hope you are proud of whom I have become.” She turned and walked back into the castle without a single glance backwards.

Ron jolted awake for the third time since he had left the common room. He was cursing the traitors’ name. He had sent a letter to his parents telling them about Ginny’s betrayal and was hopeful of seeing her punishment the following day. With these happy thoughts, he fell asleep.

Luna glided silently through the halls, deep in thought. She had communicated with Kitten – the sentient mind of Hogwarts – and had succeeded in convincing her to allow access to the Room of Requirement through the room in which Ronald Weasley was sleeping. Stepping into the Gryffindor common room, she sent a silent thank you to Kitten who had overridden the need for a password. She smiled slightly as a small movement caught her eye.

“Hello,” she whispered, placing her hands over the unsuspecting witness’s eyes.

“Hello yourself, Kyria,” Neville whispered back. “I thought you might like a guide in the Lion’s den. I also thought you might like someone to help control Weasley.”

Luna smiled. “Thank you for your offer. I will take you up on it.”

Chuckling softly, Neville gestured for Luna to precede him up the stairs on the far right. When they reached the correct door, Neville opened it and pointed Luna to the correct bunk. He watched as the blonde female softly blew a dull brown powder into the red-head’s face.

“I’m ready Kitten,” she whispered after waving her wand over him, causing him to stiffen and float. The wall between Ron’s bed and the door vanished. With another wave of her wand, she sent him
through then turned to face Neville. “Did you want to watch? I don’t mind, but I’m not sure if you will be comfortable with what I do.”

Neville frowned thoughtfully. “I think I will watch. Nothing you do will make me look at you differently. We are all members of the same Pack and your talent makes no difference to that.” He placed a hand on her shoulder. “We all are loyal to our Alpha – even if we show it in different ways.”

Luna smiled. “Thanks Skoteinos.”

Neville grinned toothily. “Let’s go see what you can do!”

Luna nodded with a wolfish grin, “With pleasure!”

***

Tobias moaned in delight as he sank into the warm depths of the bath. The water’s surface had been liberally coated in rose petals and with one inhale it was evident that a pregnancy-friendly cleaning potion had been added to the water. The entire room was dancing in the light of a thousand and one lit candles and the normally green, black and white room had the added mystery of shadow and harmless sweet-scented smoke.

He opened his eyes and watched as Draco slipped out of his clothes and entered the water, also moaning in delight as the warmth hit his chilled flesh. For a few minutes they stayed locked in their own little worlds, but once the fiery sensation left their bodies, Tobias made his way slowly towards his unsuspecting husband.

Draco jumped when he felt a different type of wet heat on his now-not-so-flaccid dick. He looked down and groaned lustily as his eyes met those of his husband just as teeth gently scrapped up is now solid erection, he whimpered softly when a tentative tongue lapped at his dark pink head. He collapsed in pleasured pain as lips wrapped themselves lovingly around his shaft, teeth gently gripping the shaft directly beneath the mushroom-head on top of it and suction so hard it made Tobias’ cheeks cave in to caress the velvety skin on top.

When the suction stopped, Draco let out a moan, half-regretful, half-relieved. He watched with dazed eyes as Tobias lifted his head to above the water’s surface. He whined when Tobias nuzzled into him.
“I’m sorry for teasing,” he murmured into Draco’s throat. “I’m not really in the mood for sex, but I miss the feeling of you being in me.”

Draco smirked slightly and manoeuvred himself until he felt the head of this dick press against Tobias’ entrance. ‘Thank Merlin I remembered to add the relaxant Sev gave me,” he thought as he slowly pushed into the tight heat above him. ‘Oh Merlin, he’s tight!’

His thoughts were interrupted by a soft moan of enjoyment coming from his neck.

“Maybe we can go further. I had forgotten how marvellous this feels.”

After hearing that, Draco slowly began to move, enjoying the sweet sensation of being buried deeply inside his husband once more.

***

After helping Luna strap Ronald into a set of unforgiving bands, Neville shrank back into the shadows to watch – unseen – until the time he may be needed. Once comfortable, he glanced around the room with interest and was surprised to find his jaw hadn’t dropped from what he could see.

Along one wall was a large collection of whips, paddles and belts, all of which had only one thing in common – they were all designed to draw blood in the most painful of ways. The wall opposite where he was standing was covered in boxes ranging from the size of matchsticks to those large enough to hide the entire Pack together.

He was interrupted from his scrutiny by something that resembled a whimper. Turning his eyes forward, he saw a scene that he knew he would never forget for as long as he lived.

***

While Neville was inspecting the room, Luna was preparing her desired instruments of torture. With a whispered spell she vanished from sight as her special brand of magic surrounded her. With another whispered spell, her victim was silenced and stung spread eagle at waist height by ropes attached to the bands. With another whispered word, the red-head woke and whimpered slightly due
Luna watched with a smirk as he looked around for any sign of whom ever was responsible for his current predicament. Remaining cloaked in her magic, Luna started to prowl around the outskirts of the room.

“You have been judged and found to be unworthy,” she began in her oddly hypnotic voice. “The one to decide your fate has called for your life – and we of The Pack agree with his choice – but we want to take our payment from your hide. Rest assured, Ronald Bilius Weasley, Your final days are upon us – and what a glorious celebration your death will cause.”

Without hesitation, Luna raised a dagger of solid mercury and plunged it deeply into the flesh of Ronald’s right forearm. Not a single drop of blood left the wound. Luna grinned happily at the silent screams rolling through the room.

“You should feel privileged,” she continued in an almost chatty voice. “You are the first being to be in the same room as these blades – well, other than myself, of course. They are my latest invention. Aren’t they just simply wonderful? They are truly wonderful pieces of art, if I do say so myself. The handles are the perfect shape to sit in your hand,” she kept her magic around her while revealing the design to her prey.

“Yes, perfectly designed for a Master’s use – and made from a combination of dementor and grim bone - Perfectly wonderful building materials in their own right but when combined they rival spiders silk in strength, elasticity and weightlessness. That then leads us to the guard.”

She paused long enough to fluidly plunge the blade she held into his left forearm. “The guard is responsible for stopping the blade from eating a hole straight through your body.” She revealed the base and guard of another blade and lovingly caressed them within Ronald’s line of sight. “See these ruins? They are responsible for holding the entire weapon together without any of the individual magic’s attacking the others. Each ruin contains nearly 300 perfect tiny emeralds and each blade has six ruins on them. The guards are formed from the shoulder bone of the Lord Stallion of a Thestral herd. It just happens to be the only substance strong enough to balance the rest of the materials.”

Luna began to prowl once more, heading towards a small table hidden in the shadows. She took a few sips of minted water and returned to the task she had set herself. “Last, and perhaps the most important aspect of this wonderful device,” she swiftly forced the blade of the third blade though one of the red-head’s shinbones with no sign of flinching, “is the blade.

“It is such a simple design that I should have been able to think of it sooner than I did. The main
component is Mercury – which is normally a liquid, but I found that boiling it with the venom of a basilisk, the saliva of a Griffin and the tears of a death phoenix for seven and a half days solidifies it into a large sphere. It can then be forged using the flame of a Vipertooth living the heart of an active volcano and then set using the chill from a dementor’s heart.

“The resulting blade looks delicate to the point of fragility but is strong enough,” she plunged the blade into the remaining shin,” to slice through bone like it was a spoon through bread and butter pudding.”

With a wave of her wand, a series of silencing charms were activated. With another wave a metal table steaming with cold rose from the floor to stop five inches below Ronald’s prone form while another four blade positioned themselves two inches above each of his hips and each of his shoulders.

Luna walked around the male, singing in her once again dreamlike hypnotic voice.

“Ring a ring of roses,
A pocket full of possies,
A tissue,
A tissue,
We all … fall … down.”

As she uttered the last word, the blades above the hapless boy fell, the ropes holding him above the table snapped and the strong silencing charm that was held on him vanished. Loud screams filled the room as once straight blades revealed thousands of tiny hair-like needles that bit into cold steel just as easily as it did human flesh and bone.

Luna watched in fascination as the flesh on Ron’s back froze to the cold metal before being ruthlessly torn away from it due to Ronald’s wild thrashing. “I really must experiment more with this ‘dry ice’ substance,” she purred gleefully as Ron fainted for the overload of pain.

After removing her toys and healing the damage they had caused, Luna checked the red-haired teen’s vital signs before indicating to Neville that she needed help returning him to his bed.

Neville lead Luna to the portrait in silence, but before it closed behind her, he couldn’t help but ask, “Why did you heal him?” As he headed to bed and a deep, dreamless sleep, her answer echoed
through his mind.

“It’s not very fun to torture someone who has already been broken. When he wakes, he will remember all, but find no proof of it happening. He will put it down as a nightmare and I will be free to torture him again and again and again.”

Just before drifting into the strong arms of Morpheus, Neville’s last thoughts were, ‘Merlin, I’m glad she’s on our side.”

***

Tobias smiled sleepily as Draco carried him to their bedroom. They’d had a wonderful bath with a very tender love session half-way through, which Tobias knew he’d have trouble forgetting. He jumped slightly when Draco placed him on the bed.

“Thank you for this wonderful evening Drakontas,” he murmured sleepily.

Draco positioned himself between his husband’s legs and slowly re-entered him. “It’s not over yet, Love,” he whispered, summoning a jar of cream. “Mother gave me this for you. She said that she used this stuff religiously when she was pregnant with me. It’s to keep your skin healthy and soft.”

Draco opened the jar and dipped his fingers into it. “I think we should start you on it right away.” With that said, he gently started massaging it into Tobias’ skin.

Tobias groaned, thinking he’d died and gone to heaven as his husband’s skilful hands mapped his body with long, firm strokes. Time seemed to fly by in a series of groans, moans and cracking joints as the slight pressure stored in them was released.

Without a word, Draco managed to get Tobias’ semi-limp body to lay face down so he could access his back. He smiled to himself when his husband’s body relaxed far enough to allow him to drift into slumber. Even with his husband asleep, Draco continued to massage the cream into his skin – being very careful to keep himself firmly seated in Tobias’s passage like he had been asked.

When he had completed, he placed the jar onto the bedside table and gently manoeuvred both Tobias and himself into a more comfortable position. With a soft press of lips to the top of the head before him, Draco also succumbed to the call of sleep.
Words

Drakontas – Dragon
Kyria – Lady
Skoteinos – Dark
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Sixth years sit for their 'practice' tests >:D

Chapter 29

Ronald jolted awake, panic bubbling up his throat from his chest. Shaking, he ran his hand over his forearm, searching for the wound he knew was there. When he found none, he tried to look and feel his back, knowing that it was going to prove that he wasn’t slowly going insane. Once again there was nothing wrong.

“Just a dream. It was just a dream,” he murmured to himself over and over as he tried calming himself down. When he was calm, he grinned. Today was the day he was going to see his sister get what she deserved. He got out of bed humming happily as he headed to the showers, never noticing the pair of eyes watching him from between almost closed curtains.

“I will never doubt Luna again,” Neville murmured as he gathered his own toiletries for his own shower. “At least, not in this area.”

***

Lucius looked around the room, searching for his son. When he noticed that his son and son-in-law were not in the room, he went searching for them. When a pale and shaking Lucius re-joined the group, everyone stopped and looked at him.

“What’s wrong Lucius?” Severus asked.

Lucius just pointed a shaking hand towards the room claimed by his son and The Pack – including Severus - ran to see what was wrong.

The sound of multiple feet running into the room woke Draco from a lovely dream. He was buried deeply inside his husband’s more than willing body. Tobias moved slightly, bringing Draco’s attention to the fact that he was buried in his partner’s body and he moved slightly, causing Tobias to
moan softly in his sleep. He was about to move again when soft laughter reached his ears.

“You had all better have a good explanation for being in here,” he growled.

“We do. You Father came to wake you and he came out pale and shaking.” Severus explained. “We thought that something bad had happened so we came to see what we could do. However, it seems that all that was wrong was your sheets had slipped and he saw a slight bit too much for his own mental health.”

Tobias moved and whimpered slightly, waking a little more. “Why do we have an audience, Draco?” he asked sleepily. “Are we on a stage?”

Draco chuckled softly. “No, we aren’t on a stage and our audience is leaving.” He shot them a warning look. “They were here because Father couldn’t handle seeing us in this rather lovely position.”

Severus chuckled just as softly. “Just be sure to be out here within 30 minutes. Tobias cannot afford to miss any meals – particularly since you do your exams today.”

“Yes Sev. We’ll be out in a couple of minutes. I assume that the Minister will not argue with us having our own house-elf since Tobias is in such a delicate condition.”

Severus smirked. “I will enquire of your Father as to which house-elf you are permitted to take. What will you do about a Healer?”

“Go talk to Pateras!” Tobias snapped. “I’m trying to do something that most people take for granted!”

Draco and Severus blinked in surprise, staring at the dark-haired youth.

“Well? What are you still doing here?”

Severus disappeared through the door and before it shut Draco heard Rowena say, “Oh dear. I think the hormones have revealed themselves.”
Draco looked down at Tobias, still shocked at the tone he had taken.

“Are you going to move or not?”

Draco grinned and thrust forwards gently. “We only have 30 minutes, but I’m going to make it the best 30 minutes ever.”

Tobias pushed back and moaned. “I can’t wait.”

***

Cornelius Fudge checked his watch once more. It was almost five minutes past nine and not all of the students were ready. The Slytherins hadn’t even turned up!

The sound of chatter bought his attention to the stairs leading to the dungeons. There, walking up the stairs were the missing students and some of their parents.

“You are late!” he exclaimed, making everyone go silent. “If this were a real exam, you would all have failed!”

“We have a good reason, Sir,” Pansy said. “Because of another threat to our Alpha’s child, we aren’t leaving his side and due to that when he …”

She was interrupted by a body barging past her being closely followed by a worried Draco.

Minister Fudge looked on with some confusion. Severus sighed. “Just what we need. First thing today was hormones and now he has morning sickness.” He shook his head, “at least I can make a potion for the morning sickness … I think.”

Pansy shook her head. “Like I was saying, because he started with the morning sickness, we were late since none of us are willing to leave Tobias since his life – and that of his child – has been threatened more than once.”
Cornelius raised his eyebrows. “Why haven’t I been told about this before now?”

A man that he didn’t know approached him. “I believe that is a question to ask the Headmaster, since it is his job to report those matters.”

The Minister narrowed his eyes. “I don’t believe I know you.”

The man gave a half smirk. “I am Randal Johns. Tobias’ father.”

Tom caught himself as he started to chuckle at the face on Cornelius Fudge’s face. “I heard that there was some trouble so I came to ensure my son is kept safe. I also would like to request that my personal healer be within reach of him as well as one of the Malfoy house-elves to prepare his food – he has special food requirements that I don’t trust to just anything to prepare.”

“O-of course,” Cornelius stammered, terrified of the man before him.

“Good. Here they come.”

When Draco and Tobias arrived, the Minister escorted the sixth years to the Ministry for their exams.

***

Fred and George exchanged identical smirks over the piece of parchment in their hands. On the table between them lay the letter their youngest brother had written. They knew that if their mother received it, then Ginny would be in trouble – if only because she had sided with Tobias rather than Dumbledore.

As one they looked down at the paper they held and nodded in satisfaction. They could not wait to see the results of this.

“I can’t wait to see his face when he gets the reply from this letter,” Fred chuckled.
“Me either,” George grinned. “And with this, ‘Bi will have no more trouble with our family and have a spy there so we can focus on others.”

“I’m sure Alpha will be thrilled.”

Smirking at each other, the twins rolled both scrolls and handed the original to the school owl and theirs to one of their own owls. “Take this straight to the Burrow. Do not allow anyone to see it,” George said to the owl. “We’re counting on you, Labrys.”

The twins released both owls at the same time, chuckling. They had to report this to The Pack.

***

Neville watched and listened as the Patil twins tried to convince the Minister to allow them to be in the same hall. Smirking internally, he walked over to them.

“I see there is a problem. Can I help in any way?” he asked politely with a slight amount of concern.

The girls turned to look at him. “We want to be able to be together for this seating, seeing that we feel more comfortable when we see each other once a day.”

Neville smiled shyly. “I understand. As twins you don’t feel completely whole without having some contact with the other.” He turned to the Minister and became even shyer. “Is there any way for them to be together, Sir? It can’t be too much trouble to arrange.”

The Minister paled slightly, seeing a flash of colour appear on the youth’s cheek.

“There is no room for either of them in the opposite room. Each room can hold a specific number of people and both rooms are full.”

Neville mentally rubbed his hands together gleefully. “If someone was willing to swap rooms with either young lady, would it be possible?” he asked softly after a moment of thought.
The Minister blinked. “Yeees,” he drew out while thinking, “but who would be willing to swap?”

“I will, Sir,” Neville said without hesitation. “I couldn’t in good conscience keep these two ladies apart when I have the solution to make their stay more comfortable and I would be much more comfortable away from Ron Weasley. He never was as good a friend to me as Harry … Sorry, as Tobias was and I miss talking to him.”

The Minister looked at Neville thoughtfully. “Yes, I believe that will work …” he was interrupted by two squeals of delight.

“Thank you Neville!” Pavarti gushed.

Neville blushed. “You’re welcome.”

Cornelius watched the youngster as he walked unsurely towards his new line. He shook his head as the shy, fumbling lad became a confident young man. ‘I’m glad that went well,’ he thought almost hysterically. ‘I don’t want to know what would have happened had I refused.’

Neville looked up from the person he was talking to and locked his eyes on the Minister and smirked.

Subconsciously, Cornelius shuddered.

***

Tobias stretched and winced at the slight muscle twinge in his lower back. He had completed his History of Magic exam, both his transfiguration exams and his DADA theory exam since the examiners wanted to see if there was a way to safely test his practical knowledge while pregnant before allowing him to do the practical exam. He looked at the time. It was only 1 pm and time for lunch or get another lecture about missing meals. Once he stood the members of The Pack that were present also stood and started for the front of the room.

Draco, Neville and Millicent walked from the practical room as Greg, Vince, Pansy, Blaise, Theo and Tobias handed in their written exams. Tobias’ morning sickness had vanished after they had arrived at the Ministry – as had the hormonal person Draco had woken beside.
Draco clicked his fingers and a house-elf popped in almost silently with a large tray of goodies for a pregnant person. He nodded and walked to Tobias, wrapping a guiding arm around the waist of the sleepy male.

“Come Love,” he murmured. “Time to eat then sleep a bit.”

Tobias blinked wearily at his husband and nodded. He could continue his exams when he didn’t need toothpicks to hold up his eyelids. “Four down, thirteen – maybe fourteen – to go,” he murmured.

Draco nodded. “What subjects have you done?” he asked as they sat the other six pack members.

“History of Magic, both transfiguration exams and DADA theory. You?”

Draco looked at Tobias sternly. “I hope you didn’t do all of that without having a break.”

Tobias sighed. “I did have a break. Madam Greengrass made me lay down for fifteen minutes and have a cup of sweet tea and a scone while she checked me over.”

Draco sighed with relief. “That’s good. Sorry for over-reacting.”

Tobias smiled and sipped it, humming in pleasure. “What subjects have you done?” he asked once more as he cut into a patty.

“Both DA, Muggle Studies and History of Magic.”

“Both Potions and both Herbology for me,” Neville joined.

“Both Divination, Arithmancy and Ancient Runes here,” Pansy sighed.

“Both COMC, both transfiguration,” Greg and Vince chorused.
Blaise stretched. “Potions and Charms here.”

“Same for me,” Theo echoed.

“Arithmancy, Muggle Studies and Herbology,” Millicent said off-handedly. “What are we doing after we finish eating?”

“Tobias and I are going to have a nap,” Draco nodded towards his husband who was sleepily drinking his mango lassi. “You six can either join us or continue with the exams, you are free to choose.”

“We will join you,” Neville announced without consulting the others. “We are a Pack and while the rest of The Pack sleeps, Millie and I will stand guard.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Tobias yawned. “We should be safe here.”

“We know we don’t have to,” Pansy replied, “but it is our job to ensure that you are safe, so we will take it in turns to watch you. We agreed to it before we started and nothing you say will change our minds.”

Tobias sighed then shook his head, “At least I should have an uneventful rest.”

As The Pack moved towards the sleeping area they were aware of everyone in the room watching them.

***

Madam Greengrass stalked into the room intent on tearing strips from someone’s hide. She had told the official that every hour and a half to two hours, Tobias had to see her. It was now five o’clock and she hadn’t seen her patient since eleven thirty that morning!

Searching for the official, she paused when something caught her eye. She moved towards it and
blinked. There on three cots slept six members of The Pack. In the centre cot was her charge and his husband. To their immediate right lay Greg and Vince. To their immediate left lay Neville and Millicent. At the foot of the cot holding her patient lay a dark brown wolf with a caramel snout, saddle, tail and right forepaw. At the head of the same cot lay a petite pale tan wolf with large blue eyes and a black stripe from the tip of its muzzle to the tip of its tail.

Moving slowly, the Healer removed a camera from her healer’s bag and snapped a picture. Looking up after she had put the camera away, she found herself looking into a pair of human eyes.

“Grandmother,” Blaise murmured with a slight bow.

“Madam Greengrass,” Pansy also bowed to the formidable lady.

Madam Greengrass bowed her head in response. “What is the meaning of this?” she asked, indicating the scene before them. “Tobias was meant to see me at two. It is now five fifteen!”

Blaise winced softly at the strength of her voice. “Please lower your voice, Grandmother. We stopped for lunch at one and because Tobias was falling asleep at the table, Draco suggested that the two of them have a nap. We decided that four of us would rest while two would watch and we would change every two hours. Neville and Millie went first and they woke us up roughly an hour and 20 minutes ago so they could sleep. Neither Tobias nor Draco have woken, though they have been stirring for the past fifteen minutes. They should be awake by six so they can eat.”

Madam Greengrass nodded. “Do you know if anyone is thinking of continuing their exams?”

“I think we are going to try for another two exams before calling it a night. The three awake people jumped at the sleepy voice.

“You are supposed to be asleep Alpha,” Pansy scowled.

“I was,” Tobias yawned, making his jaw crack, “but how am I supposed to sleep when people yell?” he added grumpily. He looked at Madam Greengrass with eyes still puffy from sleep. “You are supposed to know better as a Healer. At the moment I think I would have been better off with just my Pack.”

“Do not take that tone with me, Youngster. I know what is best for you!”
“And how is waking me from the first uninterrupted sleep I’ve had in a long time supposed to help me?”

“If you hadn’t have been up to funny business last night, you would have had a decent night’s sleep then, so don’t pull that one on me.”

The Pack gasped in shock as the words sunk in. Tobias stood very slowly with waves of anger pulsing off him in almost visible waves. Madam Greengrass gulped at the rage she saw revealed in the icy green-grey eyes focused on her.

“So you are saying that I shouldn’t have eaten a specially prepared meal in my own set of rooms with my husband. Or was it the hour of slow dancing before having a long, hot, relaxing bath that I shouldn’t have done? How about the full body massage that I fell asleep half-way through? Just because I woke up with my husband’s cock buried deep inside my arse doesn’t mean that we spent all night fucking – not that it would be any business of yours if I had decided to ride him long and hard through the night. If you must know, I was in and out of sleep all night throwing up.”

Tobias finally became aware of the silent room, the blushing students, the pale medi-witch before him, the pale green ministry workers behind her, the amused pack surrounding him and a frantic Draco beside him.

He blinked at Draco in confusion as he noticed the tears rolling down his face. “Draco?” he asked plaintively, forgetting his anger at the sight of Draco’s tears. “What’s wrong? Did I do something bad?”

Draco lost control and laughed till he fell back onto the cot. “I – I can’t be – believe you just did that. Y – you sh –should have seen the looks on everyone’s faces when y – you mentioned my cock buried in your arse! I’m so going to have to put that memory into a pensieve and play it in the Great Hall after showing our family!”

Tobias smiled and curled gracefully next to his husband, nuzzling into him. “Love you Drakontas.”

Draco calmed quickly and nuzzled back. “I love you too.”

The Pack organized themselves around their Alpha and Beta once again as the couple drifted off to sleep. Blaise smirked as his Grandmother moved from the room, shamefaced. It was evident that she
had forgotten who her boss really was. He would bet a large amount of money that she was hoping this incident never got reported to The Lord – but it would, because his loyalty now lay with his Alpha and the rest of his pack – not with the humans beyond it.

***

Ginny and Luna sat together in the Quidditch stands, not looking at anything in particular when a barn owl swooped down on them.

Luna noted the flurescent purple breast and deep pink beak and talons as Ginny exclaimed, “Lycia! What news have you bought form the mischief makers from Tartarus?”

The owl bobbed its head and held out a talon. Ginny carefully removed the letter and read it while Luna absent-mindedly scratched the owl’s head.

Ginny laughed and transfigured a sweets wrapper into a piece of parchment. She pulled a self-inking pen from behind Luna’s ear and wrote a short reply. “Give this to one of them, Lycia.” The owl bobbed her head several times and took off, leaving both girls to watch her vanish from sight.

When the owl had left their sight, Ginny gave the letter to Luna. As she read, Luna’s mind started to work double-time with what she could do to the weasel the next time she saw him. She smiled dreamily as she handed the letter back to its recipient – she could hardly wait.

***

Tobias sighed as he lowered his quill for the last time. He had finally completed all eighteen of his exams. The DADA ministry official had decided that he could sit the practical – as long as certain precautions had been obtained first. And here he was, waiting for Neville and Vincent to put down their quills so they could hand in their last exam together.

When they finally had handed in their work, the three boys sat at the table and nibbled on the food the Malfoy house elf and bought Tobias.

“I can’t wait to go back,” Tobias murmured, rubbing his eyes. “All I want to do is sleep.”
Neville and Vince exchanged looks. During their time in the room, the ministry officials, the other students and Madam Greengrass had discovered just how bad their Alpha’s morning sickness was and just how restlessly he slept. Both boys believed that their Alpha would be much more comfortable and less … excitable … in his own environment – at least, they hoped so.

They watched as Tobias polished off a large bowl of pasta full of salmon, tomatoes, spinach, basil and red peppers, a glass of caffeine-free chai made with soy milk and a thick slice of banana, walnut and date loaf. They exchanged looks and shrugged. At least he had a decent appetite when he wasn’t throwing up.

When the rest of The Pack was ready, the Ministry Official gave them permission to leave and sent a message to those on the other side of the door. They left with an escort of two aurors Tobias didn’t know and Madam Greengrass.

None of them looked back as they were portkeyed into Hogsmeade. As Draco guided a green-faced Tobias to the nearest seat, Blaise made his way to the local Owl office to send an important letter to The Lord, knowing as he did so that there was a strong chance that he would be disowned and not caring if he was. His was a higher purpose than the Zabini clan now-days.

Words

Pateras – Father

Labrys – a symmetric double-headed axe

Drakontas – Dragon

Lycia – a geopolitical region in Anatolia

Tartarus – Deep abyss in Greek mythology that is used as a prison for the Titans and as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Plans within plans within plans

Chapter 30

Luna absent-mindedly ran her finger though Ginny’s hair. Both girls had wandered towards the lake mid-morning and had settled into an easy silence. She looked down at the head in her lap and smiled. She had always wished that she’d had a sister, and now she had one in the fiery girl dozing in the weak winter sun. She leaned back against the tree and closed her eyes.

“Do you think they are alright?” Ginny asked, turning so she could look at Luna’s face without hurting her neck or sitting up.

“I’m sure they are fine. After all, none of them will abandon anyone.”

Ginny sighed. “I know that in my head and in my gut, but I can’t top myself feeling …”

“Itchy?” Luna supplied. “I understand. None of us like being away from our Pack mates. Just remember that they will signal us when they are on their way up from Hogsmeade.”

A wolf’s howl trembled in the air. Both girls grinned and Ginny sat up excitedly. “They’re coming!”

Luna nodded and rose. “Let’s go met them at the gate.”

Ginny rose and after dusting herself of snow, she started to run for the school entrance. “Catch me if you can Luna!” she called over her shoulder.

Luna smiled. “Ready or not, here I come!” Luna slowly started to run after the red-head.
Draco sighed in relief when he saw the gates close behind him. He had been so worried that Dumbledore would try attacking them while they were unprotected that he had ordered several of The Pack to transform to aid in scenting the area. He didn’t think he’d ever had a more stressful walk in his life!

Hearing a yelp of happiness, he exchanged a grin with Tobias. It seemed that two of their pack members missed their two younger pack-mates more than the rest of them. He chuckled when one of the wolves raced out to meet the two girls racing toward them.

When the girls joined the group, those in wolf form returned to human and the two larger males hugged the girls.

“Oh Merlin we missed you!” Ginny exclaimed as she flung her arms around first Greg, than Pansy.

“If you hadn’t said so, we never would have guessed,” Neville laughed, wincing at the elbow in the ribs he got from Blaise as Luna hugged first Vincent than Millicent.

“I sent the letter, Alpha,” Blaise said. The Lord should get it just as Grandmother goes in to see him.”

“Did you mention that I wish for The Pack to be there before her punishment is settled?”

“Yes Alpha. I also told him that under Zabini family rules, I am a traitor due to my bringing this transgression to his attention. I also revealed that in the event that I am disowned, than I wish to fully bind myself to The Pack.”

Tobias and Draco exchanged looks as the rest of The Pack surrounded them and slowly started to walk towards the castle Absent-mindedly, the three in the centre started to walk with them.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” Draco asked. “Think of what it means. You will never be able to marry or bond to anyone or anything else ever. You will be able to father children, if you so wish, but they will either stay with the mother or belong to The Pack. You will never be able to become the Lord you are meant to become.”
Blaise nodded once firmly. “It is what I wish to happen. Unlike the other members of The Pack, I have never had the desire to father a child – and even though I enjoy sex, I don’t need to love my partner to be able to do it. Also, if I am disinherited, then I will have no name, no property, no money and no family history to give to any female that I might meet. I would rather be Blaise of The Pack than just Blaise.” He smirked at a thought. “And being bonded to The Pack won’t stop me from sleeping with females who aren’t of The Pack.”

The Pack members present started to laugh.

“Maybe I should have named you ‘Apateones’ instead of ‘Arpakitiko’ Blaise,” Tobias chuckled, eyes sparkling with mirth. “It seems that you are The Rogue of Death’s Wolf Pack.” He turned serious. “But whether you bond to The Pack or not, you will always be Blaise of The Pack. Nothing and no one will ever change that.”

Blaise nodded with a small smile on his face. “Thank you Alpha. I do know that, but I still stand by my decision. If I should be disowned, I will be bonded to The Pack.” He looked up at the castle now looming about them. “I spent the majority of my life being terrified of being disowned. Now, however,” he shrugged, “Something in me wants them to disown me. In fact, I hope they do – this is my family right here. I don’t need anything else.”

Once more Tobias and Draco exchanged looks. “If you wish to bond to The Pack in the event of your disownment then we will respect your decision.”

Blaise nodded and moved smoothly into the outer circle as Ginny moved to their Alpha’s side.

“I received a letter from the Twins earlier this morning. It seems that they managed to intercept a letter that Ronald had sent to our mother. They gave me a short low down on what the letter said and what they are doing about it, but they did indicate that they would have a full report for you by lunchtime and as it is lunchtime in about ten minutes, it should be on your desk for you.”

Draco groaned as Tobias nodded.

“Not more paperwork!” he groaned.

Tobias laughed. “I don’t mind paperwork and it is something to do with our Pack.”
Draco sighed. “True.”

“Don’t worry Love,” Tobias said consolingly. “You don’t need to touch it if you don’t want.”

Ginny giggled slightly. “Here is the letter they wrote me.” She handed the letter to Tobias and moved back to her place, only to be replaced by Luna.

“I need to talk to you Alpha, about a personal matter.”

Tobias nodded. “I’ll deal with the report first, then we will have lunch – I may need to talk with Pateras after eating, so I should go for a nap – so maybe we can collect the report and then head out to the Lake to eat. I’m sure that you or Epikindynos can talk the house-elves into giving you enough food for everyone and we can talk on the way there.”

“Or you can go down to your rooms, where you will find your Father waiting to talk to you about a letter he received from one of your pack members. While you talk with him, you will eat and after that you will either nap or sleep. Only after that will you deal with the report and talk with Miss Lovegood.”

Tobias sighed. “Yes Lykos.”

Remus folded his arms, laughter dancing in his eyes. “I mean it, Neogennito. You are to go and eat under your Fathers’ watchful eye, then you will sleep THEN you will aid Miss Lovegood and deal with business. If you don’t, then I will make sure that as soon as you leave here, you will not be allowed to leave the bed you are in.”

Tobias pouted. “Meanie.”

Remus chuckled. “Yes, I guess I am. But if it means you remain happy, healthy and comfortable during your pregnancy then I’m sure I will be able to live with it.”

Tobias smiled. “I agree, after all, I am going to need to take care of myself each pregnancy.”

Draco stopped abruptly. “Each pregnancy? As in more than one?”
Tobias stopped as well and looked back at his husband. “Yes. Unless …” he felt his bottom lip wobble slightly and his eyes begin to fill with tears. “Unless you only want one child,” he whispered.

Draco took two steps and gathered the tear teen in his arms. “No Sweetheart no. Don’t every think that,” he whispered. “I will give you as many pups as you want. I just thought that you would have the same outlook as most other pure-bloods have on children. I didn’t dare hope that you would want more than one.”

Tobias snuggled into Draco’s chest with a yawn, “That’s good. We need at least eight pups. More might be a bit too much, but if they come, they’ll be more than welcome.”


Tobias looked at Draco as if he wasn’t using his brain.

“Well, there are eight family titles that we hold between us Draco,” he said slowly. “I think it is time that we bring a few of them out of the shadows.”

Theo frowned. “What do you mean Alpha?”

Tobias smiled and started to walk again. “The eight families are Malfoy for Draco, Black for both of us, and from me there is Riddle, Potter – “

One of the girls made a questioning sound.

“I am a Potter by blood. I know that and I accept it. I do not wish for the Potters to vanish. I’m not against the Potter and I never have been. I have simply moved on from that area of my life.”

“That’s only four though,” Theo said in puzzlement.

Tobias looked at Theo as if he had grown an extra head.
“Pontikos, who gave you the stupid pills this morning?” he finally asked. “Are you or are you not the scholar of this group?”

“I am the scholar here,” Theo said, still puzzled.

“Then how about thinking about what other names I can use!” Tobias snapped.

“Hormones still going?” Helga asked as they approached.

“No, just our intelligent member taking stupid pills resulting in him asking stupid questions.”

“I’m taking that as a yes,” Rowena chuckled.

Tobias sneered at the set of four portraits and stamped his way to where he could see Remus’ laughing form walking through. Draco glared at Theo and the two portraits before following his husband.

Ginny and Luna smacked Theo across the back of the head.

“Hey!” He yelped. “What was that for?”

“For an intelligent bloke you are incredibly stupid,” they said together.

“What was the matter?” Rowena asked.

“Bi and Draco were talking about children and Bi said he things they should have at least eight – one for each family and Mr Oblivious here had to ask who four of the families are even though he told us the only one that we wouldn’t have guessed.”

“And what were they”: Helga asked with a knowing smile.
“Riddle, Malfoy, Potter and Black,” Luna said absent-mindedly. “The other four names are even more obvious considering where we are, who our Alpha is and who we are talking to at the moment.”

Theo smacked his forehead with his palm. “How could I be so stupid? Of course he was talking about the Founders.”

Walking into the room the rest of The Pack laughed at the red-faced boy.

***

Tom watched his son as he played with the food before him. “Is anything wrong Tobias?”

Tobias sighed and pushed his plate away from him. “I don’t really feel like eating anything here. Do we have any melon? Or grapes? Mango sounds good too …”

Tom chuckled and clicked his fingers, causing a house-elf to appear. Tobias growled softly.

“Master called Mimsie?” the elf shivered fearfully.

“Yes. We require a large fruit salad. Make sure you get a good variety of fruit. Do NOT focus on apples, pears and oranges.”

“Yes Master,” Mimsie trembled before vanishing.

Tobias stopped growling.

Tom watched Tobias closely. “Do you know what was written in the letter I received from Mr Zabini?”

“I know the gist of it, but I do not know the exact wording he used. Why?”
Wordlessly Tom handed over the parchment.

After he read it, Tobias yawned and rubbed his temples. “I knew that he had reported what had occurred between Madam Greengrass and myself and I also knew about his request to be bonded to The Pack should he be disowned, but I didn’t know about the section on Granger, Weasley or Bumblewhore,” he sighed and shook his head. “I’m too tired for this,” he murmured, rubbing at his eyes. “I’m going to need to talk to Ginny and Pansy then Blaise. I might do that while waiting for my fruit salad,” he pouted sleepily resulting in Tom chuckling softly.

“Ginny, Pansy,” Draco called, seeing a way he could help his husband. “Can you come here?”

A puzzled pair of girls rose. When they reached the head of the table, Draco put up a silencing spell.

“I have a job for the two of you,” Tobias stretched. “First I will tell you the rules, then you will say if you accept, then I will tell you what the job is. Are you interested so far?”

The girls glanced at each other. “Yes Alpha.”

“Rule one. Only we five are to know what you are doing until I decide to tell everyone else. Rule two. You are to work together at all times. If the best way of doing something is with only one of you, I expect you to tell the other before it occurs. Rule three. You are to write an individual report each at the end of every week and a combined report at the end of each thing you complete. Do you accept?”

“Even though there seems to be a lot of work,” Ginny mused.

“We accept,” Pansy confirmed. “I was starting to feel as though I would cast an unforgivable at someone to keep myself from going insane!”

“So what are we doing?” Ginny asked.

“You will be doing a great deal, as this job is … intense. I need you two girls to go over the castle recording how many rooms are no longer being used, what you think the room was used as and list the items in the room. While in each room, you are to clean it to the best of your ability and sketch it the way it looked when you first arrived. Take photos before and after you remove or clean out something so that you have proof of what you found. Do up tables of each area and write what you
find in that area and what condition it is in. Everything you find that isn’t furniture is to be packed into boxes. When each box is full, you stop and one of you brings the box to a room that I will have set aside specially for them. The boxes will be labelled with what room and which area the stuff came from. I will have another box appear so you can continue.

You will be wearing gloves as you have to do this without magic. The boxes themselves will have a lightening charm on them, but you will both need to carry the box from the room. The furniture that is easy for you to move with only the two of you will need to be moved into the same room I will be setting aside for the boxes. I will tell one or two other people about what you are doing and they will be there for the items that the two of you cannot handle on your own. Once a room has been completely emptied, you are to stop until I say to continue. This will be so that I can sort through the boxes and furniture that have been removed and make records of everything before deciding what to do with it all – whether it be keep it, destroy it, restore it or give it away. I will also be doing my own reports on each item.”

Tobias yawned and sipped at the herbed water beside him. “I want everything possible in the report – down to where there was dust and how thick it was. I also want all sketches, pictures, graphs, diagrams, tables and lists to be included in the report as well as descriptions, accidents, damage that was found or happened while you were there, creatures that were present – dead or alive. If you can, keep all creatures you find, regardless of their state of living. I want the reports to be so detailed that Weasley would be able to see the room in his minds’ eye.”

“We can do that,” Pansy said, determination evident in the set of her mouth and deep in her eyes. “How long do we have to do this? And do you want the hallways done as well?”

“I expect at least one and a half months per room. If it takes longer that is no problem, but I will be worried if it takes less time,” Harry turned thoughtful. “I hadn’t really thought of the hallways, but yes, I would like for you to do them as well, but maybe wait until all the rooms on that level have been done before doing the hallways. Kitten will be able to reveal any secret rooms or areas that need to be done, even though she may not be aware for much of it.”

Ginny whistled. “That’s a lot of detail you want, Alpha. Are we going to get an explanation to why we are doing this?”

Tobias nodded as he absent-mindedly munched on a carrot stick he had stolen from Draco’s plate. “Where is that gods-be-damned elf!” he growled. “Sorry Epikindynos, what was that?”

Ginny smothered a giggle. “I asked if you were going to explain why you want this done and why us in particular.”
Tobias stole another piece of carrot and nibbled on it, deep in thought. “I want this done because when this school was first created, there were classes in each room. Over time, many of the classes were dropped due to many things. It is a natural part of life, but since Dumbledore has been at the school, some of the more integral lessons have been cancelled and/or banned. It has also come to my attention that Dumbles is using the abandoned classrooms to hide magical artefacts – many of which do not have any business being anywhere near children, let alone actually in a school full of them.”

“So that’s why you don’t want us to do anything alone or with magic,” Pansy observed.

Tobias nodded. “As to why I want you two girls to do this, you two are the only two I can trust to do this with the same attention to detail that I myself would dedicate to this task. I had thought Theo as well, but I figured that he’d be more interested in any scrolls, parchments, books or pieces of paper that he finds.”

“What do we do if we find something that is too heavy for either of us to move?”

“One of you comes and tells me and I will get someone to help you with it.”

“When do we start?” Ginny asked with a large grin.

“I would prefer it if you were to start it after Dumbles is removed from the school, so that leaves you with a few months to prepare everything for it. You are going to need to get specialised gloves and clothes so that nothing will harm you. I suggest writing to Bill about it and then you are going to need to start listing everything you will need. When you have the lists ready, bring them to me and we will discuss everything you have and you are going to need to have good reasons to have everything you write on the list.”

The two girls nodded.

“Another thing, you will only come to either me or Draco when you need something. Kitten is going to be a little ... busy with keeping our plans away from the rest of the school – after all, there will still be Dumbledore supporters even after he is removed from this existence and remember, mum’s the word.”

The girls chuckled as Draco removed the privacy charm.
“Now where is that damn house-elf!” Tobias growled.

Mimpsie arrived, trembling in fear as it stood before a hormonally charge Tobias.

“What the hell are you doing that is taking so long with a simple fruit salad? He snarled. “Are you waiting for the fruit to grow?”

The house-elf trembled more violently. “M-Mimpsie not find m-much f-fruit f-for Master.”

Tobias sneered at the ridiculous creature. “You are a magical creature and can travel to other areas with the same amount of effort as one would roll out of bed in the morning. Did it not occur to you to go to another country ... Fuck this, DOBBY!”

Everyone in the room went silent as a loud pop sounded.

“Youse called Dobby, Sir?”

“Can you make fruit salad containing whatever fruit you can find. No dairy, no sugar, no herbs. Make sure that it is alright for an unborn babe. Try to keep the regular fruits to a minimum.” He sneered at the trembling elf between them. “And take this poor excuse of a creature with you. Maybe you can teach it how to grow at least half a brain cell!”

Dobby bowed. “Dobby dos as sir requests.” He grabbed the arm of the other elf and popped away.

Tobias collapsed into his chair and rubbed his eyes and temples. “Merlin I hate creatures that can’t think for themselves.” He looked up at the people still staring at him. “What? He snapped. “Five years of being friends with Weasley has created an intense hatred of idiotic beings. And it’s not as if this is the first time I’ve lost my temper so GET OVER IT!”

Lucius, Narcissa, Remus, Tom and Severus looked down to hide the evidence of their amusement as Draco stood behind Tobias and started to rub the muscles in his neck. A bowl appeared before Tobias with a small pop and before anyone could react, Tobias had attacked it, moaning in ecstasy at the sweet juice coating his tongue with every bite.
Half an hour later Dobby appeared. “Is sir liking the fruit?”

Tobias swallowed his mouthful. “Do you want a job Dobby? I need an elf I can trust as my own cook while I’m with child.”

Dobby looked at Tobias with large eyes. “Sir wants Dobby as his elf?”

Tobias nodded. “Your job will be to create and cook my meals and snacks every day. If you agree you will be given a list of my dietary needs and the potions that I need to take and the times and amount I need them. As payment you will get a ball of wool every fortnight and a pair of socks as a bonus every six to twelve months.”

Dobby beamed. “Dobby accepts sir!”

Tobias nodded. “You’re hired. You are also to try and keep the incompetent imbeciles away from me. Also, talk to Winky for me. Tell her that there is a family that wants a nursery elf in the future and they will be wanting a good elf for that job. Tell her that you are sure that she will get the position, but she needs to stop drinking, clean her act up and show that she is a willing house-elf that will do as she is told. Do not tell her who the family is.”

Dobby grinned as he felt his magic connect to his new masters magic. With a bow and a murmured ‘master’, he disappeared, a large smile on his face.

Tobias returned to eating the bowl of mixed fruit before him. “Arpakitiko, can you come here please?”

Blaise stood and confidently walked to his Alpha. “Yes Alpha?”

“Thank you for writing to Pateras for me,” he said, looking up from the bowl. “I would like to give you a reward – however there are rules. Do you accept?”

“I accept Alpha, thought I didn’t do what I did for a reward.”

Tobias and Draco grinned.
“We know. That’s why we are giving you this opportunity,” Draco answered.

“Now, no lasting damage and no letting on of who you are until you can guarantee that you will not be discovered.” Tobias smirked. “Your reward is Granger. She’s yours to do what you will until it is time for me to fulfil my vow.” He made a face. “Just do not rape her, it is beneath you as a pure-blood and a member of this pack.”

Blaise’s eyes brightened until they seemed to be lit from behind. “I thank you, Alpha. Beta. I will remember to do as you have ruled. I will claim her tonight. She will regret her treatment of you.” With a bow, he left for his seat.

Tobias pushed his almost empty bowl away from him with a badly concealed yawn.

“Nap time?” Draco asked softly.

Tobias nodded, eyes almost closed. Chuckling, he stood and picked his sleepy husband up. “Excuse me a moment,” he murmured, turning toward their room.

Before he got there, he was joined by Luna.

“I’ll stay with him while you return to the meeting. Someone needs to be there to put forward what the two of you wish for.”

Draco nodded and led the way.

***

Tobias sat at his desk, deep in thought. He had woken nearly an hour before and had listened to Luna’s problem before calming her with a few words. She had nodded and left to do as he had suggested, leaving him to read, examine and reply to the letters, reports and forms that had been delivered to his desk by Thanatos. He smiled as his thoughts turned to the phoenix that had chosen to bond with him. He didn’t see the creature often due to his reluctance to cage a magical creature, but there wasn’t a day that he didn’t receive at least one letter that the beautiful creature had delivered for him.
“So this is what you do in your spare time, is it?” a deep voice purred into his ear. “You really need to get a life.”

“I have a life Booph,” Tobias answered. “I’ve been put onto light duties for a while and so cannot do some of the things that I used to do.”

“And why is that?”

Tobias smiled. “I’m going to be a Mama!” Tobias counted to three mentally and giggled when the Earth Daemon’s eyes rolled back into his head and his knees gave out on him.

Zog looked at his friend laying on the ground and laughed. “What happened? He miss a step?”

Tobias giggled. “No, I just told him that I’m going to be a Mama. I’m pregnant!” Once more, he mentally counted to three and watched as the second daemon fainted. He started to laugh without stopping. Draco, after hearing the commotion appeared two minutes later with his wand drawn. After being told what had happened, he also stated laughing uncontrollably. It was the funniest thing he had ever heard.

**Words**

*Apateones – Rogue*

*Arpakitiko – Predator*

*Pateras – Father*

*Epikindynos – Dangerous*

*Lykos – Wolf*

*Neogennito - Cub*

*Pontikos – Mouse*
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Tobias has some fun before the day even starts.

Chapter 31

Tobias woke early the next day wrapped in his husband’s arms. He turned and nuzzled into the porcelain chest, licking the skin and moaning softly in delight at the slightly sweet-salty taste.

“Mmm ... Bi ...” Draco whimpers in his sleep.

Tobias stretched with a small smile on his lips, a devilish idea sparking in his mind. As stealthily as he could, he tied both of Draco’s hands and feet to the bed and then straddled him, running his hands reverently up the taunt stomach and chest to the broad shoulders. He leant down and started to lick and nibble at the smooth skin of his husband’s throat. Ignoring the moans, groans and whimpers that were coming from Draco’s mouth, he slowly made his way down the chest to lick, suck, nibble and pinch the dusky pin nipples, making Draco jerk awake, causing he loose ties to tighten, making him struggle to reach his husband.

“Bi? What?”

Tobias raised his lips and paused the softly to Draco’s. “Trust me? Please?”

Draco paused and nodded. “I trust you, Bi.”

Tobias smiled and returned to marking Draco’s chest and stomach with small love bites. When he got to Draco’s navel, he nibbled, sucked and licked the area with a single-minded determination that had Draco melt into the bed as his dick throbbed with desire. He smirked and made his way towards his prize. He licked his lips, looking at the leaking tip.

Draco groaned deeply as Tobias tentatively tongued his slit.
Tobias swallowed him whole before giving the wettest, sloppiest head job he could. He smirked at the disgusted look on Draco’s face before sinking slowly onto the swollen dick, relishing the slow burn.

~Yesss~ he hissed in delight. ~Sssssooooo good. Ssssoooo delightful. Need more!~ He slowly rose and lowered himself back down. ~Mine! All mine! Ssssooo good!~

Draco’s eyes rolled into the back of his head and he got the urge to grab the tease above him by the hips and force him harder and faster onto his still aching cock. He tried to move his hands, only to have the ties grip him tighter. He whimpered in desire as Tobias sank slowly back down and rotated his hips, obviously lost in his own world.

Two hours later, Draco felt the ties around his wrists loosen considerably. Without a thought, he grabbed Tobias’ hips and thrust into him hard enough to snap him out of his blissful trance.

Tobias looked down into the silver-green eyes that glowed with desire. “Draco?”

Draco growled, wandlessly removing the ties around his ankles and flipped them so Tobias was pinned beneath him. “Two hours,” he growled breathlessly into Tobias’ ear. “You have been teasing me mercilessly for two hours – giving me enough stimulation to want more, but not enough to cum.” He laughed darkly, sending chills down his husband’s spine. “I am going to fuck you so hard that the extra protection our child has wrapped around it will be activated.” He pushed in a touch. “You WILL get on your hands and knees. You WILL get my very long, thick cock shoved deeply into your arse. There will be NO touching yourself. You will come from my cock and my cock alone, is that understood?”

Tobias stared up at Draco with wide eyes and nodded slowly. He whimpered when Draco pulled out of him, but he quickly moved into the position that Draco had told him to get into.

Draco quickly tied Tobias’ hands to the beds head and chuckled darkly. “You look perfect like that. You only need one thing ...” He thrust in as deeply as he could, causing the two of them to yell out in ecstasy. Almost immediately Draco set a fast, punishing pace, allowing neither Tobias nor himself to recover from the entry.

Tobias screamed his release moments before Draco howled his. Once Draco had recovered, he pulled out and pushed a small magical vibrator in the empty hole. Tobias squeaked and glared at Draco in reproach when he untied him.
“This will bring a bit of interest to us in our lessons today Love,” Draco smirked, patting the butt of the intrusive object, making Tobias mewl. “Let’s get cleaned up and meet the others before heading to the hall for breakfast. Remember that we have a meeting with your Father tonight and you need to get our reports ready for that.”

Tobias nodded and allowed himself to be lead into the bathroom. “I’ll do that in class today. Epikindynos, Skoteinos, Kyria, Katara and Hemerotes are sending me their reports by owl post this morning. I have those from the twins and ours. Arketa, Pontikos, Arpakitiko, Bouno, Dynamo and Skia will be giving theirs to me at breakfast. We have DADA and potions first right?”

Draco nodded as he turned on the hot water. “Yes - And it is going to be an eventful meeting tonight.”

***

Hermione sat at the far end of the Gryffindor Table attempting to eat while ignoring her shaking hands. It felt like so long since she had learnt of the crimes against one whom she should have done her best to protect that she had almost forgotten what it was like to have friends. Her desire to live long enough to celebrate her next birthday had been proven to be a waste of hope, as she had discovered the previous night.

_FLASHBACK_

_Hermione stopped before the guardian portrait to the Gryffindor common room with a sigh of resignation. The fat lady wasn’t there to allow her in after her Prefect round. She never noticed the dark brown eyes watching her, nor did she register the whispered spell until just before it hit her._

_Blaise stepped from the shadows just as a very big lady dressed in a disturbingly tight pink satin dress appeared back into the frame. He carefully concealed his shudder of disgust at the sight before putting on a concerned mask._

_“What happened?” he asked, hurrying towards the girl._

_The portrait glared at him in suspicion. “Why do you want to know?”_

_“I was giving the Prefect’s badge after Draco refused it. He’s got enough on his plate with him_
having a husband and a little one on the way. I was just about to go back to my common room when I saw her collapse. Did you see what happened?” As he spoke, he turned revealing the gold badge on his chest.

“I didn’t see it, I’m sorry to say. What are you going to do with her?”

Blaise glared at the portrait in annoyance as he made the bushy-haired female float beside him. “I’m going to take her to the infirmary. What did you think I’d do? Take advantage of her?”

He sneered at the portrait’s shamed expression. “I am a pure-blood, madam. Rape is beneath me and my station. I only ever take my partners when they are willing – any pure-blood worth their magic will tell you the same, no matter if they are light, dark or neutral.”

With a final glare at the portrait, Blaise walked in the direction of the hospital wing.

Hermione’s eyes widened when a fully clothed figure followed them. She tried to scream when the faceless person knocked the Slytherin out with a spell and then pointed their wand at her. She fell into darkness before the cloaked figure could do anything.

-End flashback-

She had woken an hour ago in the Infirmary under the watchful eyes of the transfiguration professor, the potions professor and the school’s healer. She had been asked multiply questions about what she could remember about what had happened and she had answered them to the best of her ability before hesitantly asking how the Zabini boy was. All three adults had thinned their lips. She had been informed that he had a broken wrist and a dislocated jaw, but he would be alright in time for breakfast. It had been then that they had informed her of the claiming mark that rested at the base of her skull.

She rubbed the mark with her fingers as she looked at the happy group over at the Slytherin Table with a heavy heart. She could have had that had she not been so stupid. She noticed as the Italian snake jumped slightly when the Parkinson girl put her arm around him, obviously asking him how he was after his night’s adventure – if you could call it that.

She looked away from them, therefore missing the amused smirk that was sent her way by the dark-skinned Slytherin. She was his – she just didn’t know it yet.
Albus Dumbledore glared at the dark-haired boy who was responsible for all his problems as the group of Slytherins handed over multiple scrolls of paper to him. He didn’t worry about what was on the scrolls as he had been told by Severus that the lad read over all of their Defence work and he had seen and heard the evidence with his own eyes and ears. Oh if only something he planned would work!

His attempts at getting the annoyance to the infirmary to destroy the life growing inside him before anyone knew about it had failed, as had the plans of getting the Weasley boy to make the boy abort by burning the herbs he had given him.

Now, not only did he have the over-protective man who called himself the brat’s father to deal with as well as the Malfoy family, he was also facing an investigation into the safety of the school’s students with him in the Headmaster’s position.

He growled in annoyance as Dobby – the fanatical house elf that would never do anything to harm the dark-haired teen appeared with the young man’s food and potions. There went his plan of ordering the House-elf that prepared the annoyance’s food to lace it with something. He really regretted allowing that creature to remain free when he started working at the school. Who could have known that the annoying creature would survive what was normally a death’s sentence to a normal house-elf? He sighed. What plans had he left?

Tobias sighed happily when Dobby presented him with his breakfast – which looked exactly the way he had ordered it. He ignored the disgusted looks he was getting from those who didn’t belong to his pack – who had become used to his strange cravings while trapped in the ministry room. He was surprised when Sally-Anne Perks, a sixth year Ravenclaw, stopped next to him to say good morning.

“Hi,” he answered quietly.

“How are you feeling today? I know you occasionally get bad morning sickness and I thought I’d ask,” she explained seeing their quizzical looks. “My older sister is pregnant with her third and she’s going through the same thing. She said that if you had any questions about the pregnancy experience that you didn’t feel you could ask anyone around you, then you can ask her. You don’t have to but she wanted to offer anyway.”
Tobias smiled at her before biting into his breakfast, making those who could see him go green.

“Does pregnancy always create a taste for sickening combinations?” one of the older Slytherin males asked, sounding as green as his face looked.

Sally-Anne laughed softly and shook her head. “Not all the time. What do you have there Tobias?”

“Grained toast with strawberry jam, banana, a really runny egg and sardines in tomato sauce,” he said after he swallowed his mouthful. “But it is missing something,” he pouted. Man of the males around him pushed their plates away, struggling to keep whatever they had managed to eat in their stomachs. “It tastes bland. It needs something ...”

“Tart?” Sally-Anne grinned while pulling an un-opened jar of pickled cabbage and one of pickled onions from her bag. “Serina sent you these for you when I told her your cravings had started. I swear on my magic that as soon as I got them I ensured they were untempered with and that no one else has touched them. I will not, however, be insulted should you wish to get a Professor to test them.”

Severus, who had moved to behind the Ravenclaw student when she had stopped before his godson, sent a spell to verify what she had said. “She is correct boys. May I also suggest in writing to Miss Perks’ sister for the questions we couldn’t answer for you?” he raised an eyebrow in interest when the girl didn’t jump at the sound of his voice.

Draco nodded thoughtfully. “We will do so Sir,” he said, smiling indulgently as Tobias piled a large spoonful of both jars onto his sandwich before biting into it and moaning in pleasure at the taste. “We have to write to thank her for the gifts anyway. Maybe she will be able to get us more of them – I will give her the money for it.” He turned to the Ravenclaw still before them. “Thank you. You didn’t need to do any of this.”

Sally-Anne smiled. “I know I didn’t but I wanted to. If anyone deserves to be happy it is him.”

Tobias tugged on Draco’s arm softly. “Do you want some Drakontas?” he asked innocently as he put his half-eaten sandwich on his husband’s lips so he had no choice but to try some.

Draco rolled his eyes good naturedly and obediently opened his mouth. He struggled to chew and swallow the bite but the tears on his face revealed to everyone who could see them at how hard he
had to fight the instinct to spit it out.

“Lovely,” Draco murmured to Tobias, only to make a face and shudder when he turned away. “We will both be brushing our teeth before our next class.”

“Yes Drakontas,” Tobias intoned.

Draco nodded and tried drowning the taste left in his mouth with spiced pumpkin juice. When he looked up, he noticed the incredulous looks his house-mates were giving him. “What?”

“How could you eat that?” one of the green-faced females muttered so Tobias wouldn’t hear her.

Draco looked at his husband and smiled before looking back at her. “It makes Bi happy and a happy Bi means there is less chance for a change in his emotions, but if you want a pissed off, hormonal Tobias ...”

“NO!” the entire table shouted, causing Draco to smirk.

“Heads up,” Blaise interrupted. “Post’s here.”

Everyone looked up and watched the owls appear and vanish – all except one. Tobias stared into the deep eyes of the owl before him. Can you come back this time tomorrow so I have time to properly write a response?” The owl bobbed its head and disappeared.

“Come on,” Pansy said, stretching. “Class starts in 30 minutes and we all need to go brush our teeth.”

Draco nodded and clicked his fingers. When Dobby appeared, he handed the two half-empty jars to him. “Keep them safe. They are for Bi.” The elf nodded and disappeared with a pop. The sixth year Slytherins left together, causing the majority of the Professors to smile indulgently.

***
Professor Jugdley – the DADA professor for that year – frowned at her sixth year N.E.W.T. class. She had a problem and she didn’t know how to solve it. She sighed. “Today we are going to learn how to block the cutting curse. The first half of the lesson will be theory, then the second will be practical. Mr Pot ... Mr Malfoy-Black. You will be sitting behind my desk for the second half of the lesson so no accidents occur.”

Tobias nodded and set up his stuff. The Professor started talking and nothing could be heard but the scratching of quill on parchment and the sound of a droning voice.

***

Severus walked into his classroom, only to see the one person he didn’t want to see anywhere near a cauldron.

“Tobias, you are going to go into my office and work on the assignments I have written on the desk. I will ensure that every student will be properly cleaned of potion fumes before leaving here.”

Tobias nodded and walked into the room his godfather had just vacated, listening to him insult and intimidate all the students who didn’t know him. He set up his stuff before pulling out the surprise letter he had received that morning.

‘Dear Mr Potter,

Please forgive our use of your previous name, but we do not know the name you now go by. My wife and I are writing to apologise for the way our daughter treated you this past year. We read the book she had found on what she had done and we had a stern talk with her about her behaviour over the Christmas holidays.

We understand that she needs to be punished and that the punishment for her crime is more often than not death. We have already told her that she will need to suffer the consequences and that we stand by whatever decision is made about her punishment.

When we first met our daughter’s best friends, we told her that we were uncomfortable with her red-headed friend because he gave us an uncomfortable feeling, but we strongly encouraged her friendship with you because you seemed to have a grounding effect on her. Both of us felt better knowing that she had a friend like you watching over her – even with the types of adventures you all shared over the years.
Once more, we are sorry about the stupid decision our daughter made and we wanted you to know that no matter what is decided, neither Jane nor I blame you for anything.

Sincerely,

Dr. Dan Granger.’

Tobias re-read the letter and couldn’t stop the smirk from taking over his face. This was just what he needed! Without a second thought, he reached for a quill and parchment and started to write.

***

Severus blinked in surprise when he walked into his office. Parchment was everywhere and his dark-haired godson was writing furiously, looking constantly at the parchment around him.

“What is going on here Bi?” he asked, watching as something was crossed out on several pieces of parchment that were scattered around the room.

“Hi Sev,” Tobias murmured as he searched through the organised chaos before him. “I’m organising the report for tonight’s meeting. No one in my Pack is going to be unprepared for tonight’s meeting. They are not the battle baits that generally report to Pateras and I will lock them in a room full of Dumbledore supports before they sound like them.”

“Then why are you doing the work and not them?” Severus asked with a hint of amusement.

“They did do the work. I’m just collating the information so it is easier for everyone to read and report. I can’t expect Neville – who is reporting on the students in the school – to be able to report on his topic when he has the information on Gryffindor, Ginny has the information on Hufflepuff, Luna for Ravenclaw and Theo for Slytherin. I’m just putting all the stuff for each individual report together. It will also make it easier for Pateras to read after the meeting.”

“You really are becoming quite the paper-shuffler aren’t you?” the older man smirked.

Tobias continued writing, a small smile appearing on his face as he reached for a small stack of
parchment at the top of the desk. “I like to think that is more me becoming more attuned to being a house-wife, if you will. I’m going to be staying home with the children and I will teach them all they need to know. As such I will need something to do as work. I have already agreed to sort out Anadochos’ library at the Manor as I have offered to do his and Pateras’ paperwork – as long as they set it aside in a room for me to do one day a week. They can obviously either do the things that need immediate attention themselves or send it to me via Thanis. I will also be discussing the school curriculum with the founders, sorting out the rooms of the castle and their contents and starting on plans for a sister-school to Hogwarts that will be home to first years as they learn the basics. I may even open it as a part-time school or camp for muggle-born and half-blood students so they can lean to traditions of the wizarding world without having the pure-bloods always over them making them feel worst then they already do ...”

His ramblings were interrupted by a smooth laugh. “I get it Bi. When do you think you’ll have time to do all this?”

Tobias blinked at his godfather in surprise. “Sev, neither Drakontas nor myself will die before The Mother and Father need us. Zog and Booph have at least another two or three hundred years before their time as guardian ends and ours begin. I need something to keep me occupied since Drakontas is going to be going into the same business as Lucius.”

Severus shook his head ruefully. “I told Minerva that I was keeping you here for the rest of today because you were feeling over whelmed due to not having a decent rest for a person of your condition. Poppy said – albeit reluctantly - that even if you are only in your first month then you should get a decent amount of rest so it makes the later months easier on the carrier as well as the child. I’m going to suggest you have a rest now and join Minerva and myself for a mid-morning snack and you can start again after half an hour.”

Tobias looked up from his writing and pouted. “But I’ve already had a 15 minute break for a mid-morning snack.”

Severus struggled to look sternly at the teen. “A pre-lunch nibble then. It was not a suggestion. I believe your elf bought you a special herbed drink from the centaurs ...’ he smirked at the back of his godson’s head as he followed him from the room. He’d thought that would work.

***

Draco smiled at the sight that greeted him when he entered the Potions Master’s private rooms. Severus was seated on his favourite armchair – a pale green fabric thing that Draco believed would be more at home in a museum dedicated to the early ‘50s rather than in the sitting room of his normally fashionable godfather. In his left hand he held one of the books he’d been given for the yule-tide holiday – the one on warding – and in his right he held a cup of tea. On his lap sat the white
and caramel cat that an eight-year old Draco had found and given to him for his birthday.

His eyes moved to the three-seater beside the fire-place and he felt his heart melt. Tobias had somehow managed to curl up on one cushion with his knees against his chest and his feet curled under him. His head was resting on the arm of the sofa and it was evident – at least to Draco – that his husband had fallen asleep while watching the flames in the fireplace. Without a word, Draco crossed to his sleeping Adonis and gently stretched him out so he was taking up the entire thing. As smoothly as he could, he slid himself beneath the dark-haired head and began running his fingers through the mop, silently staring into the flames.

“Tobias told me that you were thinking of following in Lucius’ footsteps after school,” Severus said quietly.

“For a while. I enjoy it – to a point – and until I find what I really wish to do then I think I’ll be happy. I would like to see about opening a restaurant that caters to those with special eating requirements. What do you think?”

Severus smiled. “I think you should try it if you want to do it. Just remember to pick your employees carefully.”

Draco nodded his agreement. “Are you ready for tonight’s meeting? I assure you that it is going to be a show not to miss.”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world – Now, help me wake Sleeping Beauty there so he can have something else to eat and drink before you leave for the Mansion. I’ll organise for everyone else to get there an hour before the meeting starts.”

Draco nodded and tried to wake his husband ... he didn’t like his chances.

Words

Epikindynos - Dangerous
Skoteinos - Dark
Kyria - Lady
Katara - Curse
Hemerotes - Tamer
Arketa - Pretty
Pontikos - Mouse
Arpakitiko - Predator
Bouno - Mountain
Dynamo - Strength
Skia - Shadow
Serina – Pronounced S-Air-In-Ah
Drakontas – Dragon
Pateras – Father
Anadochos – godfather
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Meetings and explanations

Chapter 32

Draco watched Tobias with a slight smile on his lips. It was almost time for the younger members of The Pack to arrive. He knew that Bill, Charlie and George wouldn’t be coming to this meeting as they were all required at their respective work-places, but the rest of them would be appearing in five minutes and Tobias was almost quivering with anticipation. Tonight’s meeting was being held at Malfoy Manor and when Tobias had laid eyes on the majestic building, he had become very hyperactive – much to the amusement of the people already inside.

He smirked when the other members appeared, only to be attacked by a hyperactive raven-haired teen with glowing green-silver eyes.

“First time at the Manor since the wedding,” Draco explained to the questioning raised eyebrow of his godfather.

Severus chuckled heartily at this. “The Malfoy magic’s have only just claimed him as family, haven’t they?”

Draco laughed and nodded. “Then add on the fact that he is also carrying the next Malfoy heir, so he got the added magical protection boost for that …”

“Then the spiced hot chocolate he’s been drinking since he got here,” Remus’ amused voice came from behind the blonde. “He wanted to see the library but Lucius was terrified for the benefit of his books and so has banned Neogennito from the library until the next time they come back.”

Severus chuckled slightly. “I wouldn’t allow him near my books when he’s like this either.” He grunted slightly when a solid body ran into his.

“Sevie!” Tobias squealed, making Severus pale. The only person to ever call him ‘Sevie’ before just
He was once more attacked by a person throwing their arms around him. “HI SEVIE!” He turned his head slightly, only to come fact-to-face with a red-eyed Demon-man. He yelped, causing everyone to laugh. The demon pouted, as did the young man on his other side.

“Don’t you love me anymore Sevie?” two pouty voices asked, causing the dark-haired man to groan inwardly. He was damned if he did and damned if he didn’t.

“Of course I love the two of you. You’re my family,” he said calmly. “I was just wondering what I did wrong to have the both of you hyperactive at the same time.”

The Pack watched with laughter shaking their forms as their Alpha and the Dark Lord squealed happily and hugged the Potions Master at the same time.

“I guess you are just lucky,” Remus stated, trying to hold in his own laughter at watching the two men snuggling into his lover.

Ten minutes later, Tobias removed himself from the Potions Master’s side, his face bright red. “Sorry Nonos,” he murmured. “I don’t know what got into me. I’ve never reacted like that before.” He looked at his father in confusion. “And what is he doing?”

Tom looked at his son and pouted. “I missed my honorary nephew. I’m allowed to annoy him.”

Tobias laughed, “Whatever you say Pateras.”

Tom poked out his tongue before getting a mischievous look in his eye and launched himself at his son. “Mmmm cuddly,” he stated as he snuggled up to his laughing son, who was now in his arms. “Let’s get ready for this meeting. You will be sitting with me.”

Tobias laughed and nodded.
The Death Eaters were silent as they watched the head daises. Their Lord had a sleeping teen on his lap and his fingers were running through the teen’s raven hair. They watched in silence as the teen was gently woken and place onto the chair beside their Lord. They sneered in disgust as their Lord’s heir said something with a pout and tear filled eyes.

“Why the Hell do we need to listen to him? He’s a damn well pansy!” a loud voice stated.

Before anyone could react, the man who voiced his opinion had been surrounded by multiple species of wolf with a large black wolf creeping towards the paling man with a snarl on its lips. When the snarling creature was within pouncing distance of the offending man, it slowly changed back into the white-haired Malfoy Heir.

“If you ever say anything disrespectful about my husband again, I will tear you apart slowly. Do I make myself clear?” he growled, his silver-green eyes swirling in his anger.

While everyone watched in shock, the other wolves transformed into their human forms. “That goes for all of us,” The Pack chorused, the growls making everyone shiver.

A whistle made everyone look up at where the Dark Lord was, only to see Remus removing his fingers from his mouth since he’d gotten their attention.

“I believe milord will be interested in starting this meeting. I suggest that everyone should get to their places,” Lucius said calmly, not allowing his anger at the idiot in their midst show itself.

Once everyone had gotten to their proper positions, Tom stood. “There are several reasons for this meeting being called,” He began. “I will be dealing with one reason now and the others later in the meeting, but first, I will say that the next person to show disrespect towards my son will face a fate worse than death – and it won’t be from my hand either.” He smirked, “if you can’t tell, my son’s Pack are very protective of him.”

Remus coughed to cover his laughter. He had never known that the evil Dark Lord was a master of understatement.

Tom glared at him for his interruption before turning back to his followers. “There is one thing I am going to say before we start on the reports. No one – and I meant no one – is to go anywhere near my son without being accompanied by one of the people you see on the dais, or a member of his
Pack. There will be a celebration when I announce it as well to celebrate the new life growing inside my heir.” He smirked at the sharp intake of breath from the congregation. “Yes, my son and his partner are expecting a child in around 7-8 months, so don’t annoy either of them or you will be left to deal with a hormonal teenager with an itchy wand hand.” He smirked at the mass shudder that occurred due to his announcement.

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Tobias yawned in boredom as he made notes on the reports his Father’s followers were making. It was times like this he pitied his father. He didn’t know how he would survive being surrounded by idiots all the time. He jumped slightly at the hand on his shoulder and blinked up at his husband.

“I got this for you,” Draco murmured so not to interrupt the bumbling idiot before them. In his hand was a glass of the drink the centaurs had introduced him to.

Tobias smiled and reached for it. “Thank you. Do you think I can have something to nibble on? I’m feeling a little hungry.”

Draco smirked slightly and placed a bowl of fruit onto a table that just appeared between the two dark-haired men. “Dobby was adamant that you have this too.”

Tobias chuckled softly and drew Draco down for a soft kiss. “Thank you Draco. Love you.” Draco chuckled and rested his hands on his husband shoulders, reading what was being written by his husband.

An hour later Tom and Tobias stood, stretching. “We will stop here for a couple of minutes. Be back in half an hour.”

As the Death Eaters muttered to each other in confusion Tobias clicked his fingers.

“Master Sir called Dobby?”

“And bring something to eat – sandwiches will do for The Pack, but make ‘Bi something more substantial.”

Dobby beamed and disappeared.

“Here are the notes I’ve taken on the reports from the battle baits so far. There isn’t much because they had nothing much of interest to say.”

Tom nodded in thanks “We only have Nona, Anadochos and Nonos to go before your Pack can give their reports. I’m thinking of dealing with that wayward Healer of mine before you start though. I may even be able to obtain a new healer for you – one that is better suited to your condition.”

Tobias nodded. “Three of my Pack are unable to be here tonight, so I will take over their reports tonight.” He sighed. “I’m so looking forward to when I can come home. I need to be in a less stressful environment.”

“How are things going at the school?”

“I’m worried about Weasley and Dumbles. Both have been too quiet. Granger has been too, but that is more to do with Miv and her parents.”

Tom looked at his son in confusion. “Who is ‘Miv’?”

“That would be me,” a voice called from the doorway.

“Miv!” The Pack called and ran to the small group by the doors. “What are you all doing here?”

Everyone in the hall inhaled sharply when a ball of green flame flew at the person at the front of the small group, only to land on her shoulder. “This lovely creature bought us here youngsters,” she said, running her fingers softly over the fire-bird’s breast feathers. “I think he wished for us to be here for something.”

They were interrupted by a loud crack and the appearance of a large table full of scones, sandwiches and pots of tea. In one spot sat the drink Tobias had requested and a bowl of steamed fish, rice and
vegetables. Tobias’ face lit up when he saw a plate that contained a small pile of pickled ginger, a small amount of chilli paste and – to the disgust of many – a red and brown mix with small green bits in it.

“What is that?” Lucius asked wrinkling his nose in disgust as the dark-haired teen put a large amount of the glop on the fish.

“Tomato Paste, Peanut butter, diced green olives and diced gerkins. Want some?”

Lucius turned a very pale shade of green. “N-no thanks. I’ll be fine with my tea.”

Tobias pouted and his bottom lip started to wobble slightly. Before his eyes started to fill with tears, Draco was behind him with his arms wrapped around his waist and glaring at his father.

“What’s the matter ‘Bi?’” he whispered.

Tobias pouted. “Anadoschos doesn’t want to taste my fish.”

Draco sighed in resignation. “I’ll try it with you Bi. Just let me get a fork.”

Tobias beamed and handed Draco his fork while he held onto his spoon. Everyone watched in horror as Draco chewed and swallowed the piece he had put in his mouth.

“Very nice my Dear,” he said after a while. “Now how about you eat it so our little one will grow strong inside his mummy.” Draco said softly. To everyone’s surprise Tobias nuzzled into Draco’s neck before starting on his meal.

“How could you put that anywhere near your mouth?” Lucius hissed in disgust.

“Firstly, because if I didn’t then Tobias would have been in tears for the rest of the night, then become more hormonal than normal tomorrow. Secondly, I would do anything for him and thirdly,” he smiled grimly, “it hasn’t been the worst thing I’ve tried since his cravings started.”
Lucius turned a deeper green. “What could be worse than what he is eating now?” he groaned softly.

“Plimpy, smoked oyster and mustard leaf soup,” The Pack chorused.

“I’m sorry I asked,” Lucius moaned as he sank into his seat and placed his head between his knees. Tom, Severus and Narcissa laughed.

“Come on, time to continue the meeting if the children are to be back by a decent time.” Everyone nodded and returned to their seats, ready for the next part of the meeting.

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Hermione fingered the mark at the base of her head, tears forming in her eyes for what seemed to be the 500th time since she had discovered her traitorous actions. Before her sat a book on bond-marks, and the positioning of hers made her status to less than that of a house-elf. From what she had read, the only reason she was allowed to do anything was because the person who marked her was allowing her to. They could stop her from accessing her magic and even stop her from being able to read her books.

She sniffed slightly. She could be ordered around by her bond-master’s house-elves and could do nothing about it. She was nothing more than a toy now – one that had less status than even a common muggle. She could only hope that her bond-master didn’t wish to make her a pleasure toy for his enjoyment. If he did, then she would be powerless against him.

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Albus watched the owl fly off with a smirk on his lips. He had been struggling with finding a plan to rid himself of one of the brat’s more potent supporters. One Severus Snape. It wasn’t until the potions professor told him with a pained hiss that HE was calling that a plan formed.

Now all he had to do was wait. He would no longer have a spy in Voldemort’s ranks, but it would be worth it if he could get that blasted pain-in-the-arse child back under his control. Laughing to himself, he popped another sherbet lemon into his mouth, not paying any attention to the horror-stricken and sickened faced of the Headmaster portraits around him. It wasn’t as if they could do anything about it.
The Death Eaters watched and listened in shock as the youngsters reported to the Dark Lord as if they had rehearsed it in advance. No one could miss the pride that shone in the eyes of the adults surrounding the Dark Lord. Some of the people in the black mass watched in shame as a group of school children gave their reports with more finesse and professionalism than they themselves had shown. A small group of followers watched their Lord’s son in jealousy as he sat down in the most coveted position – the throne-like seat that was placed to their Lord’s left. The majority of the crowd, however, listened to the words coming from their Lord’s heir in shock.

“Before Pateras continues with his last reason for holding this meeting, I am going to say something. Those of you with children who are in my Pack are no longer in control of them. They are still your heirs or heiresses, but everything to do with them now falls to me. This means that any and all pre-signed agreements, understandings and contracts are null and void. If they wish to mate, marry and bond, they will come to me with their request, as one of my members already has.” He smiled. “They are my Pack and you have little power over them.”

Several of the Death Eaters choked in their shock and the Dark Lord rose. “Is my personal Healer here, by chance?” he asked smoothly.

“Milord?” Madam Greengrass appeared before the Dark Lord, completely missing the look of vindictive pride in her grandson’s eyes.

“I am removing you from my son’s prenatal care as soon as I can find a new healer specialising in male pregnancy.”

“May I ask why?” She asked tentatively.

“I told him about our time in the Ministry Grandmother,” Blaise stated, stepping forward. “He deserved to know what happened and how you treated his heir.”

“Blaise …”

“No Father,” he turned to the man who spoke his name. “I know that you will see this as me betraying my family and I say go ahead – disown me. I’m not scared of it like I was when I was a child.”
“Surely you can’t mean that,” Mr Zabini pleaded, forgetting the others around him.

“I do Father. I mean every word of it. Zabini’s stand by their family and I have learnt more about family in the short time I have been in The Pack than I have from the Zabini family. A real family accepts a person for who they are, not for how well they can keep secrets or lie to people of authority. Family is there to support you, even if they know you were the one in the wrong. Family is more important than anything. You may want for me to conceal what occurred between Grandmother and Alpha, but Alpha is just that – My Alpha.”

“Blaise, you are disowned from the Greengrass family for crimes against said family,” the healer stated, white-lipped in anger.

Blaise stood tall as a bright light surrounded him. When the light disappeared, Blaise stood 1 foot 3 inches taller than he had before and his eyes had become dark brown. His face was more aristocratic and his hair if possible – was a deeper black than it was before.

“Blaise,” his father began, causing his son to straighten further. “I acknowledge the disowning of your person from the Greengrass family. I would like to state that I am proud of you and welcome you whole heartedly into the fold of the Zabini family as my son and heir.”

Blaise blinked in shock. “What …”

Manuel, his father, smiled at him. “The process of disowning children from the line is not a Zabini way, it is a Greengrass tradition. Your mother and I have an arranged marriage and a clause in it stated that their family belief was to be enforced and if I didn’t like it, my magic would force me to do it. I was not shown that page or I would never have signed it. I’m so proud of you for doing what is right. I am honoured to call you a member of my family. Prouder still to call you my son.”

Blaise nodded still in shock. “Mother isn’t going to want anything to do with me, is she?”

Manuel smirked. “She has no say in it as when she signed the contract for our marriage, she agreed to her withdrawal from the Greengrass family, so she has to do as I tell her. One reason why they hid the clause of their tradition being kept. The problem with that,” he smirked, “was it was broken as soon as the Greengrass family disowned one of my children.”

“As wonderful as this is,” Tobias cut in before a red-faced Madam Greengrass could respond, “I would like to know who will be my new prenatal healer. I’m sleepy and sore and sick of the crap
“You will stay here until this is resolved,” Madam Greengrass snapped at the pouting teen. “What anyone saw in you is beyond me. You are nothing but a spoilt little snot-nosed bra …”

She froze at the look on Tobias’ face and the angry growls coming from the youngsters that were now surrounding her.

“Leave her,” Tobias snarled, rising fluidly from his position beside his Father. “She’s mine.” He stalked towards her, flames raising form every step he took in his restrained anger. “I have had enough of you and your belief that you are better than anyone else. You are not. You are just a frigid old lady who needs reminding of where she belongs.”

Those who were focused on the still flaming footprints noticed that the flames had formed a small wolf and small feline that were pouncing and rubbing along each other before joining Tobias and leaning on him.

“I am sick of needing to watch both my actions and my words while around people. Just because I am pregnant does not mean that I am a fucking pansy! I am hormonal yes, but that doesn’t mean that I am delicate like you told the lady watching us for our exam – yes I heard that. And while I’m on the subject of exams, how DARE you tell every instructor there that they needed to ensure that there is at least half a metre distance between Draco and me at all times! You are lucky that Fudge had already told the instructors that under NO circumstances were Draco and I to be separated while in those rooms unless absolutely necessary. Yes, I woke up that morning with Draco’s prick up my arse ...”

Lucius whimpered slightly and moaned in distress.

“Oh grow UP Anadochos!” Tobias snapped. “We are married and I’m pregnant, it’s more than obvious that I’ve had at least one chance of having a good arse pounding – or did you thing I got it off a fucking toilet seat!”


“Only I am allowed to embarrass my Father-in-law!” he snapped.
“Touchy,” someone else muttered, only to be on the receiving end of an over strengthened tickling charm.

“Keep your mouth shut too – You’re not here to comment on my touchiness,” he snarled. Draco stepped to his side and murmured to him. Tobias pouted. “But Draco, I want to be the one to punish her,” he whined.

“Then punish her. Stop attacking the idiots and take her down and calm down. All this stress can’t be good for our little one.”

Tobias’ eyes widened. “It’s not?”

Draco slowly shook his head, moving his husband so he was held tightly against his body. “I don’t think so sweetie.”

“It isn’t,” a strong male voice said.

“Uncle Algie,” Neville said, nodding respectfully.

“And you would know this how?” Tom had walked down from the podium when the strange man had approached his heir.

“Uncle Algie, Mr Jones. Mr Jones, this is my Uncle Algie. He’s an ex-healer from St Mungos. He’s specialized in pre-natal care of both male and female pregnancies.”

“You are the gentleman who hung your nephew out of the top window of a tower, aren’t you?”

“And you are Lord Voldemort, the Darkest Dark Lord England has produced.”

Tom grinned. “I like him. Do you want a job?”

“Hold on a moment. Why is he an EX-employee of St Mungos?” Draco asked, eyes narrowed as he moved so he was between his husband and the man.
“I was dismissed because I allowed a patient to die. She’d had a difficult birth and by the time the young one had been born she had lost too much blood. It was either save the babe or lose both of them. There was nothing I could do for the mother, even if I had tried. My supervisor didn’t see it that way. It was his niece and whilst her husband and parents forgave me saying that it wasn’t my fault as even her original doctor had said that should she get with child she had a large chance of not surviving.” He shrugged. “I ended up losing my job due to him forcing it to go through court.”

“I bet you that he was a Weasley in a previous life and a Dumbledore before that,” Tobias snorted. “Do you still want a job?”

Algernon smirked. “Yes. I do believe I would like a job. Would you mind if I started now with a physical check-up?”

“No, I’m sure that is just what we need now,” Draco smiled, squeezing his husband’s hand. “After all, we haven’t made sure that the time in suspended time affected the growth of our little one.”

Tobias’ face beamed as he nodded, completely forgetting about the people around him. The two fire animals leapt into his arms and butt their heads against his lower jaw, sensing his happier mood.

“How many can be in the room during the examination?” Pansy asked.

“As many as he wishes to be there – as long as you leave should an emergency come up.”

“Okay Pack, you heard the man- into Alpha and Beta’s rooms!” Neville called and all members of The Pack left the ballroom, followed closely by Remus, Severus, Narcissa, Lucius, Minerva and Madam Longbottom.

“This meeting is dismissed!” Tom yelled before running out of the room, leaving confusion in his wake.

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Algernon Longbottom smiled as he lowered his wand. “Both carrier and child are fine. The time spent in a different time frame didn’t do much harm. The youngster is a week or so older than it
should be. Instead of being 1 month old, it is 1 month, 1 week.”

Tobias beamed at Draco.

“Can you explain something to me?” Blaise asked. Everyone turned to look at him. “Why is he getting the sickness, cravings and other symptoms now rather than them starting later like other pregnancies?”

Noticing all the curious faces, Algernon chuckled. “How much do you know of male pregnancies?”

“Nothing much,” most of them stated.

“Only what Gran’ther Sal, Gran’ther Ric, Gram’mere Helga and Gran’mere Ro have told us,” Tobias and Draco responded.

“Then forgive me for repeating anything you may know while I explain it to everyone else,” Algernon said before turning to the others in the room. “Firstly, there is a difference between what occurs between a natural male pregnancy and one bought about by a potion. A potion pregnancy is very similar to a female pregnancy. This is because the potion is taken for a month before the man can fall pregnant and then they have to take the potion for the first trimester to ensure good health for both carrier and child. The child is then removed from the body via a cut to the lower stomach call a caesarean or c-section.

“The natural male pregnancy is harsher. The second week after conception is the first indication that a male is a natural bearer. He gets lethargic, has trouble eating and waking and he may start to feel queasy. In men with strong magic or a strong bond to their partner there could be a few days when they become non-responsive while their body adjusts and their magic forms a bond to the magic of the foetus.”

“I was out for a week,” Tobias said softly, “so was Gran’ther Sal in all his pregnancies.”

He was answered by a smile. “It means that you are both powerful and have a strong bond to your husband. You will also have a strong bond to your child. Were you affected at all during this time period Draco?”

Draco nodded. “I was very lethargic, I didn’t want to leave Tobias and I couldn’t concentrate. I also
couldn’t stop myself from wanting to fall asleep every time I saw Bi.”

Algie’s smile broadened. “A very strong bonding indeed. After that week, the carrier’s body must change in order for it to support another life. Unlike the potion pregnancies, natural male pregnancies do not have the added benefit of time to prepare for the burden it contains so the body reacts violently. The carrier’s hormones go into overdrive and he gets mood swings from the first month. At the same time his insides are moving around to make room for his newest organs. All that extra movement in there would be uncomfortable for anyone and, while a carrier cannot feel it as a were-creature would on a full moon, the sensation is enough to turn his stomach – hence the sickness.

“The cravings – well, what can I say about the cravings. To begin with there’s the food cravings. These are the most frequent of the cravings felt by the carrier. After vomiting for a few days, the cravings set in. Those of us who work with male pregnancies believe it is caused by both the lack of nutrients due to the sickness and the hormones playing ticks on the carrier’s mind and tastebuds. The second most frequent craving is for sex.”

When Lucius groaned, Algie smirked. “Like the young Lord said, they have already had sex and they will have sex in the future, so you may as well suck it up and get over it.” He turned back to the rest of the group, ignoring the green older Malfoy who was softly gagging in the background.

“As I was saying, second most frequent craving is for sex. Often the carrier will become more dominant – at least to begin with. He will become demanding and insistent with his partner and if his demands aren’t met – or if he feels his demands aren’t met – he will take matters into his own hands. Once this craving starts, it is best for everyone to steer clear of them when they are in a room by themselves or when the carrier starts to exhibit the signs of this craving. These signs are touching his partner, rubbing himself against his partner, excessive flirting with his partner or – in the more extreme cases – pinning them to the nearest flat surface and snogging them while undressing.”

“What about tying their partner to the bed with school scarves, tasting – or should that be teasing – their way down their partner’s chest while they are still asleep before torturing them for two hours before the ties loosen enough for their partner to take charge?”

Algie sniggered at the incredulous looks the people around him were aiming at the smirking blonde and the bright red man hiding his face in his husband’s chest. “Then I’d say craving number 2 is well underway. Don’t be surprised if he also becomes a tease.”

“So in other words, I’ll be a sex-crazed cock hound with no inhibitions and a fetish list that never stops growing,” Tobias summed up, removing his face from Draco’s shirt and snuggling into him, eyes drooping slightly.
“That about sums it up yes,” Algernon said. “Now, other cravings may form. These are things like a particular sound, feel, smell or environment. There may also be times where he craves company and times he craves solitude. If he has a solitary moment, the only person who will be able to get close to him without him blowing up is Draco. I also suggest watching him for feline and canine traits as the pregnancy progresses – and I think we should get the two of them to school before that progresses too far.”

Everyone turned to look at the two on the bed to find Tobias beginning to rub his head along Draco’s jaw line. Within moments the two boys were back in their room at the school thanks to Thanatos.

“Mmm,” Tobias purred, opening his eyes. “Now that the talking is over,” he started, “can we have a bath?” he turned huge eyes towards his husband.

Draco smiled and nodded, already ordering Dobby to run a bath for them. He knew that the next 7 months, 3 weeks would be physically and mentally draining on both of them, so he would treasure the moments he had with his husband relaxed with all he had.

Words

Neogennito – Cub
Nonos – godfather
Pateras – father
Lykos – Wolf
Nona – godmother
Anadochos – godfather

Thanatos – Greek daemonic personification of Death
Chapter 33

The next morning the students and teachers of Hogwarts were greeted by the sight of an exhausted Tobias and Draco. Severus smirked knowingly at the two of them causing them to flush slightly. Breakfast was going smoothly until the doors of the Great Hall opened to reveal two hard-faced Aurors.

“Severus Snape. You are under arrest for being a Deatheater.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the Great Hall exploded into sound Severus sat stunned in his spot at the Staff Table. He couldn’t believe that this was happening. As the Aurors snapped the magic suppressing cuffs on his wrist, he locked his eyes on those of The Pack. All of them looked to Tobias who nodded once and Severus watched as Neville, Luna, Ginny, Theo and Blaise left the room without notice.

Draco stood and walked towards the group around Severus, leaving Tobias wedged between Vincent and Gregory. “What is the meaning of this?” he asked, crossing his arms and raising an eyebrow.

“We have orders to take this Deatheater straight to Azkaban,” one of the Aurors sneered.

“And do you have proof of that?” Draco enquired, stalling for as long as he could.

The other Auror pulled a scroll from a pocket on the inside of his robe and handed it to the young blond. Draco read it slowly and just as he finished the doors to the Hall opened once again. He looked up to see his father, father-in-law, Remus and Cornelius Fudge. Silently he handed the scroll to his father, who read it through as thoroughly as his son had done.

“This,” he drawled in his usual bored tone, “is absolutely pathetic. There is no proof that Severus is a
LOYAL Deatheater. They haven’t even sighted a Dark Mark on his flesh.”

Tom sneered at the Aurors in disgust from behind Lucius, where he was reading the papers over the blonde’s shoulder. “This load of crap isn’t even enough for him to get a hearing before the Wizengamet, let alone a one way trip to Azkaban.”

“And if I miss my guess,” Draco drawled scarily like his father, “Then it isn’t even signed by the Minister or Madam Bones.”

“However,” Tom interrupted over the Auror’s spluttering, “We will agree with having a hearing for Severus – if only so this little … misunderstanding … is not repeated in the future,” he smirked.

“I agree to that,” Cornelius blustered. “We don’t want another Black episode – what with him being in Azkaban for over a decade while he was actually innocent.” He was obviously remembering the events of the summer when he’d had to tell the wizarding world that an innocent victim had been in the feared wizarding prison. “We will have the hearing tomorrow morning. He will need to spend today and tonight in the cells, but he will be treated correctly. Will you be there?”

“You bet your arse we will be there,” Tobias stated, glaring at the men who still hadn’t removed the cuffs from his Godfather. “I’m one of his witnesses.” The men on either side of Severus shifted nervously “I know I can’t take the truth serum, but nothing is stopping me from having a truth spell put on me – as long as someone COMPETENT does it – so either Lucius, Father or Remus. And I expect all other witnesses and both defendant and accuser to be provided with Veritaserum as they – unlike myself – have not reason to deny its usage.”

Fudge nodded. “I will ensure that it is so. There is a bill going through at the moment to make Veritaserum usage in trials a necessity. Only those who are pregnant, allergic to one of its components or under the age of 17 will not have to take it – however the strongest truth spells will be used in those cases.”

“Good,” Tobias snapped, still glaring at the men around Severus. “Then maybe what happened to me at the hands of the Ministry at the beginning of last year won’t happen to someone else.”

The Minister blushed slightly and cleared his throat nervously while indicating for the Aurors and Snape to go before him. As they passed Tobias and Draco, Tobias touched Severus’ arm and allowed a little of his magic to trickle down to the cuffs – which vanished.
“See you in the morning Nonos,” Tobias smiled at the thankful look Severus sent him and the nervous gulps of the two Aurors. He watched them leave with a serious look on his face.

***

Draco looked around the room in satisfaction. Severus looked well and was seated on a large stone throne set in the centre of the room. There was no sign of any of the chains on the chair which almost made him smirk. It was so good to have the Minister of Magic terrified about what you could do to him. It also helped that the Minister would also do anything to make up for his mistakes concerning his husband.

He sighed in annoyance as he thought about Tobias. He had been taken away from school by the Toad-faced bitch working for the Minister straight after classes. Tobias hadn’t wanted to go with her at first and once he’d discovered that he’d had no choice, he had done what his father would have done.

Draco coughed to disguise the laughter that was fighting to be released. He felt a hand on his shoulder and looked into the worried eyes of his mother. He smiled reassuringly at her, allowing her to see the humour he was struggling to hide.

“What do you find so funny son?” she whispered, catching her husband’s attention, as well as that of an irritated werewolf.

“Just thinking of Bi’s reaction when he discovered he had to leave school and remain in the company of Madam Umbridge Mother,” he whispered. “He hates her more than he hates Weasley and Granger combined. He is definitely his father’s son.”

“What did he do?” Remus asked, a grin starting to form against his will. He was the person who was around The Lord the most so he knew exactly what he was like outside his ‘I-am-the-Dark-Lord-so-piss-your-pants-before-I-Crucio-you persona.

Draco grinned in response. “He threw a temper tantrum that any toddler would be proud of. He screamed at her for an hour before sitting in a chair and stuck it and him together by gluing himself to the chair and the chair to the ground using two over-strengthened sticking charms. Nothing anyone said would make him move until Neville got the idea to get Randal back. He got Tobias to go with the hag by saying that his Healer to stay with him at all times. You should have seen the look on Umbridge’s face when she realised that the Healer was Algernon Longbottom and she couldn’t order him around. When she tried he looked at her and said, ‘I only take orders from the parents of my patients or those who are over-run by pregnancy hormones. Last I checked you had no children and...
you are far too old to be pregnant so shut up and stay away from me.”"

The group of four chuckled softly before hearing the start of the trial and going quiet.

***

Severus sat on the seat as still as he could and resisted the urge to either rub his temples or squeeze the bridge of his nose. So far they had questioned several of the students whom he had disciplined in his class about how harsh and hated he was and the illustrious Headmaster. Who knows what rubbish the next ‘witness’ would come up with when called up.

He almost collapsed in relief when he noticed that the person called up was his godson. ‘It’ll be over soon,’ he thought to himself as he watched Lucius place the strongest truth spell he could safely use on his son-in-law.

He slumped in relief as the spell worked, then straightened for the questioning that would prove that the questioner was in Dumbledore’s back pocket.

***

Tobias looked at the questioner and raised an eyebrow in question, wanting to get this over with.

“We already have enough evidence on how bad a teacher Severus Snape is, so I’ll skip those questions and go onto …”

Tobias smirked in pleasure. “As the questioner at a trial concerning an adult in direct contact with one or more minors where the minors are called upon as witnesses, all minors are to be asked the same set of question’s per rule 33 Section C Paragraph 4 lines 3-8. So either do your job properly or step down and allow someone who can do it take over … like a flobberworm.”

The questioner gaped at Harry in shock. It was evident that he hadn’t expected anyone to know about that rule with the exception of the person who told him to ignore it.

“Well?” Tobias said, raising an eyebrow.
The questioner sighed and slumped in defeat. “What was your first impression of the accused?”

Harry shrugged. “That he was a strict teacher. One who would be hard to impress and who wouldn’t stand for the mumbo-jumbo bullshit of children unwilling to take him or his classes seriously. I also was under the impression that he disliked me.”

“What made you think that?”

“Normally when someone scowls at you constantly you feel as though they think you are a waste of space,” Tobias drawled in a how-stupid-are-you tone.

“I see,” the man murmured, hope alighting itself in his chest. “What occurred in your first lesson with the accused?”

Tobias rolled his eyes. “He stormed into the class and gave us a stern talking to about how much he could teach us if we would pay attention to him in his classroom. Then he asked a member of the class three questions. This person got them wrong because he had been wrongly assured that the person in question had been extensively trained in the art of potions. He gave the class instructions to make an easy potion, one of the potions exploded covering a student. Points were lost, the mess cleared and the lesson ended.”

“Who was the student he picked for the questions?”

“Myself.”

“How do you know he had been wrongly assured that you had been trained?”

“I overheard him and Dumbledore talking about it the following day.”

“So you eavesdropped on your teachers?”

“It’s not eavesdropping when they are standing outside a classroom door when students are lined up
for the class that takes place in said classroom without a barrier around them,” Tobias stated dryly.

The questioner flushed slightly and cleared his throat nervously. “We’ve heard from many people that Mr Snape is a harsh teacher who treats his students as if they are lower than dirt and that both yourself and one Neville Longbottom were his favourite targets. How do you explain that?”

“What do you know about potions Mr Patterson?” Tobias asked.

“I am an adequate brewer, so I know a bit, not that I see why that concerns you or this trial.”

“Being an – as you put it – adequate brewer of potions, you will know that potions class is the most dangerous lesson in the entire school. The slightest slip in concentration at any stage in even the simplest of potions will cause a catastrophe. Therefore a teacher should be able to maintain control over the students in class. Professor Snape has the respect of the House of Snakes and most of the House of Ravens so he can be slightly less strict toward them as he knows that they will do as he says when he says. The rest of the students do not respect him, therefore, the only way he can control them is through fear. Rather fear a man for what he could do you then end up dead, buried and decomposing.”

“As for his treatment of myself and Neville until this year is a simple matter. I was supposedly well trained in his art but was hopeless at it. Even the most relaxed of teachers would think I was just being lazy and not taking the subject seriously. As for Neville, the Longbottom family is one of the Ancient houses of the Wizarding World and as such the heir to the family should have been tutored in all subjects – at least in the basics. Madam Longbottom should have had Neville trained in the theory of all Hogwarts subjects and the basics of potion making – such as ingredient preparation – when he hit his eighth birthday. I love the Longbottom matriarch and her brother like my own family, but I have to admit that they took the wrong approach to their Heir’s education. Regardless as to whether they believed Neville to be a squib or not, when he received his Hogwarts letter, they should have signed him up for the tutorial classes that the first year muggleborn students receive. Something I discovered about last year from my godfather when he mentioned it in passing.”

Mr Patterson shifted nervously from one foot to the other. “Do you trust the accused, even though it is rumoured he is a Deatheater?”

Tobias sighed and placed a calming hand on his own lower stomach, a gesture that made those who knew smile, well, almost all. “Unfortunately the rumours are true. Professor Snape does have the mark of the Dark Lord on his arm, but you do not know the story behind it. You don’t know if he took it willingly or was forced and if it was willingly, why did he take it? I trust him with my life because I know what his story is and he has saved my life at least six times in the past five or six years. I can also say with utmost conviction the he is just as likely to willingly serve the Dark Lord as I am.”
Mr Patterson exhaled in defeat. “You may go Mr Potter.”

“Thank you, and it’s Mr Malfoy-Jones, not Potter.” Tobias stood and made his way to where his husband was to watch the rest of the proceedings.

***

For the first time in memory, the Great Hall was silent as the students ate their evening meal. All of them were waiting with bated breath as they watched the doors leading into the Dining Hall. Everyone caught hold of their breath as the door slowly creaked open to reveal their Potions Professor in all his dark robed splendour.

“Ten points from each student who lied in my trial. Ten points to each student who told the truth – no matter how harsh. The rest of the teachers and students who attended today’s trial will be along momentarily. As you can tell, I was found to be innocent and if I hear of anyone starting rumours stating otherwise I will personally make that person’s life hell. I have a room full of potions and ingredients that need to be sorted, recorded and prepared if you wish to say anything.” He looked around the still silent room, almost smiling at the gleeful smirks on the faces of The Pack members who had chosen to remain at the school. “I’m glad I have made myself clear.”

He glided to a spare seat between Minerva and Filius and nodded to the both of them.

“It’s good to see you back Severus,” Minerva smiled slightly.

Severus shocked both of the Professors beside him by smiling back with a small but real smile. “It’s good to be back, Minerva. This is where I belong – and no one is ever going to make me leave before I’m ready to go.”

Minerva laughed and pulled the shocked younger man into a one-armed hug. Severus growled deep in his chest as he planned his next lot of torture for The Pack members who were present due to their amusement at his predicament.

***
The next morning dawned bright and early, much to the annoyance of the students of the school seated in the Hall. The noise was deafening to the groggy, temperamental Tobias who had decided that the only seat comfortable enough was the one his husband was on. Draco just looked at the man on his lap and started on his breakfast to the best of his ability.

“Bi? Do you think you could sit on the seat next to me for a few minutes?” he asked softly.

Tobias pouted and looked at Draco with teary eyes. “You think I’m fat, don’t you?”

“No Honey, not at all. I only asked because the post is going to be arriving soon and Father is sending me a load of paperwork to look over about the businesses he is going to hand over to me when we graduate. Mother mentioned that she had a care package ready to send to you today and Miss Perks mentioned that her sister was sending the stuff I asked for a few days ago, so we should get that today as well. Not to mention items that your Father, Remus, the Twins and Gringotts sent to both of us on an almost daily basis, as well as the Daily Profit, the Quibbler and the muggle newspapers you asked to be supplied with. I don’t know about you, but I don’t want to be buried under all of that. Can you imagine Father’s reaction if Severus was to owl him saying that I had been buried under my paperwork?”

Tobias giggled slightly at the mental image of what would happen if that was to happen and shook his head. Still giggling lightly, he got up and sat beside Draco just as hundreds of owls flew into the Hall.

As predicted around ten owls landed before Tobias and Draco while another eight hovered nearby as the boys started to remove The Packages of various shapes and sizes.

“See?” Draco asked, laughter dancing in his eyes. “We wouldn’t have had a chance if we were buried under all this. We would have become very attractive but very flat pancakes.”

Tobias laughed and picked up the top newspaper and promptly chocked as he read the Headline.

**Albus Dumbledore a silent You-Know-Who supporter**

**By Nebulous Curiosis**

*As many of the readers know, a trial was held yesterday for Professor Severus Snape – potions master and professor a Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. This reporter was told that the*
charge was being a Deatheater and the accuser was one Albus Dumbledore. The esteemed headmaster is quoted to have said,

‘It has recently come to my attention that one of my staff members has been participating in Deatheater activities and actively encourages the children of Deatheaters to bully and bewilder the children of well-known and well-respected light families. I want to have this staff member to be imprisoned before he does any more harm to our next generation of brilliant minds.’

At the same time it was stated that, at first, Potion’s Master Snape was denied a trial until the man’s two godson’s demanded one before our Minister and three upstanding citizens of the wizarding world. One condition was that everyone – except for one of Mr Snape’s godson’s – was to take Veritaserum. Headmaster Dumbledore fought this and won by saying that if one witness didn’t take it then it would be unjust to the rest to make them take it.

It was later revealed that the reason the boy in question couldn’t take the wizarding world’s most potent truth serum is due to the fact that he is one of the world’s rarest citizens – a natural male bearer, which he inherited from one of his ancestors – and is with child to his husband of several months. The Headmaster knew of this fact, as is evident in the fact that the Minister himself ordered and inquiry into why neither he nor the boy’s parental figures had been informed of several instances that could have resulted in the young man losing the life growing inside him. These instances would have resulted in that too, if it hadn’t been for those who care for him – the top most name of that list is one Severus Snape – the man who was accused of Deatheater activity.

Is the headmaster trying to decrease the number of so-called ‘dark’ families by causing them to be killed in the womb? Or is he innocent of what the clues are adding up to? For those that are interested, Severus Snape was found not guilty of the charges laid against him by Headmaster Dumbledore after students; staff and the accused himself were questioned once more, this time under either Veritaserum or a truth spell. Interestingly, it was the people labelled as coming from Dark families that allowed themselves to be question while under a compulsion to tell the truth while everyone for a ‘light’ family refused and had to be forced. Need I say more?

As he finished reading the article, Tobias’ eyes were lit with suppressed glee. Operation Twinkle-Toes was being set up. Keeping his face as neutral as he could, he pushed his spare copy of the paper in front of Draco then turned the page of his paper, enjoying the sudden silence that had overcome the Great Hall for the third time in as many days.

***

Draco heaved an internal sigh of annoyance when Tobias slipped a paper onto the paperwork he was trying to read. As he lifted it, the Headline caught his attention and he gaped at it in shock before slowly reading it through another two times before the information sank into his brain and he raised
his eyes to meet those of the rest of The Pack. It looked as though their plans would need to be re-drawn.

***

Over at the Gryffindor Table, Hermione felt her ownership mark heat up along with the desire to read the Daily Profit. As she read the story concerning the Headmaster, memories started playing through her mind of everything she had done due to the Headmaster and what it had cost her. Ashamed of it, she tried to bury them without success as a strange presence in her mind kept bringing them back up, urging her to copy them and send them into the reporter’s office. She shook her head and slammed both the feeling and the presence deep into her mind. As she ran, she failed to notice the smug look of a predator stalking prey flicker across the face of a dark-eyed, dark skinned member of The Pack.

Words

Nonos – godfather
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

The beginning of Hermione's worst nightmare

Chapter Notes

Hey Peeps,

I know I refer to Tobias as 'Harry' several times during this chapter, but it is from another character's point of view and they still think of him as Harry.

Chapter 34

Theo watched Blaise’s eyes shine with excitement as he watched the Mudblood Granger run from the Hall. “What are you planning?” he whispered to his friend as the sound of the closing doors echoed around the room.

“I have sent a compulsion to the Mudblood to copy her memories of her interactions with Dumbledore and send them to the reporter who wrote the article on him,” Blaise smirked at the boy. “She’s resisting beautifully, just as Tobias said she would. Now I can finally have some fun with her. Let’s see how defiant she is after a day with me being in her head.” Blaise grinned wolfishly.

Theo shuddered. Luna may be the best of them at torture, but Blaise was a very close second. If his victim had been anyone but Granger, Theo would have felt for them.

***

Tobias bounced over to the teacher’s table after breakfast with Draco not far behind him.

“Professor Snape?” he asked politely, “What potions are we doing this week?”

“I am doing a theory lesson during our single lesson and we are brewing antidotes in our doubles. I
have been trying to think of something you can do in my office during those times.”

“When are your double lessons?” Minerva asked.

“Mondays after breakfast and last thing Fridays,” Tobias and Draco chorused.

“I think I may have an alternative solution for the two of you,” Minerva smirked, “at least for Mondays. I have my fifth year Gryffindor/Raven claw class first up on Mondays followed by my sixth years. Tobias can sit in on that lesson and do either homework or anything else he feels like doing – as long as it is quiet.”

“I have room in my class on Friday afternoons, Severus,” Filious squeaked, giggling slightly when all four people in the discussion jumped. “I have my NEWT class after my sixth years on Fridays and he can do the same in my class as he does in Minerva’s.”

Severus looked between the two of them thoughtfully. “That is a good idea to be honest,” he murmured. “We are getting to the point where it is far too dangerous for Tobias to be near the classroom with the potions we are doing.”

“What would I do though?” Tobias asked. “I like doing my assignments with The Pack, same with homework. I have no books I’m willing to read because they’re all boring and Pateras won’t send me any more due to him not wanting me to over work.” Tobias pouted while Draco drew him into his side, chuckling softly.

“I can always see if Argus is willing to start giving you some of his files to go through. Actually … for this week and the next, I will see if he can show you his way of filing. If you can show him an easier, faster or better way of doing so, then teach him and set it up, then you can start going through his paperwork,” Severus suggested.

Draco groaned. “Not more paperwork!”

“Oh stop being such a baby about it, Drakontas,” Tobias laughed. “I happen to like paperwork. It’s the best thing to do when you want information. No one expects the Clerk or Secretary to know, see or understand anything that’s going on and they don’t expect for you to be able to listen and write at the same time.”
Draco and Severus laughed softly.

“So you agree?”

“Yes, it’ll be fun! Not only will I get his detention records, but also all the maintenance records for Hogwarts, all the monetary expenditure, staff records, applications – basically everything about the school from day one to now – and as Founder’s Heir, I can challenge every single change that has been made if I can give examples of wrong doings and I have Kit’s help with that.”

Severus and Minerva smiled at the teen and nodded at him. “You should get to class,” Severus stated, mock sternly. “I hear the Professor is a mean bastard to students who are late.”

“Not really,” Tobias teased, ignoring Draco’s attempts at silencing him. “He’s really just an overgrown kitty-cat, or at least he purrs like one.” Then he ran, laughing, out of the Hall, followed by Draco who shot an apologetic look towards his godfather.

Severus hid his burning face I the table with a groan. He knew he shouldn’t have gotten up today.

***

Ron glared at the two Slytherins that just ran into the potions lab. Everything was their fault. He would have been better off if he had never met that small dark-haired boy who he’d been assured was easily manipulated.

“So now, not only are you the Slytherin’s slut, you also slept with half the people in the Wizengamot so the greasy bastard could get off, huh?” he spat as his ex-friend passed him on the way to the front of the room. “I bet the bastard you’re carrying isn’t even that gits.” He turned to Draco with a smug grin on his face at the rage he saw swirling in the freaky silver-green eyes. “How does it feel knowing he’ll never carry your spawn due to others getting to him first?”

Tobias stepped back and rubbed his whole body across Draco’s front, instantly calming the blonde who immediately wrapped his arms protectively around his husband’s waist, hands flared across the slight bulge that could be felt but not seen.

“I may like acting the part of a slut in the privacy of my own rooms, Weasley, but it’s always and forever for one man and one man only. The Wizengamot cleared Professor Snape because he was
innocent – not because someone slept with them. Also, the room is spelled so any vote cast by a member who has taken a bribe is null and void, resulting in the guilty party being dishonourably dismissed from his or her position in the voting body.”

“Did you learn that while looking for a way to bribe them?” Ron sneered, not noticing the potions master leaning on the door frame, seemingly relaxed.

“No, I learnt it in History of Magic – Year three, Semester Two, Term Four, two and a half weeks before the final exam. Anyone who pays attention would know that.”

Various voices from students in Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin made sounds of agreement at the statement.

“As for your statement that MY child is a bastard – conceived out of wed-lock – and that Draco is not the Father, can assure you that both Draco and myself were judged to be virgins at the time of our bonding by magic herself. Even you should know that magic counts someone as a virgin until they WILLINGLY give themselves to someone.”

People in the class that caught onto what wasn’t said stared at the dark-haired teen with horror. They couldn’t believe what they were hearing – who would do that to Harry Potter of all people?

“Not to mention that if either Draco or I were to have an affair then neither of us will survive. The bond we have will kill us both in punishment – The instigator for being unfaithful and the partner for not being all that the instigator needed. I can also assure you that this child was not the product of rape as the bond would prevent that type of event occurring now that it is in place. So, my child is not a bastard and was sired by my husband the night of our bonding, blessed by The Mother and The Father from the very beginning.”

Tobias leaned back into Draco, his eyes half-closing. “Your words of poison are worthless to us, so please stop polluting the air, it is necessary for humanities survival.” Tobias turned and kissed Draco smack-bang on the mouth before leading him to the seats at the front of the classroom.

Severus waited until Ronald Weasley had processed what he had seen and heard and had raised his wand in retaliation [a solid ten minutes after the fact mind you] before slamming the door closed and stalking to his usual position.

“Wands away, parchment and quills out!” he barked. “Weasley, just what in the nine levels of Hell
do you think you are doing? I said ‘wands away’ not ‘point them threateningly towards the nearest pregnant person’.” He stood between the wand and his godson. “Now WEASLEY!” he roared when the idiotic red-head just blinked at him. He smirked as the boy moved to comply and stalked the rest of the way. “I was going to allow you time to read and summarise the chapter on antidotes and cures but instead, thanks to Mr Weasley’s inability to follow simple instructions, you will instead be doing a test on the subject instead. No books or parchment on the desks, only your quill will be. You have until the end of this lesson to complete it,” he stated as he sent the papers out wandlessly. “If you haven’t answered at least three-quarters of the paper it will be an automatic fail. You get marks for correct answers and for deductive reasoning so you can get some marks even if you get the wrong answer. You do not get marks for putting your name on the paper. You may start now.”

Severus sat as the scratching of quills on parchment filled his room. Gods he loved his life at the moment … or he had until a certain black-haired green-silver eyed teen somehow started to purr as Draco’s right hand stroked soothing circles on his left.

***

Hermione sat at her desk, looking at the book before her while trying to keep her hands from shaking. All throughout the day her memories would surface. First it had been just the memories of talks with the Headmaster which she learned to accept or ignore, but then the memories started to alternate between the pride her parents had of her, followed by their disappointment in her actions and their last words to her before she left after Christmas.

Then the memories of Ron came and they almost broke her heart. She honestly loved the red-head and being forced to stay away from him was agonizing. If it had just been her parents who had forbidden her access to him, she would have stayed with him, despite her parent’s wishes, but her Father had sent a letter to her Head of House telling her about the conversation and the punishment they had installed while asked for her help to keep Hermione separated from the hot-headed red-head. It stung when McGonagall had replied to her parents stating that she had already placed a restriction on both her wayward students and the castle’s magic would aid in their separation.

She braced herself as she felt another memory surface. It was one of her, Harry and Ron from the previous year. For the first time in months, Harry hadn’t had a detention with Umbridge over the weekend and the three of them had taken a food basket out to the lake for a picnic. It had been a day of fun, of laughter, of kinship. It had been the first time that Harry had told her and Ron how much they meant to him. For the first time he had an honest, open face not at all clouded with secrets or uncertainty. She smiled softly at the memory before it changed to another one.

Harry tied down to a hospital bed while she, the Headmaster, Ron and Madam Pomphrey welded the cuffs to his wrists, ankles and neck. Harry’s screams as he writhed in pain on the same bed as a potions scalpel coated in some smoking substance was used to cut runes deep into his flesh over and over again. The soft whimpering as he asked why over and over again and the slowly encroaching
betrayal that had filled his eyes as she told him sternly that it was all for the best, and the dead look in his eyes as the Headmaster told him that he was now safe enough for his relatives to handle while the menagerie of animals he called family all had mad glints in their eyes as she and Ron told them his magic had been bound, making it safer for them to be around their nephew.

She let out a soft sob as the memory ended, feeling tears roll down her cheeks. She ran from the classroom as the next memory started – watching a news bulletin about a triple homicide occurring in Surrey, discovering it was Harry’s family and blaming it on him with questioning it – not even when the neighbours reported the begging, the pleading and the screams that came from the house at all hours of the day and even though they called the police nothing was done.

She reached the nearest bathroom only just in time to empty her stomach of the food she had managed to stomach at both breakfast and lunch. She vaguely noticed that no one had followed her from the class to make sure she was fine and she dissolved into heart-broken sobs as she realised that if she had protested his treatment or had told someone what was happening, that Harry would have followed her just to make sure she was alright. She spent the next three hours sitting on the bathroom floor crying her eyes out and not one person came looking for her.

***

The Pack nodded at Madam Pince as they entered the library before splitting up and heading to the shelves that held their strongest subjects. After half an hour all eleven of them returned with four or five books each, waiting patiently for their turn at being addressed by the Librarian

“Excuse me, Madam Pince,” Tobias stated almost hesitantly. I hope you don’t mind me asking, but why isn’t there an area of the library set aside for groups wanting to work together?”

Madam Pince turned and glared at the boy, but he just retuned her look with one of slight confusion and curiosity

“We have to find either an empty room or blank spot of ground outside to study because three of our members aren’t of Slytherin House and there isn’t anywhere else set up for a group. We don’t work separately because each of us tutors at least three others in our strongest subjects,” Tobias frowned slightly, fiddling with the hem of his left sleeve. “Also Remus told me that while he was at school, the library had a list of students willing to tutor people in specific classes. I remember walking in here in my first week and feeling completely lost and out of depth.”

We used to have group desks set up for tutoring purposes,” the stern woman answered in a surprisingly soft voice. “Teachers would assign the top students of each year to give up one weekend
a month to help the strugglers of the classes. If a student couldn’t make the time – like for instance they were the top student in another subject – they could request a one-on-one meeting with either the teacher or the tutor so they could get the help they needed. That was stopped when Dippit became Headmaster at the insistence of our current Headmaster.”

She sighed, eye focused on the distant past. “He said that it was more of a hindrance than a help – that the students with higher marks should be allowed to shine rather than forced to aid those too lazy to do the work themselves. Dippit agreed – after all, Dumbledore was one of those very students, so he should know.

“Over the years there were some teachers who would ask their top students if they would mind volunteering a little of their time to tutor some of the younger students, but once more, it got cancelled by the new Headmaster. He put in new desks which separated the students from each other, so it was uncomfortable for them to work together to improve themselves. Then he started cancelling the school maps and subject guide books and eventually he stopped supplying new resources to the library so even though there are new magics being created every day around the world, we – the staff – cannot teach it to the students because we have no information on them.”

“Thank you for answering ma’am,” Tobias bowed slightly. “I have been wondering that for nearly two years now-ever since the tournament. I made a few friends from both schools and they told me about their systems for tutoring.”

For the first time in nearly three generations, Madam Pince smiled at the student.

“Thank you for asking, now, whose books haven’t been recorded?”

***

Lucius shook his head in amusement as he read Draco’s weekly letter. It seemed like Tobias wasn’t too far gone in his hormones that he was throwing things yet. It seemed to him that his son had lucked out on that front. The elder blonde man sighed heavily. He wished that his son and son-in-law could be removed from under the old coot’s thumb, but until the NEW results came through, but were stuck there. It didn’t mean he had to like it though.

Words

_Pateras – Father_
Drakontas – Dragon
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Poor Severus.

Chapter Notes

I don't know whether this is my favourite written chapter or if it is the one I hate the most. I put poor Sev through HELL here. I cry every time I read it. :'( 

Chapter 35

Tobias let out a purr of contentment when Draco ran his hands over the stiff muscles in his neck and shoulders. It had been a week since The Pack had visited the library and four days ago, the teachers decided that the majority of classes were too dangerous for him after the youngest Weasley male had tried – and almost succeeded – to hit him in the stomach with whatever spell they were learning at the time.

So here he was, stuck to a seat in Severus’ Office with sixteen unopened boxes surrounding him and the contents of the only opened one scattered over Severus’ desk.

“How are you feeling?” Draco asked.

“Trapped,” he answered honestly. “I’m stuck in a cage. I want to go outside. I want to see PEOPLE. I understand not wanting me to go to the classes we share with the Gryffindors, but forbidding me from going to History of Magic which only has four other people in it – three of whom are our Pack and the other is the person whose sister is buying us the muggle foods I am craving at the moment is going too far. I’m lonely Draco,” Tobias admitted, tears in his eyes. “I see you for meals and bed. I see the rest of The Pack – bar Nev, Gin and Luna – for breakfast and dinner and I see Nev, Gin and Luna in passing on my way here once a day. I don’t even see Severus. He just locks me in here and disappears.”

Draco sighed. He knew that it was unfair to his husband for this to happen and even though he wanted Tobias to be kept safe more than anything else, he thought this was going way too far. “I’ll talk to Sev okay? If all else fails, I’ll send for Algie and allow him to go all Healer on Sev’s arse, then set Remus and Tom onto him.”
Tobias giggled softly and turned the chair around so he could hug his husband tightly. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too ‘Bi,” Draco answered with a soft smile. “I know you don’t want me to go just yet, but if you want to be in today’s History of Magic class then I have to go.”

Tobias whimpered, but let Draco go. Draco dropped a kiss to the top of Tobias’ head and walked out, doing his best to ignore the heart-wrenching sounds that were leaving his pregnant and lonely Lover.

***

Draco used his magic to slam open the doors to the Great Hall, fury in every line of his body. Everyone in the room went silent and watched the blonde wearily as he glided menacingly towards the Head Table.

“Professor Snape, can we talk in your chambers?” he asked as politely as he could through clenched teeth.

Severus nodded and stood quickly, not quite hiding his worry. Silently he led the way to his rooms. Before he could ask anything, Draco started on him.

“How long have you known that Tobias is becoming depressed?”

Severus blinked in shock. “Last I checked he wasn’t showing any sign of depression.”

“Really?” Draco drawled, glaring heatedly at the man. “Then explain to me why MY husband clings to me when he sees me and sobs when I leave. Tell me why he calls your office a cage. Tell me HE IS BEING PUT INTO ISOLATION FROM EVERYONE!” he roared angrily, stalking towards the completely pale man. “And while you’re at it, tell me why it is Bi who is being punished for that bastard’s actions. He might have lost house points and got a detention, but he is still allowed to see other human beings every day and to sit out in the sun and fresh air if he so wishes.”

“I was trying to protect him and your child Draco,” Severus hissed, eyes flashing dangerously.
“But instead you are pushing him toward giving up on life,” Draco interrupted. “You go into that room right this second and see him before coming back here and telling me that it is worth Tobias becoming THAT all for something that putting a few hexes onto Ronald Weasley should he even look in Tobias’s direction wouldn’t fix!”

Seeing that Draco wasn’t going to listen to reason, Severus walked to the room with a huff, only to stop at the sound of desperate sobbing. Swallowing hard, he pushed open the door, entered and closed it behind him.

***

Severus sobbed into an exasperated Remus’ shoulder as everyone else in the room glared at him. He had just finished telling the four of them what had occurred and none of them – least of all Tom – was happy with him.

“Just to clarify: You isolated a hormonal pregnant teen in your office for his own safety, even knowing that he is a member of a human wolf pack.” Remus stated. When Severus nodded, Remus smacked him sharply across the back of the head. “What were you thinking you Imbecile? You should be leaving it to Kyria to deal with, but she hasn’t been able to do so since she – and the rest of The Pack – has been fretting over the absence of their Alpha. What the Hell happened to the intelligent man I thought you were?”

“I should torture you,” Tom hissed, eyes flashing. “I really should, but I won’t.” He smirked, making himself look much more sinister to Severus’ eyes than ever before. “After all, having one godson angry at you and the other one terrified of being anywhere near you without another three or four people being there as well is punishment enough, I guess. I also wouldn’t wish to be in your shoes when Minerva finds out.” He grinned maliciously, “And she should be getting the letter I wrote to her telling her what you had done any time now …”

The fire behind Tom flared and Severus paled as Minerva McGonagall’s voice filled the room.

“Where is he?” she screeched. “You better not be hiding him Tom Marvolo Riddle! Not only have I got a depressed and clingy Tobias in my classroom, but an angry Draco and thirteen wolves that aren’t letting anyone near Tobias who needs to have his potion!”

Severus whined softly and pushed himself closer to Remus, who just rolled his eyes and pushed him away slightly. “You did the wrong thing, Severus,” he stated as he stood. “Now you need to face
your punishment like a true wolf."

Tom raised an eyebrow at the cat animagus, ignoring what was going on behind him. “Would I have sent you that letter if I were hiding him?”

Minerva flushed slightly. “No, I guess not – but he is there, isn’t he?”

“Yes, he is,” Narcissa stated icily, still glaring at the man. “And he is currently on my ‘wish to kill but have been ordered not too’ list.”

“I’m coming through Minerva,” Severus murmured, softly, only just preventing himself from crying at Remus’ rejection, head lowered in shame.

“Good!” she snapped, making him flinch slightly. “Maybe seeing a dog pile with you on the bottom will make Tobias smile.”

Severus nodded, still looking down and moved to the fireplace, ignoring the feeling of several spells hitting him in the back. He honestly didn’t care what the result was from the spells combining was, after all, nothing was as painful as neither of his godson’s talking to him and his mate rejecting him.

***

It had now been two and a half months since it had been discovered that Tobias was expecting, One month one week since the NEWTs had been sat and three weeks since The Pack refused to have anything to do with Severus. Tobias looked up at the Head Table to see the now familiar site of a red-haired, pink-robed Severus with a quill in one hand and parchment in the other. It turned out that Tom had a larger vindictive streak when you messed with his son than when he was Voldemort and had spelled the man to only talk in quacks and cheeps.

At first, Tobias thought it wasn’t a good enough punishment, but now that his hormones had settled down to their normal fluctuations instead of the steep rise and fall from being separated from his Pack, he looked closer and he was worried about what he saw. Severus’ normally bright black eyes were a dull, dusty grey. His skin was loose with dehydration and had the colouration of sour milk and he looked as though he had lost an unhealthy amount on weight in a short period of time – weight he hadn’t had to spare in the first place.
Nodding determinedly, he stood from his place and walked towards the man. Every eye in the Hall watched his progress intently until he was standing behind the man. Silently, he wrapped his arms around his godfather in a tight embrace. He tightened his hold slightly when the man stiffened and yelped in surprise when said man turned quickly and pulled him onto his lap, arms around him like a strait-jacket.

“I’m sorry,” Severus muttered softly into Tobias’s neck as he buried himself in the nearly forgotten scent. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Shh, I’m sorry as well,” Tobias murmured, leaning into the man. “I don’t have any control over my emotions any more. They just levelled out properly today. I’ve missed you Sev.”

To the surprise of everyone in hearing range, Severus started to sob softly as he clung to the young man in his lap. “I’m sorry, Please don’t ignore me again.”

“No promises,” Tobias murmured back, trying to stop his own tears from falling. “But I will try my best to do so.

***

Tom sat in his favourite chair with a cup of tea in his hand, listening to Remus, Lucius and Narcissa discuss what had to be done now that there was a baby on the way when a cold chill ran up his spine. His jaw dropped when he saw four owls with smoking red envelops heading towards his manor.

His small gasp of shock caused everyone else to look at him then turn to face what he was looking at. All three of them gulped. Someone had sent Howlers to them. It wasn’t long before they each had a red envelop before them.

Hesitantly, Remus reached out to his. As if his touch was a signal, all four of them exploded into sound at the same time.

“How dare you do what you have done to Sev!” Tobias’ voice shouted, magnified by four hundred percent. “Did any of you stop to think I over reacted due to hormones? You can’t keep stepping in when this happens. I expect each and every one of you to make it up to him by the end of
When the Howlers were nothing but ash, the four of them gulped. They had only two days in which to gain Severus’ forgiveness before their lives were forfeit.

***

Tobias curled up on the chair and cradled his drink to his chest protectively as he watched Severus drink a high protein, high nutrient concoction that would aid him in gaining the weight he had lost in the past three weeks. Minerva hid her smile behind her own cup of tea. When she had first seen Severus after the incident, she had demanded he tell her everything and by the he had finished, most of her anger at him had dissipated as she had come to realise that he really did have the best interest of Tobias on his mind, but had little to no experience with pregnant women and even less with a pregnant man.

First, she explained to him what he had done wrong and told him to not expect any member of The Pack to want anything to do with him until they had discovered for themselves that no physical harm had occurred to either Tobias or the baby and not to worry if they didn’t warm up to him until after Tobias forgave him. She also told him that it was the hormones that drove Tobias into such hysteric, stating that if he weren’t pregnant then the boy would have just told him where to shove it and walk out.

Now, here she was witnessing another hormone-driven encounter between the two and if it wasn’t for how badly the man had been affected by the first, she would have been rolling on the floor with tears of laughter flowing down her cheeks. As it was, the sight of Severus not only allowing for the teen to mother him, but relishing it, was enough to make her slightly depressed. Had she known that she and Fillious were the only two people that were talking to Severus for the entire three week period, then she would have used Remus, Tom, Lucius and Narcissa to sharpen her tongue on – regardless of the fact that one of them was the darkest Dark Lord in over a thousand years.

She was knocked from her thoughts by a knock at her window by an unknown owl. Standing, she pulled her wand from its sheath and opened the window. “Deposit it on the table,” she told the owl. “There is water and food at the owlery or a plain biscuit and water here if you wish.”

The owl bobbed its head in answer and flew back out the window after dropping the letter on the table. Without hesitation, Minerva shot spells of detection towards it before handling it to Severus, who read it without betraying his thoughts. When he was finished, he tapped the letter against his lips.
“Who was it from Sev?” Tobias asked, subconsciously reheating the drink in the man’s hand enough for him to notice he had some left.

“He was from Tom, Lucius, Narcissa and Remus,” he eventually said. “They apologised for their treatment of me these past three weeks, but I don’t think I can forgive them – not yet at any rate.”

“Then tell them that,” Minerva said. “Tell them exactly what happened and how you reacted to it and what you put up with for three weeks. Be one hundred percent brutally honest.”

Severus nodded decisively, finished his drink and rose from his seat. “No time like the present,” he said before leaving.

Minerva and Tobias exchanged smirks.

“Is it fair that I don’t pity them?” Tobias mused. “I have a feeling that Sev is going to get vindictive.”

“No. It serves them right. Lucius most of all since he is the only married man of the group: You should have seen some of the things Narcissa put him through when she was pregnant with Draco.”

The two of them spent the rest of their time together laughing over past memories.

***

Draco smiled as Tobias snuggled into him, settling in for a night of peace. It was the first night in over a fortnight that the two of them were sleeping in their bed without the presence of at least three other members of The Pack. He gently pressed a kiss to the top of his husband’s head.

“I’m glad you approached Sev today,” he murmured. “I was starting to worry about him and I would have risked you hating me to talk to him if you hadn’t by tomorrow.”

“I’m glad I did too. I’m hoping that I’m not like this for long; I don’t like getting weepy, angry or motherly over every small thing. I also hate that it was Severus who coped it first. It wasn’t fair on him, nor on you. I’m sorry.”
Draco pulled Tobias closer. “I forgive you, ‘Bi. I know that it was the hormone acting up, but some of what The Pack and I do in retaliation is because of our need to protect you and the little one. It’s worse when we don’t spend a lot of time with you since we get antsy.”

Tobias smiled at Draco and gave him a soft kiss. “I love you Draco.”

“I love you too, Tobias.”

The two snuggled together and fell into a deep, peaceful slumber.

***

At Riddle Manor, four people were just finishing reading the letters they had received from the friend they had been ignoring for longer than they should have. The first man bowed his head and heaved a sigh of disgust. His son was correct; they should have factored in the pregnancy factor before turning on Severus as badly as they had. Inhaling deeply, he reached out for a roll of parchment and a quill. He had a lot to atone for with his old friend and he intended on doing it properly.

The second man exchanged devastated looks with the third recipient – who was also his wife - and opened his arms for her sobbing form. Internally, he was cursing himself to purgatory and back for his behaviour, after all, the day before it happened he was remarking on Draco’s luck for having a partner who didn’t throw things in a hormone-driven rage. Taking a deep breathe, he moved his wife away and dried her tears, murmuring in her ear and taking her hand, guided her into his study to compile a joint apologetic letter proper for the occasion.

The forth recipient allowed the letter to fall from his horror-numbed fingers. His fiancée was hurting and he was a cause for it. After several minutes of staring into nothingness, he snatched the page up from the floor and re-read it feverishly, hoping that he hadn’t lost the one person he loved beyond all else. He almost sobbed in despair when the bottom had been signed as Severus instead of the usual sensually entwined double ‘S’ he had used since the day they had started dating in school.

Even when they had split due to the prank, Sirius had played; Severus had never stopped signing it that way. This was the first time in nearly twenty three years that it was absent and it broke his heart knowing he was the cause of it. Taking a few moments to reflect on what he had done, the consequences and what he could do to fix it, he stood from his seat and quickly made his way to his room. It was time for him to do something he should have done twenty years ago and by Merlin, he would see this through even if it killed him.


Words

*Kyria – Lady*
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

Luna has more fun :3

Chapter Notes

I apologise for missing out on posting last night. Family came down for a few days and one of them stole my computer table to use as a bedside table. I will admit to this being my favourite Luna chapter :3 I hope you enjoy reading it just as much as I did writing it.

Chapter 36

Albus Dumbledore was not in a good mood. The past three weeks had been good. Harry (and he is Harry damn it, not whatever it is the brat was calling himself this week) and Severus weren’t talking and he hadn’t needed to do anything to cause it. Then, at breakfast this morning, the bastard of a child had to go and ruin it all by hugging the man! Now the two of them were closer than before. To make matters even worse, he had received a letter from the Ministry stating that he was to expect the officials who were going to be investigating him in the following three days. Every name on the list was against him becoming the Headmaster of the school for some reason or another and all would jump at the chance to evict him from his rightful place. He growled in irritation: The day had started off in such a wonderful way as well.

***

Hermione curled up on the over-stuffed armchair in the Gryffindor common room with a book, stubbornly ignoring the rushing memories and urging to report them. She may have been branded by this mark, but it would be a cold day in Hell before she gave into it. Slowly she got deeper and deeper into the book she was reading. Half an hour later a high pitched scream woke everyone in Gryffindor tower. Everyone hurried to the common room to find Hermione bawling her eyes out while staring at the book in her hands.

“What is going on here?” Minerva barked. She was not happy about getting woken at 1:30 in the morning by her student’s shenanigans.

“We don’t know,” Seamus answered. “We were woken by a scream and came out here to find her
like this."

Minerva sighed. “Right: everyone back to bed. I’ll sort this out. No use for all of us to be tired later on in the day.” She turned to the girl and put a hand on her shoulder to gain her attention. “What Happened, Miss Granger?”

Hermione raised tear-heavy eyes to her Head of House. “I can’t read it, Professor,” she sobbed. “I can see the words on the page but when I touch the book, the writing vanishes.”

Minerva shook her head. “There’s more to it than that. Tell me.”

Hermione broke down and told her the entire story – from reading the paper that morning so long ago, the urge to report everything Dumbledore had ordered her to do to the memories that battered her every minute of the day.

Minerva frowned at the normally intelligent girl. “It seems your Master wishes for you to report on Albus to get him out of the school.”

Hermione paled. “M-Master?”

“Yes girl, Master,” Minerva snapped. “The ownership brand is just that – a mark of possession. In layman’s terms, it means you are less than a slave to the person whose magic is in that mark. You are a possession, nothing more. You are fighting against your Master’s orders, so he – or she – is punishing you by allowing you to see written words but removing your knowledge of them when you wish to read them. You will find that you will be able to read again when you have done what they wish.”

“I refuse,” Hermione spat, wrenching herself from the older lady’s grip. “I am not a possession – I am a human being. I have rights!” she raged.

Minerva smiled sadly at the girl. “But it was you yourself that allowed this to happen,” she said, shocking the girl into silence. “The thing about the brand you have is that it does not take hold unless your magic accepts it as punishment for what you did wrong. You already know that your punishment for your part in what happened to Harry that led him to become Tobias is death. Your magic accepted the brand in the hopes that it will not be a long, slow, painful death.”
“I don’t understand,” Hermione scowled.

“Tobias made an oath to destroy everyone involved in his treatment. This oath will force each person to feel everything each of their victims had to feel due to their part of the plan. Your magic made a deal with someone else’s to protect you from the worst of it. Think of that before fighting even more against it. Also be thankful that all your Master wants you to do is report on the Headmaster – they could just as easily turn you into the school tramp and no one could do anything about it.”

Minerva stood and exited the room, not caring that the two largest gossips in the school were staring at Hermione in shock. Nor did she care that the information would be around the school within three hours of the start of breakfast.

‘Severus said it best,’ she thought as she headed for her own bed once again. ‘She bought this entirely onto herself.’

***

Luna was in her specially designed room within the Room of Requirement, humming softly while getting the room ready for her plans for the next evening, humming a popular children’s song in a slow and eerie fashion, a large insane grin on her face and silver eyes following things only she could see. Life was perfect. Her Alpha and his unborn cub were doing well, she had Alpha’s permission to court a potential mate and she had another session with a red-headed annoyance. Yes, life was very, very good.

***

By the time breakfast arrived, word that The Hermione Granger had an ownership bond and was marked for death had made its way through the house of Lions and everyone was itching to spread it around – especially the part of who had issued the mark for death upon her.

Ginny giggled softly and walked over to the Ravenclaw Table to chat to Luna before the two of them met up with the rest of The Pack for a trip into Hogsmeade. She noticed immediately that her blond-haired sister was in one of her moods. Smiling she placed a hand on the other girl’s arm to interrupt her thoughts.

“Did you hear?” she asked softly yet excitedly. “The brand was revealed last night by McGonagall!” She giggled in her excitement. “So was the fact that Tobias took a death oath out on her.”
Luna gapped at Ginny. “Are you serious? How much backlash do we need to prepare for?”

“That’s the beauty of it,” Ginny beamed “When Alpha was Harry, he, Ron and Hermione were really close and there was an unspoken threat going around that if you messed with one, you messed with all three. Everyone is wondering what Hermione could have done to make Tobias turn on her like that because they were so close.”

Luna beamed at the girl and grabbed her hand, pulling her from the bench. “Come on! We have to tell Alpha the good news!”

The two girls reached the Slytherin Table just as the owl post arrived. Luckily for both girls, neither one had anything, but Tobias received his usual delivery of newspaper, bank reports and correspondence from family, friends and the Ministry. Between him and Draco, their entire section of the Slytherin Table was full. Without hesitation, all Pack members grabbed a small armful and disappeared through the doors of the Great Hall to deliver it to their individual studies.

Everyone in the Hall either laughed or awed when Draco removed the bundle of papers from Tobias and ordered him to sit and finish eating before taking his double load from the Hall.

“Post came, I assume,” Neville said cheerfully as he took a seat and helped himself to a full hot breakfast.

“Yes,” Tobias pouted. “Draco’s being mean. He told me to keep eating and took my stuff from me.”

“That wasn’t him being mean Alpha,” Ginny stated. “That was him taking care of his mate and cub. Remember, you have to eat enough nutrients for both you and the pup.”

“And he also believed that our Potions Professor would need you. He receive three letters this morning and looks ready to throw up,” Luna piped in.

Tobias rose as he looked over at the man in question then hurried over to the man, gently removing the letters from his hands. “Today is about Hogsmeade, Sev,” he crooned, much to Minerva and Filius’ amusement. “I’ll give these to Luna and get her to put them on my desk and when we get back, we’ll go to my study and you can read your correspondence and mark whatever nastily delicious homework assignments you have set while I go through my own mail and then continue with the stuff in those boxes.”
Severus sent a level look at the teen, who grinned as he hand the letters to Luna, who skipped out of the room happily.

“I promise I will only work until you finish reading the letters the stop for half an hour then start again when you start your first reply then stop and repeat. This way I can get my work done, my Pack can get their homework done and we can still socialize.”

Severus nodded. “So when are we leaving?”

“After Tobias finishes eating what was brought up from the kitchen for him,” Draco stated dryly.

“Technically I have finished it. You were the one who ordered another serve without asking me if I could eat more,” Tobias stated stubbornly.

Severus laughed softly. “How about we compromise: We leave now for Hogsmeade and we stop in Madam Puddifoots,” he wrinkled his nose in disgust, “To have a snack before lunch. Or,” he added hopefully, “We can ask the elf who serves Tobias for a large basket of food for us all to munch on during the day.”

“Do you mind an extra mouth or two?” Minerva asked. “It would be lovely to go to the village and not need to supervise.”

“We would be delighted, Professor McGonagall,” Draco half-bowed.

“Then let’s be off!” Tobias cheered, shooing everyone from the room amidst much laughter.

***

The residents of Hogsmeade smiled as they watched the large group walk through the street. Every now and then a few members of the group would split off and enter a store before re-joining the group and splitting the purchases between them all. As the day progressed, they witnessed them sitting together around a large feast and eating in a comfortable silence many would have argued against teenagers of any age possessing.
At the end of the long day, many of them recalled the young Malfoy heir carrying two lots of goodies while one of the larger boys carried a dozing dark-haired teen bridal style back to the castle. It surely was a day to remember.

***

It took an hour and forty five minutes for Tobias’ nap to end and to prevent himself from running into the study with the sole purpose of finding and destroying all three letters, Severus sat in front of the portrait of the four founders and immersed himself in their stories and teachings. By the time Tobias stumbled out of the bedroom wearing a green shirt that belonged to Draco, a pair of black trousers of his fathers and a silvery-black robe Severus identified as belonging to Sirus, Severus was calm enough to sit and read through his mail.

Settling in, he reached for the shortest letter, which was from Tom. He slowly read the three inch letter through three times before putting pen to paper and, for the second time in his life, he wrote a brutally honest answer in reply to the Dark Lord’s missive. Checking the time, he turned to the letter that stank of old money.

Opening it, he repeated the process he had done for Tom’s letter and set the reply aside to post with the other two.

“Come on ‘Bi,” he said as he stretched out his fingers to get rid of the cramp, “Time to head upstairs and eat.”

Tobias nodded his agreement and placed the folder he was going through neatly on his desk before rubbing his face tiredly. “I haven’t even finished the first folder of the first box yet,” he mumbled. “Just how much stuff has Dumbledore cancelled, forbidden or denied?”

“A lot, Tobias,” Severus answered. “More than anyone can tell you. Those files are only for those that are concerning Filch. Each of us Professors have our own files and folders. Some are more numerous than Filch’s.”

Tobias groaned. “The seventeen I have from Filch only cover the past year!” He sighed, rubbing his eyes. “Well, I was the one who wanted to do this so I am going to see it through! What I need is a good solid period of time with no interruptions – but that is impossible. Let’s go Sev; I need a good night’s sleep.”
Severus nodded and followed the teen to the Great Hall.

“How is he?” Filius asked as he sat and started to fill his plate.

“Pissed off at the amount of work Albus has left for him to clean up,” he answered, covering a yawn, “And tired.”

“You look a little tired yourself, Severus,” Pomona said, sitting in the seat usually reserved for Minerva. “Minerva is having a meal out tonight. She had a meeting at St Mungo’s. Something about an elderly gentleman using a complex transfiguration spell on his daughter-in-law and getting it wrong. Now the poor thing is stuck in a tri-way transfiguration of human head, snake body and ox legs, tail and horns.”

Severus and Filius winced. “What was he thinking? Why did they call Minerva?”

“Not even he knew what he was thinking when he did it,” Sprout answered with a shrug. “As to why they asked for Minerva … well …” she cleared her throat nervously. “Turns out that the old fool not only mispronounced the spell, he combined two spells – one for human transfiguration and the other for non-living transfiguration the healers are unsure as to what can be done.”

“So they called in the only registered Transfiguration Master in the UK to help,” Severus finished for her with a nod of understanding. “I get the same treatment when the problem they can’t solve is potions related. My suggestion is to notify her classes that she is unavailable and give them an assignment to complete on the topic she was teaching.”

“I’ll do that Severus, Thank you. I’ll go see her after I finish here. You’d best get a decent night’s sleep – it’s going to be a long few days. We got word that the investigators will be here in only a few short days.”

Severus nodded and gave up on his meal as he yawned once more. He slowly made his way to his rooms, stopping to talk to a few Slytherins to inform everyone he was to be left alone until tomorrow. With a smile and nod to The Pack, he left the Hall. The letter from Remus could wait for the following day – his bed was calling for him.

***
Luna hummed softly as she flittered from shadow to shadow on her way to the Ravenclaw dormitory. She still had no friends in Ravenclaw, but it didn’t bother her at all now. She had The Pack and that’s all that mattered. She had tonight all planned out. First, she would write a letter to her potential mate with a git of some importance to her – she had chosen one of the first things she had made as a young girl. They were cuff-links in the shape of the crescent moon with a tear angling precariously from the bottom point. Both tear and moon had a dull redness to them, giving them the look of being blood-stained.

She had also made a necklace, earrings and two watches in the same pattern. If her chosen mate agreed to her courting request, then he would be obtaining the masculine watch as well. If not, then the cufflinks would return to her.

After that, she was going to return to the Room of Requirement and double-check that her work place was still the way she wished for it to be for her …. Guest … She smirked at the thought. Yes, he was a guest – an unwilling guest, but a guest none the less.

Third she would talk to Neville about helping her again. Hmm, maybe she should actually ask that first … Nah, she could do it alone if she had to: she just thought that Neville would like to participate this time. She was sure that he would, he had, after all, wanted to kill the red-headed prat after almost hitting Alpha with that spell. She grinned lazily and skipped the rest of the way to her common room.

***

Ron Weasley woke up with a start as his naked back hit cold stone. He sleepily tried to bring his hands to his face to rub the sleepiness away so he could find his pyjama top, only to discover he couldn’t move them. Wide awake with fear, he screamed as he found himself tied naked and spread-eagled to the bottom of a bridge. Below him was a sheer drop between two jagged cliff faces upon which he could see many varieties of insects and arachnids and at the bottom, he could see a thin shimmering line of water with large areas of dullness nestled in it that he assumed to be rocks.

Trembling with fear, Ron started to struggle, screaming for help, not noticing that the ropes were being pulled tighter until he couldn’t move at all.

“No matter how much you scream, no one will hear you,” Luna’s mystifying voice came from around the room. Neville struggled to hold his laughter as he stopped pulling on the ropes, satisfied that they would hold.
Ron froze as the voice spoke. No matter how much he wished it, that voice haunted his nightmares. The one dream he had that contained the owner of that voice stood out in his mind. He replayed it every time he closed his eyes. He still felt the phantom pains those knives of hers had caused. He opened his mouth to scream once more, but fear had frozen his voice. He moaned piteously as a cold hand formed of mist touched his cheek.

“So you do remember me!” the disembodied voice said tinged with happiness, “How wondrously delightful! I’m afraid to say it, but you won’t be seeing my beautiful knives today. I’ve had to put them away so I can sharpen them; so instead, I invited a friend along to play with us. He doesn’t say much, but he has an amazing voice. I’m sure that the two of you will get along just marvellously.”

Neville smirked and held out his hand like he was going to shake someone’s hand and laughed when Ron startled as another misty hand appeared before him.

“Sorry about that,” he said, grinning as the spells on the room changed his voice to be slighter higher pitched than normal. “I forgot that you were tied up at this point in time.”

Ron shuddered at the sight of another, unknown, mist hand and whimpered at the sound of the unknown voice, his mind running through all the horrible things this stranger could do to him.

“Since we cannot play with my knives, we’ve decided to give you a concert,” the misty voice returned. Oh, I’m sure you will love it!” she half squealed, which freaked Ron out more than anything.

“London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.”

To Ron’s horror, the bridge he was tied to started to crumble. Slowly at first then in larger quantities and in faster time as the verse was repeated another two more times. Soon, he was screaming as he fell into the ravine, hitting the jagged sides hard enough to bruise. He gulped deeply when the stranger’s strong tenor took over the song.

“Build it up with wood and clay,
Wood and clay, wood and clay.
Build it up with wood and clay,
My Fair Lady.”

Ron sighed in relief as the pieces of bridge spun slowly around him and each other as they came together as though someone had cast a reparo spell on the pieces. He grimaced slightly as the stone he had at his back turned to rough wood and dug into his flesh. He relaxed slightly as her heard the verse sung once more, but his blood froze when instead of going for a third time, the eerie soprano took over once more.

“Wood and clay will wash away,
Wash away, wash away.
Wood and clay will wash away,
My Fair Lady.”

The bottom of Ron’s stomach dropped as clay-muddied water dripped down and around his body. He screamed once again as the clay’s grasp on the wood loosened and he – along with many large planks of wood - started to fall once more. He gasped for breath in relief when the tenor cut in before the soprano could repeat the verse.

“Build it up with bricks and mortar,
Bricks and mortar, bricks and mortar.
Build it up with Bricks and mortar,
My Fair Lady.”

Once again, Ron relaxed as his decent stopped and the prickly wood and tacky clay were transformed into strong brick and mortar. Nothing, he was sure, could happen now. He was safe.

“Bricks and Mortar will not stay,
Will not stay, will not stay.
Bricks and Mortar will not stay,
My Fair Lady.”

Ron whimpered when sections of brick started to tumble out of their places in the bridge and into the
water that, while closer, was still far below him. “MUUUUUMMMMMY! He yelled as the bridge section he was attached to fell. He screamed as he saw the spiders’ web full of newly hatched spiderlings speed towards him, no longer paying attention to how many times a verse was repeated and by whom. He almost fainted in relief when the now familiar voice of salvation started to sing.

“Build it up with iron and steel,
Iron and steel, Iron and steel.
Build it up with Iron and steel,
My Fair Lady.”

By the time the bridge was solid once more, Ron was almost sobbing in relief – or he was until the building materials changed to said iron and steel. He let out a high-pitched screech before starting to hyperventilate due to the red-hot burning that occurred when placing icy-cold metal onto heated flesh. The soprano voice rang through the area once again, this time with a smug undertone to it.

“Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Bend and bow, bend and bow.
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
My Fair Lady.”

Ron screamed louder still as the metal bridge stared to bend and warp into odd shapes. He choked on his own breathe when the bending metal started to wrap itself cage-like around him. With a loud snap, the last piece of un-warped metal snapped, sending the ensnared boy tumbling into the web and spider infested depths.

“Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold.
Build it up with silver and god,
My Fair Lady.”

Ron was ashamed to admit that he was screaming like a baby. Not only did he have spiders all over him, but he was bruised and battered and absolutely terrified. He was convinced that the voices were out to kill him. “Stop!” he wept. “Please stop, I can’t take much more.”
“Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away.
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My Fair Lady.”

Ron stared to scream the second the feminine voice started to sing, ignoring his pleas for mercy and ghostly hands reacted out and starred pulling various quantities of gold and silver from the structure above him. He squeezed his eyes tight as he felt everything slowly start to inch down the ravine. The river was so close he could see the bottom from his vantage point.

“Set a man to watch all night,
Watch all night, watch all night.
Set a man to watch all night,
My Fair Lady”

Ron sobbed in terror as a pair of intense eyes appeared out of the mist and most of the hands disappeared, only to quickly reappear to snatch small pieces of the precious materials before vanishing once again. The bridge was still slowly inching towards the bottom of the ravine.

“Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Fall asleep, fall asleep.
Suppose the man should fall asleep?
My fair lady.”

Ron didn’t notice the eyes shutting or the return of the hands. His mind was so taken by fear of what would happen to him next that he didn’t even register that he was now sliding faster towards the river.

“Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
Smoke all night, smoke all night.
Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
My fair lady.”
Ron’s mind snapped to attention as he felt warm smoke rising around him as he felt himself rise into
the upper reaches of the ravine. He opened his eyes to see a mist man smoking a mist pipe with the
smoke from the pipe pushing him and the remnants of the bridge up towards where he started. He
wriggled slightly, noting excitedly that the ropes around him were looser.

“London Bridge is falling down,

Falling down, falling down.

London Bridge is falling down,

My … Fair … Lay … Dee.”

Ron screamed as he and the remaining bits of the gold and silver bridge plummeted down towards
jagged rocks. Just before he hit the ground, Ron closed his eyes tight.

THUMP!

Ron jolted upright, heart racing, sweat poring off him and his mouth open in a high-pitched scream.

“You alright, Ron?” Seamus asked, poking his head out of the bathroom just as Neville opened the
curtains around his bed, blinking sleepily.

“What happened?” he yawned, his voice husky from his time with Luna and Ron in the Room of
Requirement. Thankfully for him Seamus thought it was because he’d just woken up.

“Have a big night, huh Nev?” he asked slyly, wriggling his eyebrows. “Care to tell us who she is?”

Neville laughed half-heartedly. “Don’t I wish it were with a girl. Truth is I was trying to get ahead on
the charms and potions homework. I gave the both of them up as bad jobs at about one, then had
trouble getting to sleep due to dreams of drowning in barrels of armadillo bile and horned toad
sperm.”

Neville, Dean and Seamus shuddered at the thought while Ron just frowned.

Where were you studying?” he asked, looking at Neville suspiciously.
“In the common room,” Neville replied coldly. “Ginny was with me until about nine, Colin was with my until ten and you, Seamus and Dean left at twelve. Do you want me to prove it?”

Ron flushed slightly at the frowns he was getting off Seamus and Dean. He decided that the other two boys were right, Neville couldn’t have been involved in anything concerning him, he was just a blundering idiot after all.

Neville smirked once he had his back to the room. Last night was FUN!

***

Luna leaned back and looked at the ceiling. She was in the Great Hall writing down everything noteworthy she had done in a letter for her Father. As usual she used the code that her parents had made between them for times of unrest, and so her letter was full of Nargals, Crumple-horned Snorkacs, Glitterpuffs and other creatures they had invented to represent the people in their lives. She was now almost finished the ten inch letter and had re-read it twice, trying to remember what she had left out.

“Let’s see,” she murmured under her breath, tapping the quill on her lips. “There was the NEWTs … covered that, and the Pack reunion … covered that as well. I’ve also covered the meeting I had with Alpha afterwards and my letter and gift to my chosen mate. He won’t receive it until this morning’s post so I won’t know his answer for another day or two …”

She sighed and blinked slowly. “I’ve also covered the trial and Blaise marking Granger and how she has lost the ability to read any text because of her failure to report her memories of the Headmaster’s plans. I’ve even told him about my two nights playing with Ronald. I know there is something I’m forgetting …”

Three minutes later, she was shaken from her thoughts when two multi-coloured owls dropped a package and letter before Tobias. She smiled as she remembered the last thing she wanted to say and she started to write it down. She had just signed and sealed her letter when Tobias finished reading the letter and started to open the package.

“What do you think Fred and George will mind if I borrowed one of their owls?” Luna asked Ginny as she slid into the seat beside the red-head. “Daddy said in his last letter that Heron is grounded for a few months. She was showing signs of clutching again.”
Ginny smiled. “I’m positive they would be thrilled that you thought of them in your time of need,” she giggled softly.

Luna laughed. “I’ll just write a quick note to them saying that I’ve borrowed one of them.”

“What is it?” Blaise asked, looking at the odd box contraption on the table. It had a strap attached to the base, on which another, smaller box sat. The smaller box had a handle on one side. It looked old and flimsy.

“It’s a music box,” Luna chimed in with a soft smile. “Mummy used to have several of them for me when I was younger. They were the only thing that put me to sleep when I was fussy.”

“How do you use it?” Theo asked, intrigued.

“Here,” Luna stood and moved to the older teen. “The strap goes around your neck, like this,” she put the machine into the right position, “and you turn the handle at the pace you want the music to play. I’d suggest a slow pace at first and speed up until it sounds right.”

She returned to her seat and gave her letter to Labrys with instructions to give it to her Father. Theodore’s curiosity got the better of him as Luna got to the end of her note to the twins. As soon as he found the speed he liked, Luna, Ginny, Tobias, Greg and Vincent started to sing along to it.

Luna noted Neville coming through the door alone and winked at him as he made his way over to them.

“Ron will be here soon,” Neville murmured to her, a strange gleam in his eye. “Hey Theo, do you think I can try? I promise not to break it,” he teased making everyone who heard him laugh.

“Sure, do you know how to use it?”

“Yeah, Gran had a couple of them at home. I used to sneak in and play with them when I was younger. One day they disappeared and I never found out where they went,” Neville said with a half-sad smile.
Luna rapped the under-side of the table with her fingers when Ron, Dean and Seamus entered the room. Neville smirked at her and turned the handle a bit slower than Theo had done. Almost instantly, Luna, Neville, Ginny, Greg, Vincent and Tobias started to softly sing along with it, slowly getting a little louder with each verse, ignoring the slowly spreading silence of the hall.

On the other side of the room, something was niggling at Ron’s brain. It wasn’t until he stopped shovelling food into the black hole he called a mouth that he registered the music. He froze in place because even though the voices were different, the song was very familiar.

When the words sank into his brain, he gave a blood-curdling scream and ran from the Hall as though the hounds of Hell were after him. All noise stopped as everyone blinked at the sudden exit he had taken.

“What was that about?” Tobias asked, confused.

“I have no idea,” Neville replied, only just managing to keep his laughter hidden from everyone else.

Luna just shrugged with everyone else as she wrote the last two words on her note to the twins before sealing and sending it.

Mischief Managed.

Words

*Labrys – Symmetrical double bladed axe*
Tobias watched Severus with a frown on his face as the older man stared at the still sealed letter resting on the table before him.

“Open it Sev,” Tobias said softly. “You will torture yourself more doing this then if you just opened it.”

“I know,” Severus responded, exhaling heavily. “It’s just … I was so hurt by what had occurred that for the first time in over twenty years, I signed my name at the end of a letter instead of my usual sign-off. What if he took it as me not wanting to be with him anymore? What if,” Severus started to hyperventilate, “What if he’s called off the engagement?”

Tobias quickly pulled the now shaking man’s head around and forced his eyes to meet his own. “Calm down. Breathe deeply and calmly. That’s it. This is what I was talking about before. You are hyping yourself up. Open the letter and read the content, then freak out about what it says, not what it might say.”

One shaking hand reached for the innocent-looking roll of parchment. When his godfather had stopped shaking and was reading with his jaw lowered slightly, Tobias swallowed, hoping against all hope that he had done the right thing.

***
Draco rushed through the rooms in the Chamber of Secrets, looking for his wayward husband. He scowled as every room he checked turned out to be lacking the person he was looking for. The scowl deepened when the only room left to search was Tobias’ study.

“I swear if I find him in here …” he muttered, glaring at the door. He opened it slowly.

“Looking for a dark-haired person we both know and love?” a soft voice called, making Draco relax.

“Yeah ... Do you know where he is?”

“Right here.”

Draco blinked slowly and walked into the room. There, resting his head on Severus’ lap was a sleeping Tobias. “How long?”

Severus gave a half-smirk. “How long has he been asleep? How long have I been here? How long does it take to fly to Australia from Scotland?”

Draco blushed slightly at the memory those words bought up – one where a six-year old version of himself was planning on running away to Australia because he was sick of snow.

“How long has he been here?” Draco clarified.

“Two hours,” Severus smiled. “He convinced me to read Remus' letter, then finished going through the file he was working on. He finished it fifteen minutes ago and decided to catch a nap before going out to spend time with you all.”

Draco nodded and sat on Tobias’ empty seat, eyeing the unrolled parchment with thinly disguised disgust. “Do you know what he is doing?”

Severus looked up from the letter he was re-reading. “Sorry what was that?”

Draco frowned thoughtfully. “Are you alright Sev? You seem to be distracted.”
“Just the letter from Remus,” he sighed, running his hand gently through the hair of the teen whose head was on his lap. “He’s apologised for his treatment of the past three weeks towards me. He doesn’t want me to reply to the letter due to something he wants to talk about face to face. The only thing I’m sure of is that our relationship has changed and I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not.”

Draco looked at Severus, noticing for the first time that he was giving out a lost vibe that didn’t look right on the normally strong man.

“Pateras wants us to go home tonight. Seems like one of his spy’s found something and he wants us there for discussions,” Tobias muttered sleepily.

Severus paled drastically. “What time?”

“ASAP,” was the reply as Tobias stumbled to his feet, making the two others in the room smile slightly at the sight.

“Just us or Minerva as well?” Severus asked as he reached out to steady him.

“No, he’s fine,” Severus stated quickly, moving Tobias until he was holding him bridal style.

Draco and Severus blinked in shock as Tobias lay his head back onto Severus’ shoulder and went slack, causing Severus to almost drop him due to the increase of weight.

“I’ll go get The Pack and see if Thanis will take us. Greg or Vince can take “Bi from you if you wish.”

“No, he’s fine,” Severus stated quickly, moving Tobias until he was holding him bridal style.

Draco nodded and left to gather the rest of their family. It looked as though Severus wasn’t quite ready to let Tobias out of his sight just yet.
Tom breathed out explosively when The Pack appeared in a flash of flame. “Thank you for coming so quickly. We have a problem.”

“What is it?” Neville asked as he stepped to the front, followed by Pansy.

Tom blinked. “Where’s Tobias?” he asked dumbly.

“He, Beta and Professor Snape are in a separate room as none of them wish to talk to anyone here,” Pansy stated boredly. “We are here representing them until such time they desire to see or talk to you.”

Tom visibly shrank and the three people behind him slumped slightly. “They don’t want to see us?” Tom whispered.

“No they don’t. Now, can you tell us why we were called here? If it is important enough, one of us will go get them,” Neville cut in.

Tom sighed and rubbed his face. “It is that important. Madam Longbottom discovered who is going to be involved in the investigation. One is Lucius, several of the others are neutrals but there are two people I am worried about – one more than the other. The lesser danger is Madam Greengrass. I still have a degree of control over her – as does Lucius. The main problem is the last person on the team. Lucius assured me he did his absolute best to prevent it, but it didn’t work.”

The Pack exchanged looks. This person must be bad for The Lord to start rambling.

“Who is it?” Neville asked.

“Delores Umbridge.”

Without a word Ginny and Theo turned and ran out of the room. As the others closed ranks, Remus approached the one person he knew would tell him the truth.
“Alpha is sleeping – or he was before Epikindynos and Pontikos left. Beta is making sure he is okay and Professor Snape still believes that you are going to call off the engagement, but have plans to do it face-to-face rather than through a letter,” Luna stated loud enough for the adults to hear.

Remus staggered in shock. He hadn’t realised just how badly Severus was affected.

“But don’t worry,” Luna continued, pulling a lollypop out of her mouth, “once you tell him what is happening, he will find security.”

Remus nodded distractedly. “Thank you Luna … um … where did you get the lolly pop?”

Luna put the sweet back into her mouth and smiled sweetly around it. “My po’kit.”

Everyone blinked as the honest blonde skipped away, just in time to avoid a flame covered Tobias with fury pouring from his very being. “WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE’S COMING INTO THE SCHOOL!” he roared, making everyone flinch.

“Calm down Love,” Draco panted as he opened the door, followed closely by a sickly-looking Severus that had Tom, Lucius, Narcissa and Remus to pale and flinch back jerkily.

“Calm down? CALM DOWN! I DON’T THINK SO! NOT AFTER LEARNING SHE WILL BE IN MY TERRITORY AGAIN!”

“Bi, please calm down. Think of the baby – our baby,” Draco pleaded.

“I AM THINKING OF OUR BABY YOU OVER GROWN BLONDE FLUFFBALL! THIS IS THE PIECE OF HIPPOGRIPH SHIT THAT USED A BLOOD QUILL ON FIRST YEARS FOR MINOR INFRACTIONS!”

“She did what?” Remus growled.

“How do you know?” Severus asked, taking the opportunity to pull Tobias against him and run a
calming hand through his godson’s hair. Everyone sighed in relief when Tobias calmed and cuddled into the older man.

“Because I was the one who treated the first and second years after they had their detentions and they, in turn, revealed the treatment to the upper years who also received detentions with the toad-faced homophobic bitch.”

“We’ll also not forget the fact you spent nearly three of every five nights in detention with her for anything up to five hours,” Neville stated dryly.

“That two,” Tobias shrugged, purring softly. “Now shoo, I’m sleepy.” Once again, he fell asleep with close to no warning.

Draco shook his head and signed for Vincent to come over, only to be interrupted by a soft growl and fading footsteps. “That man will be the death of himself,” he muttered, rubbing his temples. “Do us all a favour Lupin and pull your head out of your arse quickly or I’ll be the one going temperamental on you. I would like to have my husband for more than half an hour a day.”

Remus blinked as the blonde walked off, muttering about idiot wolves that refused to be dominant. “I’d better go talk to Sev …” he trailed off and ran after the young Malfoy heir.

The Pack seemed to relax then tense as they turned to the other adults in the room. “So what are we going to do about Miss Bufo Marinus?” Luna asked in a sickly sweet voice that made those who knew of the girl’s treatment of one Ronald Weasley to shudder. Everyone one of them could tell the blonde female had many ideas – none of which would end happily … for the victim, that is.

Before she could get two deeply into her thoughts, she was guided – read ‘man-handled’ – into a chair. She pouted as every one of her ideas was shot down. Seems they didn’t see the beauty of deep red blood glistening in the moonlight. Pity … it was such a wondrous sight.

***

Severus paled as Remus walked into the room after Draco.

“You two need to talk right this second!” Draco ordered, looking at his godfather, “And you need to do so alone. I will be taking Bi. We shall be in the bathroom having a good long soak.” He walked
over and removed Tobias from Severus, ignoring the man’s whimpers.

Remus stood in the doorway looking at his broken mate with a heavy heart. He was the cause of the downfall of that proud man and he felt utterly horrified at the knowledge. He was broken out of his depreciating thoughts by a throat being cleared. He moved to one side and waited until the door closed before walking closer to the now trembling man.

“You aren’t wearing the ring I bought you.”

Remus fought the flinch at the tear-filled, heart-broken statement. Slowly he pulled a chain out from underneath his robe, revealing the position of the missing ring. “I had to remove it,” he whispered, lowering his eyes, unable to look his mate in the eye as he made his confession. “I don’t deserve to wear it,” he clarified, fighting tears of his own as he smelt salt coming from the slighter man. “You have shown me – proven to me - that you are worthy of my heart and soul, but I haven’t done anything to prove that I am worthy of yours. I cannot, in good conscience, wear a symbol of the depth of your devotion to me if I have done nothing to earn or prove that I am just as, if not more so, devoted to you.”

Remus swallowed hard then looked up into Severus’ shocked, wet eyes. “I am in no way ending our relationship, Severus. I am not rejecting you, or your proposal. I just wish to put our engagement on hold until such a time as I feel I have proven just how much I love you.”

Severus watched Remus with wide-eyed shock as the beast-in-human skin stalked towards him.

“Do you, Severus Tobias Snape, give your consent to me – Remus John Lupin – to court you by way of the moon’s children?”

Severus looked into Remus’ eyes, frantically searching for any sign of hesitation, annoyance or disgust and when he found nothing but nervous hope and pleading he whispered, “I, Severus Tobias Snape give my consent to Remus John Lupin to court me by way of the moon’s children.”

Once the words were stated, Remus pounced on the other man and with a murmured apology for what he was about to do, bit down as hard as he could on the flesh behind his left ear. He waited until the magic building in the air settled itself deep inside his chest before letting go of the spot, licking the blood gently from the wound, whining apologetically. It wasn’t until the wound closed that Remus noticed his most precious object had fallen asleep where he sat.
‘Kyria was right,’ Remus thought as he picked the man up frowning slightly at how light the other man was, ‘He needed the security of the bite. I am such a fool. It is time and past that I pull my head out of my arse and become the Alpha my mate needs me to be. I hope I will be even a fifth of the Alpha Neogennito is to his Pack, to Severus.’

He took his precious burden into their room and tucked him into their bed before leaving a note on his own pillow before heading out to try to get comfortable on the very uncomfortable and lumpy lounge that had been put into their room for storage.

***

Draco carried Tobias to their room and placed him lovingly on their bed. Smiling softly, he placed a soft kiss to both of his husband’s flickering eyelids, his nose and finally his lips.

Tobias opened his eyes and smiled at the blonde above him.

“Hey Bi,” Draco whispered.

“Hey,” he whispered back.

“Feel up to a bath?” Draco asked with a soft smile.

“I’d love one,” Tobias smiled.

Draco nodded and snapped his fingers, calling a house-elf to him. “Start a bath then go to The Lord and tell him I wish for Healer Longbottom to attend lunch if at all possible.”

The elf squeaked in answer and left as quickly as it could, much to Tobias’ amusement.

“Why do you want Algie here for lunch?” Tobias asked.

“So he can check you again. You’ve been tiring faster than normal. I just want to make sure that no light wizard or witch has hit you with anything.”
Tobias nodded and snuggled into the mattress.

“Oh no you don’t!” Draco smirked playfully, trying to get a decent grip on his wriggling and giggling husband. After a difficult ten minutes, Draco had himself and Tobias in the bath with the blonde gently washing his husband. It wasn’t too long before both teens drifted off into the arms of Morpheus. Half an hour later, Neville, Tom and Algernon walked into the room looking for the missing duo, only to smile at how cute they looked together.

Words

Pateras – Father
Drakontas – Dragon
Thanis – nickname for Thanatos
Epikindynos – Dangerous
Pontikos – Mouse
Bufo marinus – scientific name for the cane toad
Kyria – Lady
Neogennito - Cub
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Pack meeting and Healers appointment

Chapter 38

Tobias stretched before freezing. The last thing he remembered was being in a bath with Draco. He was now lying in a bed … alone ….

“You’re awake!” a cheerful voice called out before he could panic “It was a struggle to get the both of you into bed this morning.”

Tobias exhaled heavily in relief as Algernon walked into the room with Draco right behind him.

“Draco here has explained what he wants me to do, so now you’re awake, we can begin.”

“What …” he began before being cut off by Draco pressing his lips to his own.

“Trust me ‘Bi,” Draco whispered.

“Always” Tobias whispered back, closing his eyes and melting back into the mattress.

Draco moved away chuckling, watching as Algernon started casting spell after spell on the now dozing teen. Once the examination was complete, Draco gently shook Tobias awake.

“I’m very happy to say that both babe and carrier are doing just fine. I do however, wish for you to rest a bit more. I said rest,” Algernon continued when Tobias opened his mouth to protest, “not sleep. You can spend all day going through whatever you do during the day, but you must rest. No sitting on the benches in the Great Hall and in the classrooms. You also need to invest in a chair you can lay down in for your study. That way, you can have naps and work in the same place.”
“Why?” Tobias asked, slightly petulant. “If both I and the cub are fine, why should I do that?”

“If you don’t start now, there is the possibility that later in the pregnancy you will be bedridden. You must understand, Tobias, that you are still early in the pregnancy itself. Due to your upbringing, you have some damage to your skeletal structure. Your bones aren’t as strong as they should be – and not even your phoenix can heal all of the damage. He did a very admirable job, but even with his help, you still need time for the majority of it to fix itself. Do you understand?”

Tobias nodded; absorbing everything he was being told.

“Good. If you don’t rest your bones now, then they will be under more stress later in the pregnancy, there is even the possibility that they could break or fracture.”

Tobias paled, as did Draco.

“Is there anything that can be done?” Draco asked.

“Resting is the main one, but there are supplements that can be taken and a potion that may help.”

“Will it interfere with the potion I have at the moment?”

“No, in fact, it should be able to be added to that potion in the morning with no side effects – but I’ll talk to Severus later to make sure. Now, I do believe that it is time for the two of you to eat.” Algernon laughed. “The two of you and Severus slept through lunch. There is still two and a half hours until supper, but I have something here that will hold you over until then.”

The man held out two cups containing a thick green liquid. Tobias gleefully took one and started spooning it into his mouth. Draco looked between the other one that was still in the healer’s hand and his husband suspiciously. “What is it?”

Algernon chuckled. “Chilled cucumber soup. I added a few extra ingredients to Tobias’ one for extra nutrients, but yours is just plain.”
Draco sighed in relief. “Thank Merlin,” he whispered, “For a moment there I thought you were going to say it was liquefied pickles and cabbage.”

Algernon made a horrified face. “Please say you are joking.”

Draco grimaced. “I wish I was. Two days ago he had a pumpkin, asparagus and beet smoothie made on half soy milk and half chicken broth.”

Algie turned green at the thought while Draco swirled his spoon through his soup, suddenly feeling much less hungry than he was before.

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The Pack crowded around the table as they watched Pansy in silence. Before the girl sat several lengths of parchment, each with a name on the top of it.

“Okay,” she sighed. “We have one sheet of parchment for each of us and one each for Dumbledore, Weasley, Granger, Pompfrey, Madam Greengrass and Umbridge. So far, Kyria has Weasley on her list and Weasley’s parchment is not suitable to reveal to anyone who is under the age of seventeen, has a weak stomach or is employed in any vocation dealing with criminology or law. All who agree …”

“Agree! Came the shouted vote of the entire group bar Luna, who just smiled sweetly. Everyone who looked at the blonde shuddered in fear – that dreamy look masked the owner of the most horrifyingly violent mind in history.

Pansy nodded and gave both rolled parchments to the girl in question. Luna took them with a serious nod before moving back to her place in the hemisphere surrounding the table.

“Next is Arpakitiko who has Granger on his parchment. Granger’s parchment is going to be displayed on the wall beside the Founder’s portraits so anyone can add a suggestion should they feel like it – but it will be Arpakitiko who will ultimately decide if something will be worth the effort. Are we agreed?”

“Agreed,” everyone chorused, watching in silence as Blaise repeated the same process as Luna to obtain the two rolls of parchment.
“Pontikos. So far your parchment has a list of spells and rituals to study. Feel free to add or remove more to your heart’s content. If anyone comes across or hears about anything that could be potentially useful to our side, then bring it to Pontikos’ attention. Every little bit helps.”

Theodore stepped forward and gently took the scroll in his hands, unravelling it before he nodded, closed it and returned to his original position.

“I know they are not here for this but Alpha and Beta share parchment. The most important thing they need to concentrate on is the health and well-being of themselves and their cub. Also on their parchment is Dumbledore, Weasley, Granger, Hogwarts, The Pack and everything else they have some say in. Now, Dumbledore’s parchment is going to be on the coffee table before the Founder’s portraits. Everyone is encouraged to add ideas, theories and research points to the parchment and the people – or person – who it coincides with will discuss it with Alpha or Beta, who will then advise us in what to do concerning it.”

“Agreed,” Luna hummed, making everyone turn to stare at her. “What? Even though neither of them is here, we know they would agree with it since they were the ones who suggested it to begin with.”

Neville chuckled. “She’s got us there.” He shook his head in amusement. It was so easy to underestimate the young blonde girl, but she was in Ravenclaw for a reason – something the Pack normally had no trouble remembering. Neville privately blamed their forgetfulness on the revelation of just how scary a place Luna’s mind really was.

“Right,” Pansy inhaled. “Bouno, Skia and Dynamo. Your parchment has only one thing on it and it is vital it is done to perfection. Your parchment is dedicated to the protection of Alpha and Beta.”

“Understood,” the three chorused, moving forward as one body – something that came from long hours of training together.

Pansy took a sip of water to moisten her mouth and throat. “Skoteinos and I have Madam Greengrass on our parchment as well as Pack duties for when Alpha and Beta cannot make it – much like now. Madam Greengrass’ parchment will be placed on the opposite side of the Founder’s portrait for everyone to read and contribute too. The differences between Madam Greengrass and the rest of our targets is that we are actually only watching her and keeping her away from Alpha. She will only be a target if she gets too close to where she doesn’t belong.”

Everyone nodded decisively, chorusing ‘understood.’
“Katara and Hemerotes, I must say that it is good to see the two of you here.”

Bill and Charlie nodded. “We wouldn’t miss it for the world. It’s an emergency after all.”

Pansy nodded. “Both your parchments are the same. The two of you are to focus on your jobs. If anything else pops up, just add it to the list and send a message to either Alpha or Skoteinos outlining what it is about.”

Both the elder Weasley males nodded in understanding and returned to their normal places.

“Epikindynos, your parchment is the only one with nothing on it at this point in time. This doesn’t mean you have nothing to do. You can still aid anyone else in their duties and once Alpha agrees to it, you and I hand he will be starting on that job he wanted done – but I think that will now be left until after the cub is born.”

Ginny nodded with a grin. Rather than feel left out by having nothing she was in charge of, she was ecstatic. She was the only drifter in the group – a Jack-of-all-trades, if you will – and that made her a very important member of The Pack. Taking her parchment, she giggled giddily before twirling back into her place beside a swaying Luna. Everyone in the group smiled indulgently at the two of them.

“Last but by no means least, we come to the A-Team – Ateria and Ateros,” Pansy announced with a wolfish grin. “We left the best for you two.”

Fred and George exchanged grins that would have sent a goblin scurrying for cover if they had been on the receiving end of it. “We can’t wait!” they almost crowed.

“Like Alpha and Beta’s parchments, your two have been combined. Your list is several items long. First, WWW. Make sure that everything is going well. If you need help with new ideas or to test products, don’t hesitate to ask us. Next is your family. If any of them slip up and mentions something of interest let us know immediately. The other two things on your list are Umbridge and Pomphrey. Think you can handle it?”

“Of course!” Fred exclaimed, indignant at the thought of Pansy even thinking the two of them couldn’t.
“We may need a little help from Kiki and Epiki from time to time,” George grinned and ducked as two spells were flung at him.

“Don’t make me request for someone to help me experiment Ateros,” Luna said dreamily. “Ronald will not last longer than this year, after all.”

Fred and George both paled. “Forgive us, wondrous Lady. Never again shall those cursed names pass our lips!”

Chuckles were heard from everywhere around the room as Luna and Ginny turned thoughtful.

“We shall forgive you on one condition,” Ginny stated.

“Anything!” the twins stated.

Luna smirked. “You both come shopping with us next time we are in London – in muggle London, not Diagon Alley.”

The twins exchanged doomed expressions and nodded, sealing their fates.

“Wonderful!” Luna chirped. “You will need roughly fifty Galleons each transferred into pounds to have enough money to buy us all breakfast, lunch and supper and around fifty to a hundred sickles for if you find anything you like. We will get back to you with a day, time and details.”

Fred and George were left speechless as the two girls turned their wands onto their parchment. When the laughter stopped, the rest of The Pack copied them and as one, they cast spells to copy, preserve, link and camouflage their parchments before handing out copies and organising the resultant mass into neatness.

“This meeting of members is now over,” Neville announced seriously when everything was completed. “Good hunting all.”

“Good Hunting,” the rest of The Pack chorused.
Bill, Charlie and the twins turned to Neville. “Tell Alpha that we are sorry we missed him, but we had to go back to work before we were missed.”

Neville nodded his agreement as the four vanished in a puff of flame.

“Explain for us as well, will you?” Pansy requested. “Your Grandmother already contacted McGonagall about you being out of school – as has The Lord and Lucius for Tobias and Draco. The rest of us however …” she shrugged.

“I’ll do it Pans, don’t worry,” he reassured her. “Alpha won’t hold it against any of you. He more than any of us would insist of you going back.”

Pansy grinned as she and the rest of the Pack were transferred back to Hogwarts via Phoenix. Neville chuckled and shook his head in amusement as he slowly made his way to his room in the Manor.

***

Tom, Lucius and Narcissa sat in the main sitting room in complete silence. None of the three wanted to be the first to vocalise their thoughts that were going through their heads. After several more moments, Lucius exhaled heavily and rubbed his face with both hands in a rare show of weakness.

“What are we going to do?” he asked, voice shaking slightly. “How are we going to make this up to him?”

“I don’t know,” Tom replied softly, “But whatever it is has to be more than great. Severus deserves nothing less.”

Both Malfoy’s nodded then silence fell over the three of them once more.

***
Severus stretched with a half-smile as the area behind his ear gave a small throb, reminding him of what had occurred earlier that day. He frowned, however, when he hand encountered nothing beside him. Sitting up, he blinked at the sight of the parchment on Remus’ pillow. Hesitantly, he opened it to reveal a short note that had him shaking his head with a smile on his face.

“Silly wolf,” he muttered to himself as he remade the bed and straightened out his clothing. He was still far from forgiving the other man for his behaviour, but with the mark pulsing just behind and below his ear, the process had begun.

As quietly as he could, Severus crept into the receiving room where Remus was napping on a poorly transfigured bed that used to be an uncomfortable three seater that had been stashed in their room. Severus smirked to himself before creeping up to his lover and blowing a soft stream of air into the unprotected ear closest to him.

Remus let out a high pitched yelp as he fell off of the bed and onto a very solid wood floor.

“And this just proves that you are not of the feline species,” Severus sneered playfully at the pouting man.

“I never picked you as a cat person,” Remus scowled back, just a playfully.

“I’m not a cat person,” Severus sniffed. “I don’t do animals. I only like wolves because I will be in horrible trouble with Tobias and Draco if I said that I didn’t.”

Remus pouted for real this time. “So I’m chopped liver, am I?”

Severus raised his nose snobbishly. “Liver is for peasants. You look like a slab of beef to me.”

Remus struggled to keep a pouting face but failed as he started laughing. “We are bigger children then our godchildren,” he managed to wheeze. His eyes turned soft as he looked at his lover. “I’ve missed this Sev,” he stated softly. “I’ve missed your playful side. I miss YOU being you. I never see you without your masks on, I admit it is mostly my own fault for taking you and our relationship for granted.”

Remus stood and slowly made his way to his slightly trembling mate, taking him in his arms. “You’ve been strong for so long due to me not doing my true duty to you,” he whispered into
Severus’ black hair, “But that stops right now. I don’t know how I’ll do it, but I will prove to you that you don’t need to hide yourself from me – never from me.”

Severus pulled away slightly and looked into Remus’ eyes. “It will be a lot of work for you to prove it to me Remus,” he said softly. “Our relationship has been on eggshells since the incident with Black.”

“I know,” Remus said, voice quivering slightly.

“I always knew that you were innocent of the prank,” Severus continued, must to Remus’ shock. “The things that got me was that even after that day, you still took Black’s side of everything and the fact that you – of all people – believed I needed to give an oath to not tell anyone your secret. An oath that would have not only drained me of my core, but would have KILLED me if I had even mentioned your name and the word ‘werewolf’ in the same sentence – even to you.”

Severus easily removed himself from Remus’ shock-numbed arms. “Just so you know Remus …. I wouldn’t have told your secret to anyone if only to hear you tell me that you still loved me.”

With that, Severus walked out of the room, leaving Remus standing where he was with tears of true regret welling in his eyes.

***

Tom looked up in annoyance when the doors to his library opened, only to have his heart – yes he did have one, thank you very much – leap into his mouth as he saw Severus enter.

“Severus, may I have a word?” he called before he could stop himself. He watched as Severus muttered something under his breath that he missed and was relieved when the younger man sat in the chair facing his own.

Tom glanced at the man’s coal-like eyes then looked away in shame. “I know it doesn’t mean anything, but I’m sorry for my reaction. I should have remained impartial to the entire event. I know that now and I knew it then, but I didn’t and I am sorrier than you can imagine.”

Tom fidgeted under the blank stare of the younger male and cleared his throat. “To begin showing you how serious I am – I want to remove your Dark Mark.”
He winced at the devastated look on Severus’ face.

“Why?” Severus asked in a pain-filled voice, making Tom flinch. “Why do you wish to remove the one thing that shows I am connected to the only family I have?”

Tom quickly rose from his seat to kneel before Severus.

“Just because I remove the mark doesn’t mean I am removing you from our dysfunctional family,” he hastened to reassure the man. “Instead of the Mark, you will have a pendant to wear. The pendant will be made into the shape of my family’s coat-of-arms.”

Severus looked at Tom in shock.

Tom gave a half-smile to him. “Eventually I hope to have Remus, Lucius, Narcissa and The Pack; all have the same pendant. All of you have become the family I desperately wanted in my youth and it pains me to think I branded you like a muggle brands cattle. My Death Eaters will remain marked, but my family … I can’t leave my family in forced submission, not even to myself.”

Tom looked Severus in the eye. “I trust you implicitly Severus. More so than anyone else with the exception of my son. This is the only way I could think of to relay that trust. So may I?”

Severus nodded, numb with shock. He started unblinking as Tom gently raised the sleave of his left arm and stroked the mark softly hissing. Within moments, the black mark disappeared leaving unmarked skin behind. Severus swallowed the lump in his throat as a thick platinum chain with a pendant that was the perfect blend of the Riddle and Slytherin coat of arms was placed in his hand.

“Thank you,” he murmured softly.

A house-elf popped into existence before them. “Dinners is ready Sirs!” it squeaked before popping back out.

Tom groaned softly and rose to his feet. Before he left the room, he stopped and turned to face Severus.
“You’re welcome Severus. I’m just ashamed it has taken so long for me to do it.”

Severus nodded, eyes still on the pendant before he slipped it over his head, closing his eyes as the familiar and comforting magic washed over him.

Tom smiled and left the room, only just hearing the soft, “I forgive you,” that followed him through the door.

Words

Kyria – Lady
Arpakitiko – Predator
Pontikos – Mouse
Bouno – Mountain
Skia – Shadow
Dynamo – Strength
Skoteinos – Dark
Katara – Curse
Hemerotes – Tamer
Epikindynos – Dangerous
Ateria – Mischief
Ateros – Mischievous
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Lucius gives blondes a bad name and Dumbles is a bad bad bad twinkle pot

Chapter Notes

Two chapter! Yay!

Chapter 39

Draco watched Tobias closely as said teen alternated between glaring and pouting at the plate of food in front of him. After watching it for several minutes, he lowered his fork and turned to face his mate.

“What’s wrong Hunny?” he asked softly, turning Tobias’ head to look at him.

“It’s icky,” Tobias pouted.

“What is?” Draco asked softly.

“All of it,” Tobias pouted. “The peas are hard, the potato is raw and the fish is oozing greasy icky stuff … And I don’t even want to know what THAT is supposed to be,” he pointed at the sauce that lay congealed on the side of his plate.

Draco nodded. “It does look horrendous. What would you like instead?”

Tobias turned thoughtful and while he was thinking, Draco softly called Dobby.

“Combination short soup with venison, pork, prawn, mushroom and chocolate wantons and garlic, chilli and coriander juice.”
Draco and Neville exchanged relieved looks while Severus smiled and Tom, Narcissa and Lucius looked horrified.

“Dobby will be right back with Master Bias’ food.” He bowed slightly then popped away.

“There is something wrong with that elf,” Lucius muttered a look of disturbia on his face.

Draco face-palmed as Harry turned his darkest glare at the man as his temper flared.

“At least he is better than the pathetic brown-nosing psychosomatic sycophantic parasites that are scampering around most wizarding homes – and don’t get me started on those that work for them! Dobby is a damned good and loyal worker who not only does everything he can for his present employer, but he also has an actual brain in his head instead of the myxomycete sludge that denotes other of his station.”

Tobias rose, looking down his nose at the older blonde male with disdain. “A house-elf represents the family he or she serves. If the Master or Mistress is happy with their elf, it shows in how that elf appears to others. The will be neater, less hyperactive and will have better control over their spoken grammar. There are many upsides to this: The biggest – to me as an expectant Mother – is that my child will compare Dobby’s speech to those of his fellows and see that I expect him or her to uphold the standards that our household has set. My child will NOT be learning bad speech patterns through the family help.”

He leant over and gave Draco a kiss on the corner of his mouth. “I’m going up to our room. If Dobby doesn’t foresee it, for once, can you direct him there?”

Draco grinned. “You know I will, Bi. I will be up as soon as I finish.”

Tobias smiled at his husband then turned blank-faced back to his Father in law.

“And the good thing about having Dobby speak properly is that I don’t look like an idiot trying to prove that he is smart by surrounding himself with people stupider than he is.” With a slight bow to his Father and godparents and a nod at Neville, Tobias left the room.
Lucius blinked in shock. “What just happened?”

“Congratulations,” Severus stated in a dry, cool voice. “You just successfully weathered a very mild mood swing.”

“It sounded like he was really trying to tear strips out of your hide Lucius,” Remus stated, looking shaken.

“A few of them are still bleeding, for both me and Lucius,” Narcissa said with a wince, “Dobby was, after all, our house elf before he was freed by Harry after seeing how he was being treated.”

Remus flinched. “Ouch. So basically Neogennito called Lucius a pathetic, brown-nosing psychosomatic parasitic idiot who surrounds himself with those stupider than him in an attempt at making himself seem intelligent while those who work with or for him have myxomycetal sludge for brains.”

“That is what he said, amongst other things,” Neville stated with a polite smile, trying not to laugh. He had found that he had quite the sadistic sense of humour since starting his sibling ship with Luna.

“Are you sure that this is a mild one?” Tom asked.


Everyone at the table bar Neville flinched when the word ‘cry’ was spat forcefully from the man’s throat: His responsibility was to Tobias first, Draco second, The Pack third then to the adults of The Pack followed by everything else. He had nothing to be ashamed of. He almost laughed out loud as the rest of his eating companions quickly returned to their food and flittered out of the room. He did grin when Lucius grabbed Draco’s arm and forcefully dragged him in the opposite direction of his rooms. Tobias was going to be PISSED!

***

Draco entered the room he shared with Tobias slowly. He was a little afraid of what his husband would do to him since it was close to midnight and he had said – before witnesses – that he would be up as soon as he had finished eating. He sighed in relief when he successfully navigated his way to the bedroom door, hoping that the pregnant male would give him time to explain what had happened
before he was punished. He opened the door; grimacing at the pins and needles he received from the hex that was on the door handle, telling him that his husband was pissed off, only to discover an empty room.

Growling menacingly, he snatched the letter that floated over to him when it reached his area of space. Reading it through, he grimaced. Tobias was not impressed with him going back on his word without contacting him first. His punishment was the harshest one that could ever pass Tobias’ lips. Draco growled again and stormed out of the room, his rage urging him to find that idiotic father of his and make him suffer just as much as he was suffering himself. He had just closed his door when he saw Lucius coming up the hallway towards him.

“Give me one damn good reason for me to not hex you until you can’t move tomorrow,” Draco hissed, his eyes narrowing dangerously

Lucius raised his eyebrow tauntingly, “because I’m your father and I’m better than you are at spells?”

Draco snarled and sent a very nasty hex towards his Father, who only just managed to move out of the way of it.

“What IS GOING ON HERE?” Narcissa yelled, freezing both of the men in her life with a silent spell. She let it go and crossed her arms, barely noticing Tobias coming out of Neville’s rooms with the taller teen close behind him.

“I am going to kill him,” Draco stated as calmly as he could to his mother. “Then I am going to bring him back and kill him again. I will do this over and over until I have killed all of the stupidity out of his brain, then I will kill him again, remove his head and stick it into a globe. Due to his dragging me into the library and sticking me to a seat with a sticking charm after he heard me tell my PREGNANT HUSBAND that I would be with him soon. I now have been ordered by him that if I want to see him again before the birth of HIS – not OUR, but HIS child, I am not allowed to go searching for him and then he signed the gods be trice damned letter with a fucking blood quill so even if he didn’t mean it, I still lose my family if I go looking for him! So I decided to do the next best thing and search for my idiot of a Father so that when he eventually does come back to me, I can give him the head of the fuck head that made me late in the first place to display in a silver plated globe!”

“Is that true Lucius?” Narcissa asked, icily, crossing her arms and hiding the still form of Tobias as she moved towards her husband.
“I didn’t know he had plans,” Lucius protested. “He should have told me.”

“I spent a full thirty minutes telling you I had plans before you silenced me and taped my mouth shut with spellotape!” Draco roared, leaping towards his father, fully intending on choking him.

“Draco?” Tobias asked softly and slightly teary-eyed from behind Narcissa, “Where were you? I felt sick and needed a cuddle and you weren’t there.”

In the blink of an eye, Draco had somehow managed to change direction so he was before Tobias with one arm around his waist and the other resting on the back of Tobias’ head. “I wanted to spend the evening with you, honestly I did love, but Father dragged me from the dining Hall and stuck me to a seat when I tried to leave after hearing he wanted to talk about things that could wait to be done tomorrow. I’m sorry baby, please forgive me.”

“I forgive you Draco. I’ll just ask Nagini to eat him later,” Harry stated seriously as he cuddled into his husband, “Can we go to bed now, I’m sleepy.”

“Neogennito? Your father said no more threatening to feed people to Nagini,” Remus reminded the pregnant teen, almost regretfully.

“Fine,” Tobias pouted. “I’ll stick him to a chair and silence him the next time I want to mate my husband and there will be no silencing charms around us, only to stop him from talking.”

Lucius paled. “You - you wouldn’t do that would you?”

Tobias turned and glared sleepily at the man. “You were the reason I didn’t get my back massage or my promised night of pleasure before I can’t have sex until a few months after the baby is born. Be thankful that I’m not trapping you in the pubic hair of the youngest Weasley male as pay back.”

Draco shut the door of their suite of rooms with a solid THUNK on the exceedingly pale face of his father and the reddening faces of the other.

“You don’t have to give up sex yet, Bi,” Draco said softly as he carried the unresisting teen to their room. “Algernon only mentioned that it could be a possibility later in the pregnancy.”
“He doesn’t need to know that,” Tobias murmured into Draco’s neck. “Sorry for the stinging charm on the bedroom door, and the letter. I should have guessed you wouldn’t stay away without a reason.”

“I forgive you ‘Bi,” Draco muttered. “Let’s get you to bed. You might not have class tomorrow, but I do.”

“McGonagall sent a letter to us,” Tobias murmured sleepily. “We’ve been excused from morning classes to go shopping for the chairs that I’ve been told that I need. Algie decided to also owl McGonagall the results and his instructions. She is coming to collect us at around nine-ish.”

He didn’t hear what Draco’s response was as he fell asleep as the last word left his lips.

***

Minerva smiled from her place at the breakfast table as her youngest college strode confidently into the room. It had been many years since the young man had given off such a potent aura of self-confidence – far too long in her opinion.

“Minerva,” he nodded in greeting as he took the seat beside her. “How long were you at Mungo’s?

“Too long,” she answered dryly. “Turned out that it was more malicious than what had been originally told. The young lady will never be the same, I’m afraid. I’ll never understand people like that.”

“People like what?” Remus asked, bringing both Professors’ attention to him, Tom, Lucius and Narcissa.

“An elderly man maliciously attacked his daughter in law with a combination of living and non-living transfiguration techniques because she refused to eat something his wife made due to an allergy.”

“What happened to the daughter in law and what was the husband’s response?”
“The young lady is now unable to carry a child full term due to internal spell damage,” Minerva stated with a wince. “The son removed himself from the family and took on his wife’s maiden name and revealed that not only was his wife’s family the owner of his father’s workplace, but they were the fifth richest family in the Americas when they told him they were cutting all money from him.”

“How pathetic,” Tom sneered. “This is why the United Kingdom’s magic community needs to go through a cleansing.” He shook his head in agitation. “Anyway … why are you here?”

“You mean Tobias didn’t tell you?” Minerva asked in surprise. “I sent him an owl last night telling him I’d be here.”

“Oh, we had a bit of a problem last night concerning Tobias,” Narcissa stated, ignoring the laughter coming from the Hallway.

“What happened?” Severus asked quickly, looking ready to run out of the room.

“It wasn’t anything bad Sev,” Neville said through his chuckles as he led his Grandmother and Great Uncle into the room. “Some idiot decided to prevent Draco from going to Tobias when he was in one of his more … oh … sinful moods.”

“And is this person still alive?” Severus asked, noticing how Lucius was paling.

“Yes, but only because Tobias stopped Draco from killing him since Tobias was taking it out on him instead of the person who did it.”

“You’ll never learn, will you Lucius?” Severus groaned.

“Why do you automatically believe I was the one responsible?” the blonde man groused, going red with embarrassment.

“Because you are the only person in this entire country other than a Weasley that will piss Tobias off when he is this temperamental.”
“So I’m going to assume that they won’t be awake any time soon,” Minerva sighed, putting her cup down.

“No, we’re up,” Draco said as he guided Tobias into the room. “Well … one of us is at least.”

“Sh’up,” Tobias murmured. “Yer fawlt.”

“How is it my fault?” Draco asked laughter in his eyes and voice.

“You were a horrible pillow last night … I feel like salmon and strawberry yoghurt.”

Before anyone could respond, Dobby popped in with a bowl of strawberry yoghurt topped with flakes of bright pink fish and an almost rubbery looking strip of white. Everyone had to look away as Tobias gleefully dug into the meal.

***

It was lunch by the time McGonagall, Tobias and Draco returned to the school with their purchases. In all four seats had been bought; one for Minerva’s office, one for Severus’ office, one for Tobias’ office and one for the Great Hall.

“Ah, there you are Minerva!” a very unwelcome voice said. “And you found two of our missing students. I’m going to assume that you will handle their punishment?”

Minerva glowered at the elderly man. “There isn’t going to be any punishment, Albus. All three students have gone through the correct channels to leave the school grounds. If you were to actually READ the forms before you before sending them to me, then you would know this. As it is, even if they hadn’t, you wouldn’t be able to punish them as Mr Longbottom was pulled out by his Grandmother for business at St Mungo’s and these two gentlemen had a Healer’s appointment.”

“We have a perfectly able-bodied Healer at the school,” Albus stated, eyes flashing dangerously. “They should have gone to her.”

“I’m not sorry to say that I will not be going to Madam Pompfrey for quite a while,” Tobias stated
lazily. “You see, she isn’t qualified for what I need. I have a healer that is trained in both male and female neonatal areas – one who has not broken trust with me, my husband, or our families. Now, if you don’t mind, I need to go sit down and eat. Thank you for your help in obtaining the objects I needed Professor.”

“You are most welcome, Mr Malfoy-Black.”

The two teens smiled slightly and walked into the Hall.

“What the Hell are you doing, Minerva?” Albus hissed. “That slut shouldn’t have ever become pregnant until after he killed Voldemort, then he would have been sold to the highest bidder! It still could have happened had the bastard growing inside him been terminated early enough!”

Minerva froze and glared at the man before her. “Firstly, that boy is not a slut. He never has been and he never will be, and I am disgusted that you could ever call a student by that derogatory term. Secondly, he is not a weapon and you will come to regret turning him into one. Thirdly, I cannot believe that you could even think of selling any child into what amounts as a life-long sex slave, and lastly the child growing inside Tobias is not a bastard. Tobias and Draco are legally married and the child conceived on the night after their wedding. I know this because I was the one who presided over their wedding. Now, IF you don’t mind, I would also like to have something to eat.”

With a final glare at the man who she had looked up to for most of her life, she spun and stormed towards the Hall. When she heard something muttered, she turned in time to hear her ex-mentor throw an obliviate at her, which caught her in her chest. As the spell started to work, she felt her mind being pulled back and covered in a crimson dome of magic that vanished as soon as the spell’s effects vanished.

“Are you alright, Minerva?” Albus asked in concern, eyes twinkling without him knowing.

“Yes, Albus, I just felt a bit strange … maybe I should lie down for a while after I grab a bite to eat.”

“That sounds best, maybe I should ask someone else to take the detentions you had lined up for tonight.”

Minerva frowned. “I can’t remember making a detention, let alone multiple.”
“That would be Mr Malfoy, Mr Potter and Mr Longbottom because they were illegally off school
property.”

“I believe you mean Misters Malfoy-Black and Mr Longbottom,” she reminded him with a raised
eyebrow like she always did when he refused to honour the boy’s bonding. “And I really must get
my memory checked if I’m forgetting about students wagging school. I’ll tell them about their
detention before I eat.”

When she turned towards the doors, her face transformed into one of pure disdain. She was now and
would forever be, thankful for the feline-shaped pendant Tom, Lucius and Narcissa had gifted her
for overseeing the bonding of their sons. It was the only thing she could credit with protecting her
from that particular curse.

**Words**

*Psychosomatic – a physical disorder that has a psychological or emotional origin*

*Sycophantic – person who flatters and praises powerful people for their own gain*

*Myxomycete – Various organisms that form a network of creamy filaments on decaying plant matter
and display both animal and plant characteristics*
The start of the investigation and The Pack discovers that it is not a good idea to allow Luna to choose colours.

Chapter 40

The morning of the start of the investigation found one Hermione Granger curled up in her bed, hiding from the other girls in her dormitory. The news that she had been branded had spread like wildfire through the school and not a single person wanted to be seen with her. If she was to be honest with herself, it wasn’t the being alone that bothered her – after all, twelve of her seventeen years alive she has been alone. No, it wasn’t being alone that bother her at all; it was the fact that the pure-bloods had been correct. As a muggleborn she had no rights. Everyone treated her as if she had leprosy – all because of something that had been forced onto her.

She was so deep in her pity party that she didn’t notice her guest until she was lying flat on her back, pinned to her mattress looking up into the darkly handsome face of Blaise Zabini.

“What do you think you are doing?” she shrieked, trying to buck him off.

“You have been very very bad my pet,” he chuckled, holding her with ease. “I know you have been told about the brand on you by that delightful head of house of yours and I also know you have been researching it on your own – yet you still fight against my orders.”

Hermione froze, finding it hard to breath.

“I find myself asking why you are fighting so hard. It couldn’t be for devotion to my Alpha – if it was then you wouldn’t have done what it was you did to him. It could have been pride, but I ruled that out since you have never taken pride in anything but your schoolwork before, and thank Merlin for that or we would have had someone worse than Brown in the school. It also couldn’t have anything to do with the Weasal since he has been spending all of his time trying to seduce younger female students into his bed. So that leaves only one option. You are doing it for the Estimable Headmaster.”
Hermione winced at the weight of sarcasm that fell from the Italian-born wizard’s lips when Albus Dumbledore was bought up, but found she could do little else.

“So that was it. I thought as much. You never change pet. I remember the first time you spoke. All we could make out was ‘missing’, ‘toad’, ‘Gryffindor’ and ‘Albus Dumbledore’. Even back then it was obvious that you hero-worshipped the old fool and it is that reason and that reason alone that no one but your fellow Griffins could stomach you.”

“What would you know?” Hermione managed to spit out viciously.

Blaise smirked and lay on her, keeping her pinned while being in the right position to whisper in her ear. “More than you know. I know your mind, Hermione Granger and what a pitiful place it is. It’s not because you are Muggleborn that you have no rights – it’s because you are a callous, malicious bitch – but I’m not here to discuss that.”

He put his hand on the brand and inhaled deeply. “I, Blaise Zabini, remove my protection against physical harm to the person of Hermione Jane Granger in correlation with the oath of one Tobias Regulus Black previously known as Harry James Potter So mote it be, so mote it is done.”

Blaise opened his eyes and looked into the tear-filled ones below him. “This is goodbye,” he said with a large grin. “Believe me when I say you will not be missed.”

With no effort at all, he rose from his position and walked to the door. Before the door managed to close fully, he whipped out his wand and one word left his lips with no one but his victim witnessing his actions. “Imperio.”

***

Lucius grit his teeth so hard that he swore he could hear them creak with the strain he was putting on them as he was forced to listen to the high-pitched girlish voice coming from the pink-clad sadistic clown before them.

“We already know this Deloris,” Amelia Bones piped up from the other side of the small group. “And if I remember correctly, I was the one who was put in charge of this investigation, not you. Now, does anyone – make that anyone of importance,” Amelia narrowed her eyes in the direction of the monster-in-pink as she opened her mouth, “have anything to say?”
“I do,” Lucius grit out, making everyone who knew him to wince. “The reason for this inquest is to determine the suitability of the present Headmaster to remain in this position. To do this, we will have to talk to several students from each house whose parents have been worried enough about what their children have been writing home that they have bought it to the attention of either the Board of Governors or one of the high-ups in the Ministry. I have a list of names and the parent’s concerns on me, however I believe that many more of the students may be noticing odd things and either not telling anyone or they have but it has been brushed aside as ridiculous.”

The lady next to him nodded in understanding.

“You want us to talk to all the children then?” she asked.

“Not exactly, Lady Zleva. I request that all students be gathered by year before getting a thorough health check from an experienced Healer. I talked it over with the head Healer from St Mungos and she agreed to send though a handful of competent Healers if we agreed.”

“Why?” Madam Bones frowned. “What bought this on?”

Lucius sighed and rubbed his temples. “The reason this enquiry is occurring is due to a good friend of mine. He blood-adopted one of the students over the summer break. It would have taken nearly seven months to heal the young man of everything that was wrong with him with the combined skills of Potions Master Snape, I, Lady Malfoy, my friend – who is currently going by Randal Black as it is too dangerous for us to use his real name at this point in time – and Randal’s personal healer. That is, if the young man hadn’t been chosen as a phoenix bonded. As it is, he has strong intolerances to a fair few foods and his bones are still easily strained.”

Lucius cleared his throat nervously. “He and my son were soul bound this past Yule after which it was discovered that he is a natural bearer. There have been several attempts at forcing my son-in-law to abort their child – one in front of Randal and one before the Minister. I only want to ensure that no other child has been suffering needlessly.”

A soft ‘hem hem’ entered the conversation. “If your son got another student pregnant, then both of them should be expelled for improper conduct in a school.”

Lucius glared the annoyance down. “It didn’t occur at the school – It occurred the night after their bonding. I should know ... the aftershocks of their magic combining blew apart my wards.”
“Really?”

Lucius nodded his confirmation. “Only one left was the original one set the day the Manor was complete – and even that was reduced to about sixty-five percent.”

“In other words,” Lady Zleva said with a grin, “don’t piss off your son or son-in-law.”

Lucius chuckled. “I learnt the hard way.”

She gave him a pitying look. “Hormones?”

“Hormones,” he agreed.

Everyone bar Deloris chuckled softly.

“I got a note from the Unspeakables this morning,” one of Lucius’ associates stated. “It seems that a few of the students have been bound by something of a magical nature. The three I find troubling are two death oaths and one Master brand. There is an indication of why these have been placed, but they were accepted by magic and recorded so they must be honoured. If anything happens to either of them while we are there, we can do nothing.

Amelia sighed and rubbed her eyes tiredly. “I have a feeling that Hell is about to break loose. There is no doubt in my mind that something is going on in that school for death oaths to be involved. Lucius, contact the Healers. Everyone else, get ready to leave. You have ten minutes.” She closed her eyes for a moment, desperately hoping that when she opened them again, she would find herself back in her bed. She opened them and exhaled dejectedly. No such luck.

***

Breakfast in the Great Hall was underway when the seven officials walked into the room, bringing instant silence with them. Every eye in the room watched them as they made their way to the teacher’s Dias and turned. The lady in the centre moved forward a step and addressed the student body, making sure to remember to look at all four tables at various times while talking.
Good morning. For those who do not know who I am, my name is Amelia Bones and as Head of the DMLE or Department of Magical Law Enforcement I will be in charge of what occurs between now and the end of this enquiry. To my left you will find Madam Deloris Umbridge.”

All the students who had studied under the woman hissed or groaned in annoyance as the dreaded pink-clad form tittered.

Lord Achalendra Patil.”

A robustly built middle-aged Indian Gentleman swathed in traditional golden brown robes stepped forward, pressed his palms together and bowed slightly, murmuring something not many people managed to catch.

“Wu, Xing.”

A thin man bowed shallowly from his spot on the Dias, looking out of place in his expensive – but definitely muggle – three-piece suit, tie and glaringly brilliant shirt and shoes.” And Zleva Williams.”

A matronly-looking woman clasped her hands together and beamed as she looked out over the congregated students.

“To my left are Madam Elisabeth Greengrass.”

Blaise gazed blankly at the woman he used to call ‘Grandmother’ before blowing air forcefully out of his lungs with contempt and looking away from her. He hadn’t been lying when he had said that he didn’t need anyone in his life. He had The Pack, anyone else was a bonus.

“Lady Ariandra Schmidt.”

A nod from the fashionable lady beside Amelia was more than anyone expected.

“And lastly, Lord Lucius Malfoy.”
The Pack either smirked or rolled their eyes as Lucius gave a shallow bow with his right hand fisted over his heart.

“The original plan was to talk to the few students, the staff then eventually to the Headmaster. Unfortunately our plans have been required to change. We are now cancelling all classes until this matter is dealt with. Every person in the school is going to be looked over by a Healer from St Mungos and the results will be duplicated. One copy will be cross checked with the file in the school nurses office; one will be kept at St Mungos. If there is cause for concern, then a letter will be sent to your parents or guardians telling them to come to the school at their closest convenience and we will discuss the problem to see if a logical reason is available for the anomaly.”

The reaction of those in the Hall was immense. People groaned, shouted out in anger, fear or annoyance, some paled until they could almost blend in with the ghosts while others still just accepted it with a shrug of the shoulders.

Tobias, who had been cuddled into Draco’s side and dozing with his head nestled on his husband’s very comfortable shoulder, jumped at the unexpected noise.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” he screamed, making those close to him wince and cover their ears. “HAVE SOME COMMON FUCKING CURTESY FOR YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS, PROFESSORS AND GUESTS!”

The Hall went silent with the exception of the soft whispering that was coming from Draco as he attempted to soothe his temperamental husband.

“Thank you Mr Black …”

“Malfoy-Black,” Tobias corrected absent-mindedly as Draco’s fingers rubbed the flesh behind his ears soothingly.

“I apologise. Thank you Mr Malfoy-Black for silencing everyone so .. Efficiently. If they had waited a few moments longer than they would have understood why we are doing this.”

Tobias nodded sleepily and snuggled back into Draco.

“We insist on this happening because it is what your parents wish us to do. The majority of them are
worried about what they are hearing from their children and the children of their friends. All of them, however, are disturbed about just how much they are not being told by the Headmaster or the other Professors concerning their children’s health, wellbeing and education. Your families are worried about you – as is expected of them when their world has been turned upside down and one of their children are away from the safety of their home.”

The entire Hall muttered softly, shame-faced at the thought that they had forgotten about the family they had left behind when they headed off to school.

“We are hoping to get through the staff and the first years before lunch. I recommend remaining in your house common room, your dormitory, the library or the Quidditch Pitch. If there’s a place you know you will be for a long period of time, please tell one of us so we will know where to send a patronus to fetch you when it is your turn. We will begin as soon as breakfast is complete.”

“A moment before you continue with your morning,” Minerva called out as she stood. “As classes are cancelled until further notice, your Professors will spend today setting a list of things each year level will need to cover by themselves. I will also be setting aside time in my day for each year level for a tutorial if anyone needs aid. I believe your other Professors will also do the same. You are all responsible for picking up those worksheets and guidelines yourself AFTER you are through your appointment with the Healer.”

A fifth year prefect from Ravenclaw stood as the transfiguration professor sat. “Remember you can also ask people in higher years and other houses for help if you are unable to – or are unwilling to – ask a teacher.”

“What are the plans for today?” Neville asked The Pack as the student body gradually returned to normal.

“I want to spend this morning outside as a group, if possible,” Draco stated. “Bi has been spending far too much time inside lately. It may be a bit chilly, but it looks to be a good day for a picnic in the snow.”

“That sounds wonderful to be honest,” Millicent smiled. “It has been a while since we’ve had a Pack fun day.”

The rest of The Pack grinned excitedly, making Tobias chuckle softly.
“What?” they chorused, tilting their heads to the side like a litter of curious puppies.

“Nothing really,” he grinned at them, pulling out a sheet of parchment and quill. “So who is doing what?” As his Pack playfully argued over who was doing what, Tobias found himself thinking that he wouldn’t have it any other way.

‘Yes,’ he thought as Draco placed a possessive arm around his waist and rested his hand protectively over where their child had been found the day before, ‘life is perfect.’

***

Amelia sighed in exasperation as she turned away yet another student who wanted to be excused from the medical check-up. She looked up when a throat was softly cleared close to her.

“Sorry to bother you Madam Bones,” the teen before he said shyly. “I just wanted to ask permission for myself and a group of friends to spend the morning down by the Lake. There are a few of us and we are from different houses, so it is difficult finding places large enough to hold us all in an area that is neutral.”

She blinked a few times then smiled slightly. “That is fine with me, Mr Longbottom. Sorry for not answering straight away, I didn’t recognise you at first.”

Neville laughed softly. “I understand. Sometimes I don’t recognise myself when I look in the mirror.”

Amelia chuckled at the lad’s bashful smile as a tall, muscular girl strode up to him with a small handful of parchment. The two exchanged nods and a smile before the girl walked away, leaving the parchment in Neville’s hand.

“These are for you,” Neville explained when he caught the question in Amelia’s eye. “The top sheet is a map of where we will be in the event that one – or more – of us are needed. The sheet under that is a list of who is in the group, followed by a rough schedule. The last sheet is to go to Professor Snape after his physical is over. It’s just a note telling him where he can find his godsons since they won’t be in their room, in his office or in Professor McGonagall’s office. He’ll panic if he doesn’t know where they are – not that I blame him, what with what has been happening lately.”
“I’ll be sure to pass it along to him then,” Amelia stated, eyes slightly wider at the organisation and preparation that had gone into the plans in such a short amount of time.

“Thank you,” Neville chirruped, making her laugh as he walked towards a rather large group standing by the doors to the Great hall.

She chuckled again as a soft cheer reached her ears as the group left the building. She carefully put the parchment to one side and looked up at the next person who had come to see her.

“And how can I help you Miss …?”

“Granger, Madam Bones,” Hermione said, slightly snobbish. “These are for you, even though it is against my better judgement to give it to you, I am being forced to do so.”

‘Back to business,’ Amelia snorted internally. ‘No rest for the wicked and all that. Still, it’s better than sitting at home twiddling my thumbs.’ She turned her attention back to the girl before her.

“And how exactly were you forced and who was responsible?”

When the girl opened her mouth, Amelia found herself thinking longingly of the students who wanted to avoid a visit to the Healer.

***

Minerva stared at the ceiling as the Healer did an in-depth scan on her body. She knew that she would take longer than the other staff members due to her age, so she asked to be done first and requested a cautionary scan of her mind. When the Healer cleared her of mind manipulation, she heaved a sigh of relief, much to Amelia’s confusion.

“There are two problems I can see,” the Healer announced eventually. “You have a few blocks on your core that will need to be removed as soon as possible. I’m sorry to say that I can’t do anything about them due to their age.”

“What else?” Minerva asked, not at all surprised.
“Your heart is very week.”

I knew about that,” she barked before sighing in frustration. “I was in St Mungos for the entire summer. The newer blocks were added while I was there since my heart was giving out. I have started having the bonds on my magic removed slowly so my heart is strengthened slowly by my magic and a potion our resident Potion’s master makes for me.”

The Healer smiled gently. “Then I will leave their removal to whomever is doing it.”

Minerva nodded her head once and strode to the entrance of the sectioned off space she was in.

“Before you leave, Minerva,” Amelia stated “Do you mind explaining a few things to me?”

“If I can answer without putting someone else in harm’s way, then I will.”

“Why did you ask for a mind scan?”

Minerva sighed and turned, returning to one of the seats that were present. “On Sunday I received two owls. One from Tobias’ Father and the other from Augusta Longbottom. Both letters stated that three children were being removed from school grounds – Tobias and Draco for an appointment with their personal Healer who specializes in all things Neo-natal and Neville due to something concerning his parents.”

She stopped and sipped at a cup of water that Amelia poured for her. “Both letters were addressed to Albus and it was obvious they hadn’t been opened before they got passed on to me. I signed the correct forms and the port keys that had been given to them went off. I got a report from the Healer stating that it was vital that a few precautionary steps be taken to ensure Tobias’ health later in the pregnancy. One step was him needing a certain type of chair for extra support.”

“I wrote to both the Healer and Tobias stating that I would be picking them up from where they were and taking them shopping for said chairs. Mr Longbottom’s duties found him and us returning to the school at about the same time and Augusta explained the situation to me in further detail. When I was guiding Draco and Tobias into the Hall for lunch, I was waylaid by Albus who insisted on me giving them a detention. I refused on grounds that I had allowed all three excursions and reminded the man once again that it was Mr Malfoy-Black and not ‘Potter’ like he insists on still calling the boy. I got the boys into the Hall and was heading there myself when Albus hit me with an obligate from
Amelia gaped at the older woman in shock. Minerva nodded slightly.

“He then ‘reminded’ me of the detentions I had given to the three boys, stating he would ‘find someone else to cover them’ while I ‘recovered’ form a slight dizzy spell. He also said some very … disturbing things about Tobias and the child he is carrying. I needed to know if I had been obliviated before by him due to learning something he didn’t like.”

“What was it that he said?”

“I would rather give you the memory to view after all the students have been tested. I could not live with myself if something had been occurring to them without knowing about it.”

“I understand Minerva,” Amelia soothed. “That is one of the reasons you are a good teacher – you care for the students. I’ll come to your room with you after this evening’s meal so you can give me those memories. Can you send Severus Snape in for me?”

Minerva nodded and walked out of the room, head held high and her heart lighter than she thought possible.

***

Severus remained silent through his entire examination – something that unnerved the Healer working on him to a great degree. When she was finished, she handed the results to Amelia and just about ran out of the area set aside for the patient’s privacy.

“Good Lord man!” Amelia exclaimed as she flipped through the results. “Just how many times have you been hit with the cruciatus curse?”

Severus gave a tired grin. “I lost count after the three hundred and ninety-fifth time and I’m not entirely sure that number was entirely correct to begin with. It is surprisingly difficult to keep track of numbers while in pain.”
“Oh I’d believe it,” Amelia stated, glancing at the papers once more. “You’ve also been bitten by a werewolf?”

“It’s not a changing bite,” he assured her, “it’s a claiming bite. Were’s mark what is theirs in one of two ways – Urinating on it or biting it. I am the chosen mate of a Dominant werewolf and I refuse to be used as a urinal.”

Amelia couldn’t help the soft chuckle that escaped her control at just how disgusted the young man sounded at the mere thought of being marked in such a way. “Two more things than you may go, I promise. The first is your lack of a Dark Mark, even though I know that you had one a few years ago.”

Severus looked down at his arm and gently ran his fingertips over the spot the original mark had sat, a soft smile on his face.

“I received that mark before I had even left school. I had been promised protection from my Father and I got it, along with a family. You have to understand that back then the Dark Lord wasn’t about violence and world domination. He was against muggles finding out about us and was trying to get magical children born to muggles taken from them and exchanged with either a squib born around the same time or a child from an orphanage.”

“Pure-blooded wizards don’t understand muggles. They see them as idiots – the peasants, slaves, servants and jesters of the realm while they are the nobility. Muggles are much more dangerous than they believe. Many muggles don’t care about their families. In the wizarding world, children are treated as gifts to be treasured. No matter what crime a witch or wizard commits, they do not harm a magical child. Not even the Lestrange trio – who are without a doubt clinically insane – harmed a child. They went for Frank and Alice, but left their son alone. In the muggle world there are people who prey exclusively on children.”

Severus swallowed hard. “My Father was one of them – he targeted anyone weaker than he was and wouldn’t stop until he had broken them. He did it to my Mother and he tried to do it to me – but I had something that made me fight it. I had a solid friendship with Tobias’ birth mother and it wasn’t until I lost that friendship that I even thought about joining the Dark Lord.”

Severus went quiet, still stroking his arm with pain-filled eyes focused intently on the bare skin. Amelia waited patiently and in utter silence. She had not expected this when she had bought up the lack of dark magic coming from him, but she was happy that it was her that was overseeing this one and not someone else.
"It was five months, three days, twenty hours and fifteen seconds after I was initiated that the Dark Lord’s attitude changed. It was instantaneous – no warning what so ever. It was terrifying to see the change in him. Where we could once call him by name and be teased about non-existent eye-batting men and women after our bodies, we would be hit with the cruciatus cures and had to prostrate ourselves before him as though we weren’t fit to lick the dragon manure off the bottom of his shoes.”

“He started killing aimlessly – men, women, children, muggle, magical … none of it mattered. Then came the day a prophecy was made to Albus Dumbledore in my hearing. It concerned the Dark Lord so I ran and told him what I had heard. When I discovered he was targeting Lily, I went straight to Albus begging him for their protection. He agreed on one condition – I was to spy for him. I agreed and so began my life on the side of light.”

Severus looked up suddenly, making Amelia jolt slightly in her seat. He smiled genuinely, eyes misted with remembrance.

“I first met Randal - Tobias’ adopted father – a few years before I joined the Death Eaters. He had found me after I had run from the house after my Father got drunk. He talked me into allowing him to fix the cuts and bruises I was covered in, then he left, leaving me his address just in case I ever needed to escape. I didn’t see him again until the day before the Dark Lord vanished.”

Severus smiled with sardonic grimness. “He had been very generous with his hexes and curses that day and Randal found me on his doorstep, unable to stand, talk or stop shaking. He wheedled the entire story from me over a week and sent a letter to Dumbledore telling him where I was and what shape I was in. He got a reply that I never got to see, but it caused him to destroy everything in his office in an attempt to control his anger.”

Severus shrugged. “Since that day he has kept me and Lucius close, examining and testing the magic in and around the mark, trying to figure out a way to remove it. With Tobias’ help, I have been brand-free since Sunday afternoon.”

Amelia smiled widely. “Thank you for explaining it to me, Severus. I have only one more thing to say before you can go. Mr Longbottom wishes for you to read this before you leave the room.” She handed the still sealed letter to the man and looked away politely while he read its content.

“Thank you for holding this for me Amelia,” he said. “Now I won’t panic when I can’t find them.” He stood and strode out, oozing confidence, but she finally saw through the mask and saw the real man behind it.

“You are most welcome, Severus Snape,” she muttered before preparing for the next staff member to
Luna and Ginny were the first members to get to the door separating them from the watery sunshine. With a joyful laugh, that was echoed in the group behind them, the two girls threw themselves at them before taking off at a playful run. One by one the other Pack members joined in until only Tobias, Draco, Theo and Pansy were not running.

“That is a sight for sore eyes,” Tobias said with a gentle smile. “It’s wonderful to see a family that is as close as ours.”

Draco glanced over at his partner and winked at him with a roguish grin. “It’s wonderful for all of us Bi,” he said, reaching for Tobias’ hand. “Nothing in this world could make me happier than I am right now – except maybe having our cub here with us.”

Theo and Pansy exchanged amused looks before moving until they were at a respectful distance from the loved-up couple.

“It’s enough to give you a toothache, isn’t it?” Theo asked, amusement written all over his face as he watched the married couple.

“You sure you’re not saying that due to jealousy?” Pansy teased, knowing her friend was completely asexual.

Theo snorted n answer, making Pansy grin wider.

“I never thought I would see the day that Draco Malfoy would become the proverbial mother hen,” she laughed, watching as Draco hovered over Tobias as he walked through the snow covered grounds.

“I don’t think any of us expected him to be like this with anyone.”

“To be honest,” a new voice from in front of them said, making them both jump in shock. “I think 
that Alpha is the only one who Beta would ever act like this with.”

Pansy and Theo scowled at the new edition. “Did you have to do that Neville?”

Neville laughed. “Yes, yes I did. Luna sent me to get you to hurry up. Beta is settling Alpha into his spot as judge. The games will start soon.”

Both Slytherins swore heatedly and sped up slightly. Neither of them wanted to miss out on today’s activities.

To begin with, most of The Pack had been against the idea of holding a Winter Olympic Games – it was a muggle orientated thing after all – but when Ginny had explained that Alpha would be included by being the person who decided who won instead of being left to sit and watch while everyone else had fun, they had conceded. It had been Alpha who had pointed out that they would only be copying the muggles so far as holding a competition between teams comprised of a variety of smaller competitions.

When the three stragglers reached the area set aside for their Alpha, they were met by teasing jeers and playful banter which had everyone laughing within a few minutes.

“Okay people!” Tobias yelled after everyone had calmed down. “I have two boxes here. One has everyone’s name in it and the other has a selection of colours. I will pick a name from the first container. Whoever I call will come up and chose another name. That person will be your team mate. The second person called will chose a colour. That will be your team colour. Once everyone is teamed up you will have a moment to change your clothing to said colour or to transfigure something in said colour. Everyone understand?”

Once everyone had cheered or grunted their understanding, Tobias chose the first name. “Blaise.”

Blaise sauntered up to Tobias and reached into the container once more. “Draco.”

Draco playfully pouted as he moved to stand beside Blaise. He threw a wink at Tobias who grinned and shook his head at his playful mood, then reached for the box of colours. He blinked as he read the slip of paper before sighing in resignation. “Luna Dearest?” he called. “Were you the one in charge of colours by any chance?”
“Yes, how did you guess?” was the innocently curious response.

“A lucky guess,” Draco smiled, showing their colour to Blaise who tried his hardest not to laugh.

Eventually all teams had been chosen and Tobias transfigured a large chalkboard and its necessities out of a few sticks that had been gathered for the small fire that was burning in an empty drum.

“First even is the snow angel making competition. This event requires only one team member to participate. Rules are: No magical aid and no sabotage.

The winning team will receive five points, second will get four and so-on and so-forth down to fifth place that receives one point. The winning team of each event gets a small prize and the overall winners will get a larger prize. Now teams, choose your contestants.”

In a matter of only moments, Tobias had the information he needed. “First up is Blaise of ‘Corpse Grey, second is Pansy of ‘Jaundice Yellow. Third is Theodore from ‘Asphyxiation Blue’. Forth is Vincent from ‘Pus White’ and last, but not least, is Neville from ‘Mucus Green’. On my signal …. GO!”

***

Everyone in the Great Hall looked up in shock when the doors opened to allow the eleven missing students, all of whom were adorned with garlands of spruce, holly and perovskia and two of them with a delicate tiara each that seemed to be made of the purest crystal with a dull light emanating from the centre.

“It comes as no surprise to me that Luna and Pansy won today,” Blaise said, shaking his head with a defeated smile. “Both are beautiful, intelligent women with a very sadistic outlook that seems to complement and build between them.”

You are just annoyed at the fact that they beat you by bluffing in the last game of the morning,” Draco teased, loving the sight of the healthy flush on his husband’s cheeks.

“Of course I am!” Blaise exclaimed to much laughter. “I’m never trusting that innocent look every again!”
Luna looked at Blaise with her head tilted to the right, innocence plastered all over her face. “What innocent look?”

Blaise looked at her and blinked. “Never mind,” he muttered as he turned and walked to the table, missing the amused smirk on the blonde girl’s lips.

Words

Zleva – Pronounced Zeal-va

Achalendra – Unknown pronunciation, means Lord of the immovable; the Himalayas

Ariandra – pronounced Are-Ee-Ann-Dra

Perovskia – Perovskia atriplicifolia commonly referred to as Russian Sage
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Hermione is a bad little Gixie. She needs to be punished

Chapter Notes

*gasp* another two chapters! well ... it is the season for miracles

Chapter 41

Amelia chuckled as she followed the Deputy Headmistress’ gaze to find Tobias and Draco in the seat that had been placed at the end of the Slytherin Table, both boys fast asleep.

“They must have had an exhausting morning,” she commented softly. “It seems all of them are tired.”

“Tobias normally naps mid-morning and mid-afternoon,” Minerva stated softly. “I think today is the first time in a while that he didn’t and it’s caught up with him.”

“Draco on the other hand,” Lucius contributed softly form Minerva’s other side, “has probably been stressing over everything when Tobias is asleep.”

“Or Tobias has been keeping him awake with vigorous exercise,” Severus stated in his usual monotone, only the gleam in his eye revealing his amusement in his teasing.

“I do NOT want to think of that Severus!” Lucius whined. “My son has not, will not and never will be a sexual creature. He’s sexless. That is final!”

“Then how do you explain that my former lion is carrying your grandchild?” Minerva asked in a slightly teasing voice.
“Divine intervention,” Lucius stated seriously.

“Very well Lucius,” Minerva stated in amusement, “If you insist.”

“I do,” Lucius said firmly.

“Then don’t look now because that ‘divine intervention’ is looking to be beginning now,” Severus said, eyes glittering with amusement.

“What?” Lucius’ head spun around to look at his son so fast it was surprising that his neck didn’t snap. “Oh for the love of … GET A HOLD ON YOURSELVES! THIS IS THE GREAT HALL, NOT YOUR BEDROOM!”

To the surprise of many people, both teens growled at the Malfoy Lord then vanished in a flash of flame. In the resultant silence, while many students and Professors stared at the two shirts left on the now empty seat, Severus Snape’s laughter echoed loudly.

***

Hermione glared over at the other side of the room, hatred in her every movement. She had admitted her mistake but apparently that was good enough. She was being victimised and no one would do anything to help her. Her fellow students pretended the area she was in as though it was invisible. Her professors look at her with pity or annoyance – mostly annoyance now that they know she is fighting against being someone’s property. The Headmaster was ignoring her and her own parents were fraternizing with the person who was responsible for all of this happening to her.

She turned her eyes back to the book she had in her hand, fingers going white with how tightly she was grasping it. When she borrowed it, she was doing it to research like McGonagall had told her too. That was when she had still believed that her Head of House was helping her to gain her friendship with Harry back so everything could go back to the way it was. It wasn’t until she revealed the mark on her neck that she realised that she was wrong in believing her Transfiguration professor wanted to help her.

She smirked as she found the page she wanted and read the information, scoffing at what the author was saying about a guardian of magic taking vengeance on those who use the spell for acts of unrighteous vengeance. Magic was a tool to be used. It wasn’t sentient and it didn’t have some mythical woman who surveyed its use.
Nodding decisively, Hermione snapped the book shut and walked from the Hall, searching for an empty room in which to practice. No one would care about what happened to the so-called Saviour anyway, he was a Slytherin after all.

***

The rest of the Pack shook their heads and chuckled when their Alpha and Beta disappeared after Lucius interrupted the two of them. They didn’t try to stop them anymore because – quite frankly, their Alpha was vicious when interrupted … Not to mention they were used to the behaviour shown by the pregnant teen.

“I guess this means we are going to their rooms then the library,” Millicent stated softly after several moments. “I have something I want to look up.”

“So do I,” Greg announced. “Father told me about a spell/potion/rune combination the binds weapon so only the rightful owner can cause damage with them. Others can pick them up and swing or stab with them, but the injuries they would cause doesn’t have a big effect on the recipient – more of a bruising then punctures or battering.”

“Sounds interesting,” Pansy said with a smile. “Are we all going to the library then?”

“Yes,” Luna hummed. “I’ll meet you all there. I’m going to Ravenclaw to get some more parchment. My last lot was filled much too fast for my licking.”

“I’ll come with you,” Ginny grinned, standing. “I’ll help carry it.”

“I will also catch up with you,” Pansy said. “I’m going to check up on Professor Snape. He might have some things he wants investigated as well.”

“Or some ingredients he wants prepared later,” Neville said. “Tell me if that is the case and I’ll be down there tonight.”

“Will do,” Pansy grinned before following the younger girls from the room.
“I’ll go tell Madam Bones where we will be then meet you wherever,” Blaise yawned. “My special project ended this morning, so I’ll either help Theo with his project or see if I can find more on that spell Flitwick told us about yesterday.”

“The one that decorated everything in purple stripes?” Vincent asked, confused.

“Yeah, that one,” Blaise grinned. “I think Madam Greengrass would look marvellous with purple striped skin, don’t you?”

He joined in on the resultant laughter before heading in the opposite direction from the rest of the group.

***

Tom glared at the grinning devils before him with as much heat as he could muster. He sighed in resignation when he realised they weren’t affected by it.

“What do you want?” he groaned, rubbing his eyes with the heel of his hand.

“We thought.”

“That you.”

“Would.”

“Like.”

“To.”

“See.”
“Our newest.”

“Product,” the two of them tag teamed, making Tom sneer at them.

“And why would I be interested in this … product?”

Fred and George exchanged looks and turned their smirking faces at the now scared older man. “You have no idea just how happy you just made us, Lord,” The first twin grinned.

“If you follow us, we’ll show you why you will more than like our produce,” the other said with an identical maniacal grin.

Tom groaned. Now he’d done it. So much for his quiet night in.

***

Dinner that night was an ordeal for the seven officials. In one day, they had managed to get through all the teachers – of which three had obliviates that couldn’t be broken without damaging their minds – and the entire first, second and third year populations. Thankfully none of the students had any mind or magic blocks and no injuries that were uncommon for their age. Still, it had been a long day for them – and the following day was set to be even longer.

Amelia jolted slightly when a hand was gently placed on her shoulder and looked into a pair of concerned blue eyes.

“Are you alright Amelia?” Minerva asked, taking in the exhaustion written all over the younger woman’s face.

“It’s been a long and busy day,” Amelia said. “I never expected to get such a headache”

“Are the students giving you that hard a time?” Filius asked, worried.
“Not too much, but I’m sick of hearing all about how ‘Great and Powerful’ Dumbledore is. It’s like all the parents in Gryffindor forced the same shit down their children’s throat and make them regurgitate it on command. You get some in other houses, but Gryffindor the most. What are people teaching their kids now days?

“Would you like to wait for another day to view the memory? Minerva asked.

“No,” Amelia said firmly. The seven of us will be coming to view the memory after the meal is over. We need to know what kind of stuff we are dealing with.” She looked around the Hall and frowned thoughtfully. “Where are Misters Malfoy-Black and their friends? It isn’t a good idea for any of them to skip a meal.”

“They would be having something to eat with Severus in their room,” Lucius stated. “When they become … amorous … it is har – difficult to separate them completely.”

Amelia grinned slightly in the direction of a chuckling Minerva. It was so funny seeing the usually stoic Malfoy Lord act like such a prude when it was rumoured that he was quite the play-boy in his school years.

Seated on the very end of the group where the conversation could only just be heard, Deloris Umbridge took notes, scowling at the conversation.

“Bloody brats,” she hissed in her mind, thinking over all the failed attempts of the previous year. “Even now everyone is jumping over themselves to do the boys bidding. He needs to be punished, but how?”

An ugly grin formed on her lip as she started writing down her plans, not suspecting that far away in the heart of London, two red-headed demons were reading her every word with one of their newest inventions.

Identical blue eyes met over the enchanted object and both nodded. One copied the information down in neat hand writing that few would expect of him, while the other wrote a letter, duplicated it and sent it to where it had to go, each holding the same warning.

***
Amelia, Lucius and the other Ministry workers who had volunteered to be members of the Dumbledore investigations sat down, stunned after being thrown out of the pensieve. Looking between themselves, Amelia felt grateful to whomever sent the letter to Minerva just before they entered the room.

Only six of the seven were in the room as one of them had suddenly remembered that she had to send off a report. None of them minded all that much, considering that it was only the pink annoyance, but after hearing what was in the letter and then the viewing of the memory, the six remaining members had gone into shock. It was worse than what they had been expecting.

All of them became aware only when their fingers were wrapped around a chilled glass. Without thinking, they all took a mouthful and were bought to an immediate, spluttering awareness.

“What in Merlin’s name was that?” Duke Alesander asked in a breathless wheeze.

“Scotch,” Minerva answered in her usual no nonsense tone. “A muggle drink that is around forty percent alcohol.” The six purebloods watched in undisguised interest as Minerva swallowed her half-glass in one go without reacting to the fumes that they were sure could strip the polish – as well as most of the wood – from their wands.

“Randal isn’t going to like this,” Lucius stated after a moment of silence. “He was against Tobias returning after Severus contacted us for help in healing the boy.”

“Who is this ‘Randal’ you are talking about?” Lady Ariandra asked. “I do not believe that I have heard of him before.”

“You probably have, but not realised it,” Minerva interrupted. “He is very well-known around Europe.”

Lucius nodded his agreement. “Randal isn’t his real name, but as it is unsafe to reveal his true name, that is what we refer to him as.”

“Why is it unsafe to use his real name?” Lord Patil asked.

Lucius grinned grimly. “He is a dark wizard who healed and adopted the boy-who-lived and keeps track of where both sides of the war are at using spies whom he is willing to be questioned about
under Veritaserum. He is wanted by the dark because he helped ‘the boy-who-lived’ and by the light because he ‘corrupted their Saviour’.”

“We won’t go to the fact that said ‘Saviour’ is only sixteen, was almost beaten to death by the people the Light gave him to and that Randal treats him the way he should be treated – like a regular teenager,” Minerva said, pursing he lips in displeasure.

“You say ‘the Light’ like you aren’t in it, Minerva,” Amelia stated. “Is there something you would like to tell us?”

“Most of the remaining staff are neutral or have sided with Tobias. I have sworn to Tobias’ father as one of Tobias’ confidents/mentors, so I am honour-bound to Tobias.”

“And if the Young man goes dark?” Wu asked, only a slight trace of his native accent detectable.

“Then I follow him,” Minerva stated without hesitation, “And to be completely honest, it wouldn’t surprise me if he did. Not with all the crap the Light have put him through.”

“Thank you for being honest with us Minerva,” Amelia said, wincing as she finished the last of her Scotch. “I’m afraid we have a lot of work to do before we get to retire for the night.”

“As do I, my friend, as do I,” Minerva stated seriously.

“Before we leave … would you be willing to submit these memories as evidence?” Zleva asked.

“Yes and I’m sure if asked, Severus would be willing to submit the memory of his rescue of Tobias,” she answered.

“I will be submitting my memories of that day,” Lucius stated, “as are Randal, Remus Lupin and my wife. I have no doubt that Severus will as well.”

The Matronly lady smiled at the younger man before walking out. The other five followed her example, each wishing the cat animagus a good night before heading to their rooms to work on their own reports.
Tobias stretched; smiling at the slight twinge of muscles that hadn’t been used in a while gave after being put through a thorough and intense work out. ‘And what a workout it was,’ he thought with a grin, remembering his and Draco’s activities from the previous night.

“Hmm,” Draco hummed, rolling over to snuggle into his husband’s back, “what has you up at this ungodly hour of.” He flicked his wand and squinted at the glowing numbers floating above their heads, “six fifteen in the morning?”

“Something is going to happen today,” Tobias stated, relaxing into his husband’s embrace. I don’t know what and I don’t know when, but it will happen.”

“How do you know?” Draco asked seriously, suddenly wide awake.

“My bones are resonating with it. Mother isn’t happy. I almost feel sorry for whoever invokes her wrath.”

“I would if I didn’t know that they would deserve it. Mother only loses her temper when someone disregards one of her laws – or one of her guardians.”

“That is true,” Tobias mused, “but still, we should warn the rest of The Pack as well as Severus and Minerva. Just in case.”

“That can wait until around seven-ish. For now, let’s just stay here in the calm of early morning.”

Tobias sighed happily and closed his eyes, smiling slightly as he felt the gentle strokes on his now visible bulge and an answering flutter from inside.

***

Hermione watched the entrance of the Great Hall with an intensity that would have astonished the
rest of the Hall’s inhabitants, if they had been able to see her, that is. Every time it opened, she gripped the handle of her wand tightly, only to release it when she saw someone who wasn’t her victim enter through it.

Finally – after nearly two hours of waiting, the doors opened to reveal the one person she had been waiting for. She ignored the people who were already in the almost full room as she raised her wand and aimed it, not noticing that the spell she had used to conceal herself had vanished.

“What in the world are you doing Granger?” Theo asked a look of pure disdain on his face.

“I have lost everything,” she stated loudly, making all eyes turn to her. “I lost my friends. I lost my grades. The respect I had from my peers is gone.”

“What respect?” Neville murmured only just loud enough for Millicent, Pansy and Blaise to hear, causing them to snigger slightly.

“My teachers ignore me and even my parents have turned against me.”

Tobias raised an eyebrow at the bushy-haired Gryffindor. “And this concerns us how exactly?”

“IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!” she screamed. “I apologised, so why didn’t you forgive me? You’ve turned my life into a mockery!”

“In the real world, apologies mean nothing,” Tobias told her coldly. “An apology is for when you hit someone with an innocent spell instead of what you were aiming at. You don’t apologise and expect everything to go back to the way they were before due to your part in attempting to murder someone.”

Gasps were heard around the Hall from students who didn’t know what had transpired between the so-called Golden Trio.

“I was told it was for your own good!” she snapped back. “You can’t honestly hold that against me!”

“And you are how old?” Pansy asked, unable to help herself as she stared at the muggleborn as
though she had never seen her before.

“You always prided yourself on being the ‘smartest witch of this generation’,” Neville stated incredulously, “but is still didn’t occur to you to research what was happening all because someone said it was for Tobias’ own good?”

“That’s good,” Luna said, staring dreamily at something just over Hermione’s shoulder. “That means we can say everything that has happened to her as part of her punishment was for her own good. It’s the same thing isn’t it?”

“No it isn’t!” Hermione yelled. “What I have been going through is inhumane!”

“And what Tobias went through wasn’t?” Draco asked frostily. “I would think very carefully on what you say Granger. I was there when Sev burst into MY family home shouting for help. I was there when Sev, Remus, Father and Pa fought for Tobias’ life and I was there when Tobias was recovering from the mental wounds that were left over from what you, the Weasel, the manipulative SOB that shouldn’t be anywhere near a school, let alone running it and our oh-so-caring school nurse did to him.”

“Prove it,” Hermione stated, calling the blonde on what she believed was a bluff.

“Oh I will be as soon as I get my physical done, you can count on that,” Draco responded, pulling Tobias close to him and pushing past the beyond furious female.

Hermione pulled her wand up and aimed it at Tobias’ retreating back, shouting, “Trarre attacco di sangue.”

Time slowed for everyone in the Hall as the dried blood coloured spell sped towards the intertwined couple who didn’t have time to move out of the way.

Just before the spell hit, another body appeared before the bonded pair, allowing the spell to hit them before collapsing on the ground.

Everyone in the Hall stared in shock at the prone form of Luna Lovegood as invisible knives sliced into every bit of skin they could see and a large pool of blood quickly formed around her.
Severus shook himself out of his shock and cast an all-purpose healing charm as he ran to the children that were now a large part of his life. He sighed in relief when he noted that the cuts had fully healed. After a moment of digging, he found his last two vials of blood replenisher potion and slowly feed one to the normally absent-minded girl. He then turned to the female that dared to harm a member of his family and froze.

Standing on either side of the now very pale Gryffindor were two very familiar and very angry daemons. Prowling around her feet was a shimmering pale blue panther, hungrily licking her lips as her eyes never left the slightly shaking form of the trapped girl.

His gaze wandered to The Pack to find them all on their knees, bowing to the magnificent pale-skinned, black haired woman that was holding back the enraged form of one Tobias Regulas Riddle.

“Hush My Raven,” the woman said. “She is yours to punish. I am only Judge and Jury.”

“Yes my mother,” Tobias stated visibly calming.

The lady smiled and ran a loving hand through the soft black hair it rested on before striding towards the terrified female.

“You are a disgrace to the race of wizards,” the woman said. “You blamed your own victim for the results of your actions and then proceeded to change a spell used in Healing in an attempt to further harm said victim. As punishment your soul will never be granted rest. It will wonder in limbo for all eternity. For your physical punishment, I hand you over to My Raven. I understand this is not the first time you have caused him harm.”

The woman disappeared, followed closely by the two daemons. Hermione sighed in relief before looking up right before a large white wolf slammed into her. The last thing she heard was her own terrified screams.

*Words*

*Trarre attacco di sangue – draw blood attack, created by Luna Luce and used with permission*
Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

The twins get revenge

Chapter 42

Everyone in the Hall watched horrified as Tobias leapt at the newly released girl, transforming into his wolf form before colliding with her. The younger years suddenly found themselves unable to see or hear anything other than the same woman who had threatened Granger humming a gentle song that slowly put them to sleep.

The older years, visiting dignitaries and Professors, on the other hand, couldn’t remove their gazes from the sight of the white wolf latching onto the girl’s throat and tearing it out, ignoring everything as her terrified screams were joined by those of the students around her at the sight of the white wolf’s canine grin in a face stained red with blood.

***

The screams froze in everyone’s throats as the bodily remains of the former brains of Gryffindor became surrounded in pure white flame as the red-stained wolf slowly shed its fur and returned to human form. “I announce the fulfilment of the blood oath to magic against one Hermione Jan Granger. May the Mother continue her punishment in my stead. So Mote it be.”

The people in the hall that knew the full story echoed the ending and watched as the body was fully consumed by magic. Once the flames vanished, Tobias’ knees slowly began to give out on him.

“TOBIAS!” Lucius, Severus and Minerva shouted as Draco leaped forwards and slowed the slightly younger male’s fall.

“I’d better get him back to bed,” Draco sighed from his position on his back with Tobias collapsed on his chest and stomach. “I know that it isn’t good for him to skip a meal, but he can’t eat like this.”

Greg, Vincent and Millicent stepped forward and picked the two boys up off the ground. When
Severus appeared beside Greg – who held hold of Tobias – the boy handed his bundle to the normally dour man.

“Go and eat,” the man told the group. “I’ll take him back with me to my rooms. You won’t be much good for him if you start missing meals as well,” he stated calmly as Draco opened his mouth.

“When you have eaten all of you come by my office. I will need to check up on Miss Lovegood to see if she needs another blood replenisher a.” He looked at the awake and aware Pack members sternly, his eyes telling them to look after the blonde girl.

With a sharp nod, The Pack – minus Tobias - turned and gathered around the still slightly dazed Ravenclaw who had her head resting on Ginny’s lap while the red-headed girl hummed softly and ran her fingers gently through the blonde’s hair. With everyone’s attention on either Luna or Ginny or on the retreating back of the feared potions master, no one noticed the dark eyes filled with pain watching every small movement that came from the girl.

***

Tobias woke to a small body crawling into his bed with him. He sleepily opened one eye and took note of the long blonde hair and slightly protruding eyes in a paler than normal face and moved around so he was spoon in the younger female who had protected him, his mate and their unborn cub with her own body. With a sigh of happiness he fell back into a deep sleep with his new cuddle-toy not too far behind.

***

Severus chuckled softly as he looked up from where he was writing out a parchment full of potions-related activities on it and glanced over at the transfigured bed where Tobias and Luna could be found. After eating, the rest of The Pack had guided Luna to Severus’ office and the blonde had sleepily climbed into the bed with her Alpha, mumbling a soft ‘thankyou Papa’ before falling into a deep healing sleep only moments after Tobias.

He was forced out of his thoughts by a sharp knock on his door that made him jump. With another quick glance at the pair on the bed, he rose and hurried to his door.

“Keep it down,” he hissed acidly as he opened the door. “I have two sleeping students here and I refuse to let anyone interrupt their much needed rest!”
Two of the people before him blinked in shock at the protectiveness of the man.

“Sorry,” they murmured as they walked in past the man.

Severus squeezed the bridge of his nose as he closed the door behind the trio. “What can I do to help you?” he asked after he checked on the still sleeping students.

“I’m here to check up on how the young ones are,” Minerva said softly, knowing how protective the man was of his godson. “Not that I don’t trust you to look after them,” she continued hurriedly, “I just want to know for my own peace of mind.”

The tension that had formed in the younger man relaxed significantly as he registered the older woman’s words and he rubbed his eyes tiredly.

“Tobias is going to be fine. He isn’t supposed to shift while in his condition. It isn’t harmful to the babe since he doesn’t shift into a smaller form, but the amount of magic it takes is more than he can comfortably stand. To all extents and purposes, he is only drained magically. It’s enough to make him exhausted and to feel uncomfortable, but not life threatening to either him or the child.”

He absent-mindedly reached for the cup of tea that the transfiguration professor handed to him and took a decent mouthful, disregarding the temperature of it.

“Luna on the other hand is quiet the quandary. She reacted well to the healing spell, but the blood replenishers I give to her aren’t working all that well. I don’t know if it is because she has built up immunity to them or if she is allergic to one of the ingredients in it. Neville and Pansy have taken it upon themselves to write Xenophillous and inform him of what has happened and ask about her reaction to the potion. At the moment, she is comfortably wrapped in Tobias’ arms, deeply asleep.”

Minerva nodded her understanding and raised her cup to her lips.

“You seem to have put most of my students into shock,” Filius stated, eyes twinkling mischievously. “I’ve had to have several of them get calming drats from the Healer’s in the Great Hall or from the lady who has temporarily replaced Poppy.”
Severus chuckled. “I was wondering who would be the first to catch on. I’m going to make myself clear. I am a Potions Master – and a damn good one at that,” he stated. “I believe that if you are going to teach Potions then it should be done properly. I was forbidden to teach my lessons the way I wished, so I didn’t bother to do much more then give them enough homework and supervision so they could do the best they could without killing themselves. With Amelia and the other Ministry officials here, they gave me the permission I needed to change the way potions is taught. The students who did as they were told and went to their professors were the first to get the new schedule.”

“Do you mind if I have a look at what you’ve got so far?” Filius asked, almost bouncing in joy.

Without a word, Severus handed over seven rolls of parchment to the diminutive older man and turned to look at the last person in the group.

“Don’t mind me,” Lord Patil said, raising both hands in the air. “I just came along to get away from the brats. You wouldn’t suspect that they were all over the age of thirty, the way they’re acting at the moment.”

Severus snorted in amusement as he pictured his blonde friend lying on the floor throwing a temper tantrum with yelling, screaming and kicking because he didn’t get his own way.

Minerva and Filius exchanged amused looks, the same thought going through their minds.

A soft whine from the bed made the four adults freeze before another whine made Severus run to his two cubs without a word to his visitors.

“Nonos?” a sleep-laced voiced muttered, a slight amount of pain evident in his tone. “I need my potion. I haven’t had todays and it hurts!”

“Okay Neogennito,” Severus soothed. “You just keep a hold of Kyria and I’ll be back soon.”

Tobias nodded and tightened his hold on one of his most loyal friends, not reaching when the girl woke at his movement and started to run her fingers in gentle strokes through his hair and down the sides of his face. When Severus returned with the potion, it was Luna who got him to drink it, making Severus and Minerva chuckled slightly when she insisted on cleaning the small amounts of spillage and residue with her tongue, her mind still slightly more wolf then human if the growls, whines and whimpers she was releasing were any indication.
The four adults watched the two until they fell asleep once more. Severus covered them with a blanket, a small smile on his face. When he turned to the others, his smile disappeared when he met the raised eyebrow and crossed arms of the Patil family patriarch.

“Explain!” he ordered, making Severus sigh.

“We will explain what we can,” the dark-haired man said with a sigh, much to everyone’s shock, “but I will NOT break the trust he has given me, so don’t even think of asking for more.”

Words

Nonos – godfather

Neogennito – Cub

Kyria – Lady
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Revenge is a dish best served by Red-Heads

Chapter Notes

Ok peeps! Merry Christmas and all that XD From today I will be updating weekly rather then daily due to me needing to write and type up the chapters before hand. Enjoy!

Chapter 43

Draco quietly entered his godfather’s room, muttering under his breath. He had spent the morning in the library with the healthy members of his Pack, but the absence of two of their own had caused a wall of silence to envelope them while bringing them closer together as a group.

“I’ve decided that I hate it here at the moment,” he announced as soon as he arrived in the sitting room. “Not only can they get away with cursing members of MY Pack, the stress is working against Tobias. It’s only thanks to his de-stress tea and our frequent hormone-driven sex-a-thons that he hasn’t given in yet!”

He looked up at that moment and flushed slightly at the sight of a very amused Severus, Minerva and Xenophillus and a slightly-more-than-shocked Lord Patil. Within the blink of an eye, Draco’s shoulders snapped back, had dismissed Lord Patil as being unimportant and bowed to Xenophillus. “Mr Lovegood, how is Luna fairing?”

“Luna is doing just fine youngster,” the overly cheerful man stated with a grin. “We got the small blood problem sorted out.”

Severus snorted inelegantly. “Small he says, as if we didn’t need to take some of his blood and push it into his daughters system.”

Xeno waved a hand flippantly in the younger man’s direction, “As if you would act differently if it
was required for one of your godson’s”

Severus gave a half-smirk and bowed his head in acknowledgment.

“As of now, she is happily sleeping with your husband until she needs her next dose of blood,” Xeno said with a small smile. “It’s good to see that she has people she can count on that aren’t me.”

“Luna is Pack,” Draco stated with a shrug as though that explained everything. “She is just as important to us as we are to her,” He frowned thoughtfully. “Is it only your blood that she needs or can others donate theirs to her in case she needs it fast?”

“Not everyone has the same type of blood,” a new voice said into the room, “and I’m not talking Pure-blood, muggle-born or half-blood either.”


“What, may I ask, is he doing this close to my son?” Randal asked.

“In his words,” Minerva cut in with a rarely seen twinkle in her eye, “Getting away from all the brats. You wouldn’t believe they were all at least thirty with the way they act’.”

Randal rubbed his face and muttered, “Lucius?”

“Surprisingly not this time,” Lord Patil answered. “Lord Malfoy has been attempting – and succeeding, surprisingly – to explain the events of this morning without revealing anything that his son-in-law doesn’t wish for him to reveal. Deloris still hasn’t come back from her ‘simple matter of sending a report,” and it is, oddly enough, Wu who is giving Lucius the most trouble. He’s sure Lucius is hiding something from the rest of us”

“He is,” a sleepy voice said from the door to Severus’ room. “He hides a lot of things from a lot of people and not all of those things are his to share.”

“What are you doing up Love?” Draco asked softly as he moved to stand so the obviously exhausted teen could lean on him.
“I heard Pateras and Algemon. I know Algie needs to check me over so I got up so Kyria wouldn’t be disturbed by the extra magic around me.” Tobias’ eyes flicked to the only intruder amongst his family. “If Mr Wu keeps going, send him to me since the majority of the secrets Lucius is keeping are mine.”

To everyone bar Randal’s surprise, Lord Patil nodded and gave a shallow bow. “I will do so.” Just before the man left the room, Tobias called out to him thoughtfully.

“Do you have any marriage arrangements for Padma and Pavarti?”

The man’s shoulders tensed up.

“I am only asking because I overheard something the few times I was allowed near Dumbledore’s Order. He has been trying to convince the Weasley’s to petition for permission to marry them to Fred and George. I don’t know if it has been done, but if it has, I am telling you something that they don’t know. It will be ME that you will be going through if the papers come in and can’t be reversed, not the older Weasleys. Fred and George are in my Pack so I know them best. Their parents have no say over ANYTHING.”

The longer Tobias spoke, the more relaxed the man became.

“Thank you for telling me this. I will check with Gringotts later this evening. If I find anything, I will tell you.”

“It’s only right that you know Lord Patil. I couldn’t allow you or your daughters to go into this blind. Pateras and Anadochos made sure that I went in knowing what I was getting into ad since the girls helped one of my Pack, I intend on doing the same for them.”

With a final nod, Lord Patil exited the room and Tobias turned to the two new comers. “Where do you want me?”

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The rest of the day passed peacefully for The Pack member who were still in school. The incident of
that morning was still fresh in everyone’s minds so nearly no-one was game enough to talk to any of them. Of the few souls brave enough to talk to them, only three enquired after their Alpha’s health and only two asked after Luna. Each of them got a smile from the person they had asked and the latest update that they had heard.

By the time the evening meal had come around, every Pack member was wearing a self-satisfied smile. They had managed to get a good few solid hours in the library doing the research they had been assigned and they grinned at each other when they saw a smug-looking Umbridge seated between an annoyed Lucius and a thoughtful Lord Patil.

“Come LunaLove,” a voice echoed around a suddenly silent Great Hall.

“Let us help you to where you need to go,” another voice stated.

The door opened and everyone gaped. Severus Snape stood to one side with a sulking Tobias held bridal style in his arms. On the other side of the doorway stood a man that none of the students had seen before. It was the three in the middle, however, that caught everyone’s attention. Luna Lovegood was standing – albeit shakily - with an arm around the shoulders of a very familiar pair of twins. Twins that were wearing pin-striped suits, shoes and hats that wouldn’t look out of place on the set of a music video for ‘Smooth Criminal’ or ‘Bad Bad Leroy Brown’.

Before anyone could react, one of the boys of The Pack stood from his place and strode confidently to where the group stood. Stopping, he raised an eyebrow at the three and bowed, extending a hand.

Luna smiled widely when a sparkle on his wrist caught her eye.

Vincent looked up at the blonde girl, hazel eyes littering intelligently. “Allow me to take you to your seat my Lady,” he said in a soft voice.

“I accept young Lord,” Luna said just as soft and she removed one of her arms to hold a hand out to grasp his extended hand. It wasn’t until after Vince had planted a soft kiss to the back of her hand and was standing that the twins released their hold on the girl’s waist. Vincent caught her as her legs gave out on her and silently carried the petite girl back to his seat at the Slytherin Table.

As this was happening, Severus and the unknown man had walked in to the room and up to the raised Dias – Severus stopping at the Slytherin Table to drop Tobias off into his husband’s lap.
“We are very happy at being back here,” one of the twins said with a grin.

“Very happy indeed,” the other said with an identical grin. “And the reason we are back again makes this wondrous event so much sweeter!”

“You can say that again Fred,” the first twin agreed and pulled a sheet of parchment from his pocket as the two of them strode confidently up to the head table as though they had one mind. “This is a wonderful thing we like to call ‘Pay Back.’”

George grinned wider, “But others would call it ‘Vengeance’.”

“Fate.”

“Karma.”

“Satan’s Will.”

“God’s Will.”

“Miracle.”

“Disaster.”

Everyone was silent as the two bounced words off the other as they walked up the centre of the tables.

“But this letter,” Fred stated, shaking his hand and drawing everyone’s eyes back to the parchment he was still holding, “Calls it ‘Justice’.”

“Allow us to reveal what we are talking about,” George stated, drawing another piece of parchment from a pocket. “Messer’s Weasley,” he began, face entirely devoid of his trickster nature, scaring
everyone who thought they knew the twins. “I received this letter in the morning post from one of my people in the shadows. I bought this to the Minister’s attention and he agreed to my insisting that this creature be taken care of. I want her away from my son and grandchild, even if she is untouchable until after her current job, as long as she is alive by the time the job finishes, you have Carte Blanc permission to do whatever you wish to her.”

“As for why we were contacted to deal with this,” Fred said with an evil grin on his lips that had many people in the Hall swear they could see the devil horns growing from within his hair, ‘Who better to send? And the reason for this?” He spun around to face the Dias, face completely serious in an instant.

“Deloris Umbridge. Your letter to one Mr David Hendryxon about the sale of a newborn child with ties to the Potter, Black and Malfoy families as payment for the money you owe was carefully considered and after very little thought process they sent us with your answer.”

The twins drew their wands and silently sent spell after spell at the woman until she was hidden in a sparkling putrid yellow cloud that smelt of over-ripe pineapple. A high-pitched scream came from the cloud just before it dispersed to reveal the new and improved Deloris.

Her hair was limp and scruffy, holding more grease than the Weasley family full English breakfast; her face was even more toad-like in appearance due to the very apparent removal of any make-up she had been wearing. It was her body, however, that caught everyone unaware. Where there was originally a short, fat witch was now a fat, unco-ordinated centaur with a dull cream coat and tail the same colour as the hair on her head and just as limp, scruffy and greasy.

“What have you done to me!” she screeched as she tried to stand. “I demand you return me to normal right this instant!”

The twins looked at each other as though they hadn’t heard her.

“And here we thought she couldn’t get worse looking then she was originally,” Fred stated seriously to his nodding twin.

“I feel bad for the centaurs now.” George responded, “Remind me to apologise to every centaur we see for the next year. We did them a great disservice when we turned her into one of their number.”

“Well that isn’t really our fault,” Fred pointed out as he threw his arm over his brother’s shoulders.
“It was either a centaur or a Hag and we couldn’t do that to the poor Hags, not after they were so helpful this past week.”

“That’s true and we did get permission from the resident herd to use their image … I’m still apologising though.”

“I don’t blame you. Remember to add mine as well.”

“Will do brother.”

With that, the two of them shook hands and separated – one to sit at the Gryffindor Table to sit with Lee and the other to sit with Ginny. Both of them looked at Tobias and sighed in relief when they saw him asleep on Draco’s lap. It was evident that the raven-haired teen hadn’t heard what the woman’s plans were and, if the looks Draco and Lucius were exchanging were any indication, the toad-like centaur was going to have one Hell of a time. They could hardly wait! Let chaos reign.

Words

_Pateras_ – _Father_

_Kyria_ – _Lady_

_Anadochos_ – _Godfather_
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

The aftermath ... and the twins reveal several secrets of their own

Chapter Notes

There is a section in this chapter that I know will not happen in real life, but I put it in there due to several reasons. If you find what it is and have questions for why I put it in there, just ask and I'll answer it for you

Chapter 44

The Hall was completely silent as the inhabitants struggled to comprehend everything that had occurred in the past twenty-four hours. First the Headmaster had been denied access to areas where there were students. Next the school nurse had been transported to St Mungos in hysterics when her examination discovered several obliviates, a tampered vow and a suspicious cocktail of potions in her system. Third and fourth was the truth behind why there was no longer a Golden Trio and why the boy-who-lived turned his back on the Headmaster.

Fifth was the irrefutable proof that legends concerning magic and her guardians were, in fact, not legends at all, but truth. Sixth was the sheer brutality in which Granger was disposed of, closely followed by Looney Lovegood’s act of sacrifice at point number seven. Numbers eight, nine and ten – to the surprise of none – involved the appearance of the Weasley twins the deplorable act of the Ministers Ex-Undersecretary and the twins' actions of turning said woman into a being that she despised more than werewolves.

More than half of the students were exceedingly happy that the black-haired teen had been asleep when the twins revealed what the vile woman had planned on doing and those who weren’t were entertaining themselves with imagining what the pregnant teen would have done to her.

At the Slytherin table, a barrier of three empty seats had appeared around The Pack due to the angry growling that erupted from their chests. Tobias and Luna, who had fallen asleep with her head resting on Vince’s shoulder, frowned and fidgeted slightly which stopped everyone mid-growl.

“Wazzit?” Tobias asked, drunk on exhaustion.
“I’ll tell you later Bi,” Draco assured his husband. “First you have to have something to eat and recover from this morning.”

“How’s not h’ng’y” Tobias pouted, snuggling into Draco’s chest.

Draco barely managed to stop himself from laughing at his husband. “You missed breakfast, picked at lunch and refused afternoon tea Bi,” he pointed out once he got himself under control. “You have to have something to eat now or our cub is going to be not happy with you.”

“But…”

“No Bi. Food! Eat! We need you at your best to properly support the little one that is growing in you.”

Draco sighed when Tobias just hid his face in his chest. “How about this?” he stated. “You have some noodles in broth and a little bit of salad now and whatever Dobby brings you for after and tonight I will spoil you. How does a hot bath for two, a pot of baby tea and a foot rub sound?”

Tobias moaned softly and hesitantly raised his head. “Promise?”

“I promise,” Draco said with a smile, gently rubbing his nose against Tobias, making him smile tenderly.

“How is Luna?” Tobias asked when he caught sight of the sleeping girl on Vince’s lap.

“She will make a full recovery,” Vincent said with a smile. “I am going to wake her soon for her own noodles in broth. Would you mind us spending the night with you? I don’t trust the girls in her room and I doubt they would allow me to sleep in their common room with her.”

“Count us in as well,” the rest of The Pack stated. They wouldn’t feel right sleeping separate after the events of the day.
Tobias smiled and nodded his agreement as he started sipping from the cup that had just appeared before him. Draco sighed in relief at the thought that he wasn’t planning on a mating. He just knew that, somehow, everyone would be on the one bed tonight.

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Minerva cornered the twins before they could follow their Pack members out of the Hall after the meal had finished. “We want to talk to the two of you in my office, she said calmly. “Don’t worry, they will be returned to you for the night,” she added with a roll of her eyes to the pouting black-haired teen that had just flamed next to her.

“Promise?” Tobias asked with large mostly green eyes as the rest of The Pack arrived and crowded the doorway with Draco rubbing his temples in resignation.

“Tobias,” he said with forced calm, “Minerva isn’t going to harm them and you can’t keep doing that. You need to rest to recover from their morning.”

“But…”

“No buts Tobias!” Draco growled forcefully. “You WILL come with me and not use magic for a few days. You WILL eat a full three plus meals a day from tomorrow and you WILL allow us to look after you.” Draco’s eyes narrowed at the stubborn set to Tobias’ shoulders. “Unless of course,” he continued darkly, “it is your intention to rid yourself of OUR cub.”

Tobias paled drastically and slumped to the ground, hands on his stomach, eyes wide. It was only the fast thinking of George – who had tossed a ball of twine at the swooning figure before he fell and transfigured it into a large cushion.

Draco rushed to his husband’s side, feeling slightly ashamed of how he had handled the situation before pushing it aside. He might not like it, but sometimes you needed to be blunt to get through his husband’s stubbornness. He silently picked his shaking husband up and carried him from the room, followed by an equally silent Pack.

“Do you think Draco will come out alive?” Fred murmured to his twin.

“Of course,” George answered, “The Pack may be over protective to the point of obsession over
“Tobias, but they are more so over the cub. None of them want anything to happen to the babe, so do you think they will do anything to the one person who can get through the infamous Potter stubbornness?”

“You have a point there, brother,” Fred stated.

Both of them looked at Minerva with grins on their faces, “And what can we do for you Minmin?”

Minerva growled half-heartedly at the two red-heads before shaking her head in resignation.

“He certainly named the two of you appropriately,” she sighed. “You have several people who want to discuss the events of today with you – amongst other things.”

Fred and George exchanged looks and when they turned back to the Transfiguration Mistress they were back to their serious personalities. “Lead the way Professor,”

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“The two of you were responsible for the letter Minerva received last night I assume,” a voice said from the darkened staffroom when the twins reached the doorway

“How rude of you to assume otherwise,” George stated. “I do believe I am insulted.”

“What gave us away?” Fred asked with a roll of his eyes “The multi-coloured owl, the parchment that burst into glitter, itching powder and water droplets when lit on fire or the two distinct hand writings on the envelop?”

“My vote would be the fact that we are here and the toad-bitch whore of the Wind in the Willow’s cast is, at this very point in time, screeching worse than Crookshanks when the gnomes decided on roasting him on the spit while alive this past summer.”

“Vicious beasts, aren’t they?”
“Of course they are …. But then again they were a gift from Luna.”

Fred nodded, deep in thought, “That could be it. I believe Luna taught them how to roast tubers on a spit because they tasted much better…”

“It was sparrows actually,” Xenophilus stated calmly as he lit the lanterns so he could converse properly with them. “They were getting into Luna’s grass garden and eating all the seed. Gnomes like sparrows. It’s like carrot to a rabbit.”

“So that is why we haven’t seen any sparrows for a while. Remind us to thank her when we see her.”

“Molly loves the insipid things – why we can’t tell you.”

Lucius rubbed his temples. “How is it that we bring them here to interrogate them on how they got their information on Deloris and end up discussing the bloody habits of gnomes?”

“Oh Lulu,” Fred sighed in mock exasperation, “Haven’t you learned yet?”

“You can’t expect anything to go to plan when we are involved.”

“DON’T CALL ME THAT! Lucius roared as he got to his feet. “How in the name of Morgana, Arthur and Merlin does Bi get you to do things?” All of his plans always work, even when you two are involved.”

“That,” Severus stated from his seat beside Minerva, “would be because Bi’s plans have a chaos clause in them.”

“That would be us,” Fred and George chorused with manic grins.

“How did the two of you get the information about Deloris?” Minerva asked straight out.

“We can’t say,” Fred stated.
“Can’t,” George continued sharply when one of the men they didn’t know opened his mouth, “Not won’t.”

“You have to understand,” Fred continued with a nod of thanks at his brother, “that we have contracts with a few people and businesses which we are magically bound to silence.”

“The only person outside our contacts within the businesses’ we can discuss them with is our silent partner, and that is only because they are in charge of our finances.”

Amelia looked at the boys shrewdly. “Your shop is a front, isn’t it?”

The twins beamed at her.

“If you ever.”

“Need backing in.”

“An election, just.”

“Come to us.”

“We’ll do it free.”

“Of charge.”

“Amelia?” Minerva asked uncertainly.

Amelia chuckled. “While they may be pranksters on the outside and love causing untold depths of chaos, they are inventors at heart. Think about it Minerva. How many pranks have they pulled using things that they have bought from a joke shop?”
Minerva’s and Severus’ heads spun to look at the twins who smirked.

“Eighty-nine percent of the pranks we pulled were aided by spells, potions and products that we made, created and thought up ourselves,” they chorused. “At the moment we have contacts with the Ministry and Randal, as well as a few others who have requested to remain nameless.”

Severus looked at them shrewdly. “You botched your OWLs al didn’t you?”

“No,” Fred answered sheepishly. “We didn’t need our OWLs all that much.”

“We had already done them,” George said with a shrug. “NEWTs as well. We did them at the Ministry over the winter holidays. It was a clause to our contract with the Ministry.”

“Along with not telling the rest of our family – not that it was difficult,” Fred took over once more. “Most of the prank items are actually the failed attempts at creating the stuff we had been asked to create.”

“And Molly still maintains that your business is going to fail?” Minerva asked incredulously. “The two of you have managed to do something that business men and women have had trouble with for a long time – that of what to do with ideas that have failed.” She laughed abruptly, “You are getting rich on your mistakes!”

“Not just us either,” George stated with a grin.

“Our silent partner gets a third of our profit while the two thirds we keep is divided into four. One fourth goes covers rent and bills for the shop and flat, one quarter goes to the two of us for spending on food and clothing and anything that takes our fancy. Another quarter goes towards supplies and the last quarter is put into an account at Gringotts,” Fred stated.

“It’s gotten to the point that the money we get from our contacted investors is pocket change. We could last about eight years if we stopped taking the money they provided us – including what we get from the product sales and just used our share of the money we made selling our pranks from last year to now alone.”
“If you don’t mind my asking,” Lucius said as calmly as he could. “How much do you give your silent partner on average?”

“Fred and Georg exchanged looks before shrugging. “Three hundred galleons, sixteen sickles and seven knuts.”

“Per month?” Amelia asked blinking. While it wasn’t the same as what a trainee Auror earned per month in their first year, it was pretty close and nothing to sneeze at.

“Per week.”

Absolute silence filled the room.

“That is only a rough figure though,” Fred said with a shrug. “It depends on the time of year after all. That was the figure we approximated from our owl services from last year so …” he shrugged.

“Getting back to the issue we bought you here for,” Lady Ariandra said with a soft cough. “Can you tell us who commissioned the product you used to get this information?”

“Our silent partner,” George stated with a half-smile.

“And can we have a name?” Amelia asked, struggling to contain her laughter. It was clear to anyone who bothered to take note of the name of their silent partner.

“How can he be our silent partner if everyone knew who he was?” George stated mischievously. “If anyone knew and asked him about it he would have to talk about the business side of it. That’s not very silent now, is it?”

“But if you can silently guess, well done!” Fred beamed as he clasped his hands together. “It isn’t like we keep it a secret.”

“Yet neither do we advertise it. Now, we have to go reassure an over protective, hormonal, dark-haired mother hen that we are alright.”
“Before you go,” Lord Patil said, standing. “Can you give this to young Mr Malfoy-Black? It isn’t important enough for him to handle it immediately, but it does concern the topic he and I discussed earlier today.”

“Does it need to be addressed within the next three days?” George asked as he took the scroll without looking at it.

“No, but I would appreciate it within a week. Two at the most.”

“We’ll put it in with the rest of his important paperwork,” Fred said as he watched George tucked the scroll into a secret pocket of his robe. “He might not get to it for a few days if Draco has any say about it, but it will get looked over as soon as he has a chance.”

George snorted in amusement, “I’m sure that he will get to it by afternoon tomorrow. Draco’s forbidden him use of his magic remember. If anyone here is smart, they will suddenly discover a filing cabinet full of disordered paperwork for him to disappear in. The stuff he does on a day-to-day basis won’t keep him occupied for long.”

“That,” Severus said with a smirk, “Is why I’ve had Argus and the House elves transfer his oldest three double filing cabinets to the spare room attached to my office and Minerva has several decades’ worth of Journals in her office for him to go through for useful spells, potions, runic and arith manic equations and rituals.”

“Glad to see we were taught by smart people then,” Fred stated with a grin.

“Off with you,” Minerva scowled, trying her hardest to not show her amusement.

“You know you love us Minmin,” they shouted as they ran through the door, only to vanish.

Everyone who was left in the room laughed or chuckled as Minerva growled and slammed her head into the desk in front of her.

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When the two of them appeared in the Chamber, George quickly placed the scroll, as well as a few other bits and bobs, into the tray Tobias had set up for important paperwork. With a nod, the two of them thanked kitten and walked into the sitting room.

“Are you okay?” Tobias asked, not bothering to get up from where he was.

“We’re fine Alpha,” they chorused. “We are safe.”

“Good.”

They chuckled softly as he nuzzled sleepily into Draco’s side. No one was surprised when a table filled with food appeared in the middle of the room. They were surprised by the twin growls that came from Tobias’ and Luna’s stomachs. Both of them looked down at their stomachs and blinked in shock. Ginny giggled softly when the two of them poked their stomachs and a look of awe came over Tobias’ face.

“I can feel her,” he whispered softly. “Draco, I can feel our baby move!”

“Really?” Draco asked with an almost envious look on his face. “It’s only been around three months though.”

“Did we hear correctly?” an excited voice beamed from the front of the room. “Did the baby move?”

“Yes Grand’Mere Helga,” Tobias said with an awed look at his stomach. “It’s just a little more than a flutter at the moment, but movement none-the-less.”

“Oh how wondrous!”

“But it’s too early,” Draco stated, paling.

“I assure you, young Malfoy, that it is not.”
“Gran’thor Sal,” Tobias nodded politely.

“Young One,” Salazar replied with a soft look. He turned his attention back to Draco. “Calm yourself. You are thinking of non-natural male births. Pregnancies via potion, spell, ritual or transfer take between ten and fourteen months due to the birth parent’s body being ill-equipped to deal with the added edition. A natural bearer’s pregnancy varies depending on several things. My first pregnancy was seven months and my last – before this one, obviously – was only five. Due to his age, the fact it is his first and that he is only carrying one, it is possible that he will carry the babe for between six and eight months. Soon you will be able to feel the babe as well.”

Draco beamed at that and hugged Tobias tightly, laughing when the teen’s stomach let loose another growl.

“Alright my beautiful husband and child. I’ll get you something yummy to fill up that empty space.”

Needless to say, there was no bath for two; no foot rub and more than on pot of baby tea as the younger members of The Pack celebrated a new milestone in the development of their soon-to-be Pack member.
Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

Meetings, meeting and more meetings.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for missing last week, I was visiting family and couldn't take my writing with me. This chapter has a warning!

There are parts to this chapter that may, can and probably will be disturbing for some readers. If you or someone close to you has lost a child, then please proceed with caution. To put the rest of you at ease, it is mentioned in a discussion of the far past, it is NOT Tobias who looses the child.

Chapter 45

Amelia sighed and rested her head on her folded arms in exhaustion. It was the morning of the second day after the death of Miss Granger and already it had been a long day and it was about to get longer still.

She had been surprised when Lucius asked if she minded having a meeting with him, his son and his son-in-law after the evening meal the night before, but she was happy she had accepted.

*Flashback*

“Amelia,” Lucius greeted as he joined her as she made her way back to the Great Hall after the small break they were on between years finished.

“Lord Malfoy,” she responded with a nod.

“Lucius please, at least for this,” the blonde man said with a sigh, “I’ve come as Lucius-the-Father rather than Lucius-the-Malfoy-Lord.”
Amelia nodded her understanding and hid a smile. “Lucius then,” she agreed when she got herself under control, “how can I help?”

“If you don’t mind my asking … Have you plans for this evening?”

“Only a write up of the day’s events and findings,” she answered after a moment’s thought. “Why?”

“Tobias, Draco and I were hoping that you would be amiable to having a nightcap with us after the evening meal, thus giving us the opportunity to have a private word with you about something that is very soon to be put in place.”

“Would it not be more … beneficial … for this meeting to take place after their examination?” she asked, choosing her words carefully.

Lucius shocked her by chuckling – a rich, velvety sound that suited the man as though it had been made for him and him only. “Tobias is favoured by The Mother and Draco has avowed himself to The Father. Any mortal magic that is used for mind manipulation or control is null and void as soon as they touch skin or lips. Draco and Tobias are participating for legal reasons, not because there is a chance they are compromised by ill-meaning interfering warlocks.”

Amelia smiled ruefully, “then I have no problem what so ever at meeting with you and your sons.”

Lucius smiled gratefully at her and opened the door to the Hall, gesturing her to proceed before him. “Thank you for your time.”

“For some reason, Amelia stated as she walked through the open door, “I believe I agree with you on that.”

_Timey-Wimey stuff_

Amelia followed the silent blonde Lord deeper into the dungeons then she had ever been. After several more silent minutes, Amelia stopped just in time to prevent herself from running into Lucius’ back.
“I apologise for the journey Amelia,” Lucius stated as he looked around as though searching for something. “Normally Tobias would be with Minerva or Severus in their rooms, however he decided to hold this meeting down in his territory.” A soft ‘Ah’ of discovery made her jump and Lucius to chuckle. “I apologise for not taking you to them the usual way since it is Pack only, so this is the only way to them at this point in time.” He looked at the small snake that was etched into the stone before him and grimaced.

“Cotton candy kittens,” he said, not quite hiding his distaste for the words that were falling from his lips.

Amelia hid a smile before yelping in panic as the floor beneath her vanished. Her only consolation was an answering scream from Lucius, indicating that he had received the same treatment.

“Good evening Madam Bones, Father.”

Amelia opened her eyes, shocked at seeing herself face-to-face with Lucius’ son rather than falling like she was expecting.

“Please forgive us for the shock you received before coming here. WE had to ensure that you were who you said you were and that entrance is currently the only one that is warded against mind controlling spells and potions as well as glamours and polyjuice potion.”

“You could have at least warned me,” Lucius scowled.

“Tobias disagrees. He called it payback for you keeping him from jumping me last night.”

Amelia chuckled, breaking the slowly growing tension between the two Malfoy men. “It is perfectly understandable, you Mr Malfoy. You need to make sure your family is kept safe. It is highly commendable of you to go through all of this trouble.”

Draco smiled. “This is no trouble at all. The real trouble is the cravings when they hit. Luckily today’s craving is something palatable.”

“I remember when Susan’s mother was pregnant with her. Most of the family had to look away in
disgust when her cravings hit. I didn’t think they were too bad if I’m honest. The worst it got was blood ice-cream with cockroach clusters mixed in.”

Lucius moaned in horror and turned a pale green colour. “Please don’t give him ideas.”

Draco chuckled and gestured for the two of them to follow him. “I don’t see why you are complaining Father,” the younger male teased, “you aren’t the one who he gets to try all his concoctions. Believe me, I LONG for the day he craves something as tame as blood ice-cream and chocolate-coated cockroach pieces.”

“Draco!” a voice called out, laughing slightly as Lucius moaned once again. “Stop teasing Anadochos, we don’t have time for it. Arketa and Epikindynos are getting fidgety so I want these plans to be okayed before I set them up.”

“Sorry Bi, he just makes it so easy!” Draco replied in the same humorous tone, “but you are right, my Dear, this is more important.”

End flashback

“…Elia! Amelia!”

Amelia shook her head forcefully and smiled into the concerned faces of her fellow Ministry Officials.

“Are you alright?” the motherly voice of Mrs Williams asked.

“It’s been a long week,” Amelia admitted with a tired smile, “and it doesn’t seem to be getting any shorter.”

“I know what you mean,” Ariandra stated, rubbing her temples gently. “So much damage has been done to these children alone. How many more had been affected by Dumbledore before now?”
“It is not only the children that have suffered I’m afraid,” Amelia stated. “It was brought to my attention last night that while under the control of Headmasters Dippett and Dumbledore, the building and grounds of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry have been neglected and purposefully used in ways that endanger the lives of those within her allowed halls.”

Amelia rubbed her forehead and closed her eyes. “As such, I propose we focus on the seventh years today rather than the fifth and sixth years. AS they are the years we have cause to be most worried about. I feel that it will be more beneficial to go through those who are studying for their NEWTs before focusing on the problem years.”

“What makes you think the seventh years won’t give us much trouble?” Xing Wu asked suspiciously.

Amelia, Lucius and Achalendra Patil looked at the man incredulously.

“Other than the fact that none of those in the seventh year had much to do with the teen we were bought here due to, nothing,” Amelia snarled, making the Asian man blush slightly. “What exactly is your problem Wu? You harassed Lord Malfoy for apparently keeping information from you – even though said information was, is and never will be your concern and now you are treating information from ME as suspicious.”

Amelia crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow at the gaping man.

“I may have been a proud member of Hufflepuff in my school years, but do NOT consider me a pushover by any means. Hufflepuffs are loyal and hardworking and more likely to work in positions of power in their chosen field due to this. If you have a problem with what our job here is tell us so we can either soothe your fears or transfer you with someone who will do the job you are unwilling to do."

Wu opened his mouth angrily and Amelia raised one hand with a finger fully extended in the traditional ‘wait’ sign as the other lifted a mug of sweet-scented tea to her lips. When the mug had been lowered to around chest height, Amelia looked at the man with an eyebrow raised.

“You forget, Xing Wu, that the people in this building who are in the most danger are CHILDREN,” she snapped the last word, making a few of the members sitting close to her wince slightly. “The children most endangered are SIXTEEN! My Susan’s age. Lord Patil’s twin daughters’ age. Lord Malfoy’s son’s age. Madam Greengrass’ grandchildren’s age and, if I miss my guess, the same age your niece was when she lost her betrothed and almost lost her life due to the boy’s own idiocy.”
“We may all have been on differing side in the last conflict in the Wizarding world,” Lucius stated, bring everyone’s attention to him while Amelia collected herself, “but whether we are dark, light, grey, neutral or foreign, we all want the same thing – a safe future for your children. In the beginning, I was a perfectly loyal member of the Dark Army. I had just been bonded to my wife and had discovered she was expecting a child. AS is tradition, we announced the good news …” Lucius trailed off, lost in past thoughts. “Three days later, three Merlin-condemned days later, I found Narcissa at the end of the charms corridor covered in blood and bruises with a note carve into her stomach reading ‘Death Eaters don’t deserve children.’

Lucius visibly shook himself from something only he could see and turned eyes that held less warmth than ice-chips onto each member who was watching him silently. “She had been hit by bludgeoning hexes and cutting curses until she was almost dead and our child was. Tests confirmed Narcissa and I were going to be the prod parents of a little girl – the first female Malfoy born to the main line in over five hundred and sixty years. She was three month in utero. A perfectly formed human being, only just big enough to sit in one of my hands. After we had named and buried our daughter, I attended several mind healer appointments with Narcissa, watched those responsible for MY DAUGHTER’S death get a slap on the wrist and joined the Dark Lord the following week.”

Lucius looked up from his hands and stared hard into Wu’s horrified and apologetic ones.

“I was driven to join the Dark Lord a few months after my sixteenth birthday by three seventh years who eventually became Head Auror, one of the highest non-Political Ministry workers and a Healer specialising in pregnancy care. It didn’t matter that they had almost killed the youngest daughter of an old pure-blood family or that they did kill the unborn heiress of another. Not one of the members of the Dark Army joined for the Hell of it. Not even the Dark Lord himself has no reason for what he became.”

“How do you know that?” His Grace asked, honestly curious.

“He was my Father’s best friend,” Lucius stated. “He was given the position of Uncle in my life and before he went insane, he was a stand-in Grandfather to Draco. Everyone joined knows everyone else’s reasons for joining but I am not going to tell their stories. I told mine because Wu needed a reason to do his Merlin-cursed job!”

“I … apologise Lord Malfoy,” Wu said, looking away in shame. “I wronged you most grievously. Please accept my most humble apology.”

“Just don’t judge what you do not know or understand. Magic needs all three types to survive properly. Everything MUST stay in balance.”
“Now that is over,” Amelia stated, discretely patting the Malfoy Lord on the shoulder as she passed him on her way to get another cup of tea, “shall we do as suggested?”

“I see no problem with it,” Lord Patil said, speaking for the first time.

“It would make it easier for the seventh ears to be done now rather than last since it is NEWT year for them,” Ariandra responded, “though I wonder why we didn’t do them first.”

“It would be easier for us to remove any magical damage from first and second years, as well as safer for them, to go through them first. Less time for the magic to settle into their core,” Lady Greengrass stated softly. “Third and fourth years are too far behind young Mr Malfoy-Black to have been too heavily dosed, if at all, and as Amelia said, none of the students in seventh year has been noticed interacting with the victim of these attacks, so it stands to reason that they would not be overly interfered with.”

“Then seventh years are our aim for today,” Lucius stated before turning to Amelia. “Have you thought more on Bi’s proposal?”

“I have,” Amelia admitted with a sigh. “Tell him and his over-protective blonde that I will discuss it with those present here and give their answer later tonight. And Lucius?”

Lucius stopped in his tracks and looked at the over-tired woman.

“Tell them that no matter what we decided, they have my blessing to begin once they’ve all been checked.”

Lucius bowed his head and turned to hurry out the door.

“Let’s get this started,” Amelia groaned. “I can’t believe it is only time for breakfast.”

The others in the room laughed at her while internally, they all privately agreed.
Words

- Anadochos – Godfather
- Arketa – Pretty
- Epikindynos - Dangerous
Tobias frowned thoughtfully down at the papers before him. Since Draco had forbidden him from using magic for a few days to allow himself to recover from his forced transformation the day before, he had decided to take his paperwork with him to breakfast since he was to spend the day with Minerva since Severus was brewing several very delicate potions for the Healer who had replaced Madam Pomphrey. He jumped slightly when a hand was placed on his shoulder.

“Just because I said you couldn’t use magic doesn’t mean that you have to stop eating so you can focus on paperwork Love,” Draco sighed.

Tobias gave his husband a sheepish smile and took a bite from the bowl before him, which looked to contain lumpy glue. He let out a small pleased hum at the slight sweet spice of it.

“I didn’t mean to get lost in it,” he said after another quick spoonful, “I didn’t know I could get lost in paperwork without even doing it. This is yummy. Did Dobby say what it was?”

“Semolina I believe,” Draco said with a fond resigned chuckle, “With apple and cinnamon. From the disapproving look he had, I think he has concluded that the taste combinations you have been having lately are a crime against kitchen elves so has decided that simple foods with delicate tastes are on the menu these net few days.”

Tobias pouted. “But what if I want something different?”

“You eat what Dobby brings you and you may have what you feel like for snacks,” was his reply.

Tobias’ pout grew and another hand touched his other shoulder.
“Calm down Alpha,” Ginny said as she slid into the seat opposite the only mated pair currently in The Pack.

“Yeah,” Millicent agreed, sliding in next to the feisty red-head. “If you pout any more, or any harder, then Beta here won’t have a choice but to attack your mouth with his own. He already looks to be fighting the urge to make you moan.”

“And that is something none of us want to see before breakfast thank you,” Ginny piped up with a playful glare.

“Fine,” Tobias said. “I’ll have to wait until Anadochos is present before getting Draco to jump me.”

“You do that,” Blaise said from his position on the other side of Draco with an odd gleam in his eye, “It’s funny watching Lucius squawk like a peacock every time Draco looks at you.”

Just so you know Alpha,” Pansy whispered as Blaise and Ginny distracted Draco, “the food that you will be getting is designed to support you and the cub through the period of time it will take for you to recover from yesterday’s events. It will speed up the process a little as well. You can still have your cravings, but they will only be snacks between the meals so you aren’t going to be missing out on your favourite combinations.”

Tobias smiled at the girl. “Thank you for explaining it to me Arketa.”

“No problem Alpha,” the girl answered with a smile. “We need to ensure that the two of you are healthy. We are family, after all.”

With one last spoon of what Tobias believed he would forever call ‘glue’, he leaned into Draco’s side with a slightly tired exhale. He hummed happily when Draco absent-mindedly wrapped an arm around his shoulders and someone close by handed him a mug of some creamy spiced liquid that smelt and tasted familiar to him.

“Falling asleep are we?” Draco chuckled as he finally took note of Tobias’ behaviour.

“Shh,” Tobias said with a quick sip of his favourite drink. “Sleeping.”
“Okay Love,” Draco chuckled, planting a soft kiss to the top of Tobias’ head. “I’ll wake you to go with Professor McGonagall.”

“M’kay,” was the missed reply as a soft THUNK indicated Tobias’ cup being put down. Within only a few breaths, Tobias was sound asleep, curled up in his husband’s side.

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Minerva laughed softly as she looked up from helping the few students who had come to her for help to see one of her favourite students reading a piece of parchment with his nose scrunched up and taking long, slow blinks as he fought off sleep. She pat the first year she was helping on the head softly, disregarding the colour of the badge on her uniform, and made her way back to the pregnant young man.

“You should sleep Tobias,” she said softly as she sat beside him, “Even if it is only for twenty minutes.”

“I think you are right,” Tobias said with a soft chuckle so as to not disturb the younger students who were working on their worksheets. “Do you mind me sleeping here?”

“You know I don’t,” Minerva playfully scolded. “Pack up your papers and rest a while. Either I or Draco will wake you in time for morning tea.”

Tobias smiled warmly at the woman and curled up on his seat. “Leave the papers the way they are, I’ll finish them after a nap. Don’t ask me why I’m suddenly so tired.”

“You used a lot of energy yesterday,” Minerva said softly. “Normally a good night’s rest would be all you need to recover, but you also have a portion of your magic going to supporting your baby, so you don’t have as much magic in your core as you normally do.”

“That’s nice,” Tobias muttered, not really paying attention. Minerva laughed softly and transfigured one of the quills on her desk into a blanket to cover the sleeping teen with. Running a gentle hand through the teen’s hair one last time, she returned to walking around the group who were working so diligently. She shook her head in dismay when she realised that of the four houses, only her own house was not represented.
Tobias frowned down at the papers before him. Minerva had been right once again; he had felt better after having an hour’s nap and the wonderfully fragrant tea he had consumed with her, Draco, Severus and Ginny had been refreshing. He lowered the papers with a sigh and rubbed his temples.

“Is everything okay?” Minerva asked him softly. The students that had arrived after breakfast had already packed up and left for either their common room, the library or to one of the pre-approved courtyards to catch up with their friends or to continue their work.

“No,” Tobias chinned softly, “I’ve just been reminded on how much I hate Dumbledore.”

“What has the old bastard done now?” she sighed.

“Made my life harder,” he pouted. “He managed to somehow convince Lord Patil to sign a marriage contract between his daughters and the Weasley twins. Molly and Arthur signed it as well, so now I need to talk to Lord Patil, the goblins, Padma and Pavarti, Fred and George and Madam Bones to decide on what to do about it and I can’t start anything until both sets of twins are checked!” Tobias huffed in annoyance. “All I CAN do about it until then is talk to the goblins, Madam Bones and Lord Patil to discuss potential plans of action depending on what we know of the four of them.”

Minerva sighed softly and put a hand on Tobias’ shoulder. “Then what you do is contact the goblins asking the best times for you to go see them and talk to Amelia and Achalendra about talking with them tonight and ask to get both sets of twins an yourself seen to first thing in the morning so this can be sorted out.”

Tobias gave the older woman a self-depreciation half-smile. “Thank you Professor. I do know this but today y brain is feeling a little scrambled.”

“That is understandable ‘Bi,” she smiled as she moved her things back to her desk so she was closer to the young man. “Now that you have allowed yourself to relax – well, since you are being forced to relax – everything in your body is taking the opportunity to relieve itself of its tension and exhaustion before you have the opportunity to push it all back. You need this time to assimilate everything that has occurred in the past year.”

She paused to smile at the young man as she prepared to give him the same advice she had given to his mother so many years ago.
“My advice, should you wish it, is to allow yourself this time to sort everything out. Listen to your body. If you need sleep, then sleep. If you need to scream, scream. If you need to make Lucius look like a prude, then jump Draco at dinner time.”

Tobias laughed at that one and nodded. “I will try do what you say Professor. It may take a while, but I’ll do my best.”

“That’s all we can ask of you Young One,” was the reply he received.

With a small smile on his lips, Tobias proceeded to compose several letters outlining his intent, reasons and request for aid to those who would best fit the aid needed.

Words

Anadochos – godfather

Arketa - pretty
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

Meetings meetings and more meetings. The poor members of The Pack

Chapter Notes

Sorry for this peeps, but update day has been moved to Thursdays on my end because the day that I work has been changed. But hey, at least you are getting an update :D Also, next week will be a no update week. I have to go up to my cousin's to look after her and her daughter while she recovers from day surgery. She is allergic to the stuff they normally use to numb the area so they have to put her under. Until then, ENJOY!

Chapter 47

Dinner that night was a quiet one for those who sat at the Slytherin Table. Every move that Tobias made was carefully monitored as the abnormally scatter-brained teen slowly ate a seemingly normal - though foreign – soup full of noodles, dark green vegetables and thinly shaved slices of mixed meats.

“What are everyone’s plans for tonight?” Tobias asked softly after pushing the almost completely empty bowl away from him.

“I’ve got some information to write down for the next meeting,” Ginny said as she stretched, “then Luna and I will be spending the night having a sleep-over in the Room of Requirement. Everyone in Gryffindor refuses to talk to me and some of the girls are getting very bitchy with me – mostly muggleborn and those too young to understand what happened and why.”

“If they are so bad that you have been kicked out of your own dorm roon, why haven’t you come to me?” Neville asked with a frown as he put his cutlery down.

“Oh they haven’t driven me from the dorms Skoteinos,” Ginny said with a soft smile. “If that were the case, I would have come to you and had you escort me to Professor McGonagall. Luna is the one who has been kicked out of her house and since the girls in my dorm refuse to allow her into ours, I’m going to be moving into the Room of Requirement with her until she finds a new place to sleep at night.”
“When did this happen Kyria?” Tobias asked with a frown.

“Just after lunch,” the only Ravenclaw in the group said. “I was going to ask your assistance after the evening meal had finished. I love being a Ravenclaw,” she said sadly in her dreamy fashion, “but it appears my time there has come to an end.”

To everyone’s surprise, Tobias rose from his seat and moved until he could gather the young woman in his arms. “You were the Jewel of Ravenclaw Kyria – one of the few that Rowena herself would have chosen to personally train had you attended when she was alive,” he stated as he softly nuzzled the top of her head with his nose and cheek. “Do not feel ashamed or upset by the deplorable behaviour of the jealous.”

Luna relaxed into the embrace of her Alpha and exhaled until she felt there was nothing left in her lungs. “I know that in my head,” the fey-like female whispered as silent tears fell and were absorbed by Tobias’ shirt, “but it doesn’t make my heart hurt less.”

“Oh my poor poor cub,” Tobias crooned softly, drawing her closer to him and nuzzling as much of her as he could while still protecting her while at her weakest. “I know it hurts Sweetie, but you have us now – a real family. Not a superficial conglomerate of supposedly like-minded gorgons masquerading as human persons.”

Luna let out a wet giggle as the bonds that tied her to the other members of The Pack pulsed with all the pride, acceptance and, most comforting of all, love that they held for her.

“I will talk to Professors McGonagall, Sprout, Flitwick and Snape after our meal has been complete about finding you a new spot to stay in for the rest of our schooling. The matter of you and Ginny staying in the Room of Requirement however is of concern to me.”

Both girls slowly lowered their heads in both disappointment and submission.

“After all,” Tobias continued with a soft smile, “you cannot have a proper girl’s night without Pansy and Millicent – and since it is a Friday night, how about inviting the younger year girls as well? I’m sure Dobby will know of a trust-worthy elf that will take care of your food and drink needs for the night.”

Both girls’ heads shot up and Draco quickly sent a few charms at Luna to remove the evidence of
her tears.

“You mean …” Luna asked with eyes wide.

Tobias nodded. “As long as the girls who go have been checked by the Healers; invite as many as you like. Take a night off from being a Ravenclaw, from being my Kyria, from absolutely everything and just be Luna Lovegood in all her wondrous gaiety, uniqueness and light. I understand that being surrounded by so many males can grate on the nerves. It happens to me and I AM a male.”

The four woman of The Pack laughed at that.

“Just … well … take this time to be you. Surround yourself with female things: Experiment with hair styles and makeup; Giggle about the stupidity of us males; Tell stories, sing loudly, pig out on pastries and dips and biscuits and chocolate and …” Tobias looked down at his stomach as it rumbled and blinked, making everyone around him laugh. He coughed, more than a little embarrassed, and looked to one side.

“Anyway,” he mumbled, “just gather a group of like-minded girls and have fun. I will take care of the rest.”

Both of the fifth year girls threw themselves at the dark-haired teen and squeezed him tightly while happily yammering at him and each other. When the two of them released him and started asking the Slytherin girls in the years below them if they would like to join them, Draco worriedly led his once more exhausted husband back to his seat.

Catching Draco’s expression from the corner of his eye, Tobias placed a hand on his cheek.

“I’ll be alright,” he said. “I’ll just take a nap now, deal with those two meetings and then go straight to bed. Wake me when the food vanishes?”

Draco sighed in exasperation but nodded his head. “I will Love. You just rest for now.”

Tobias smiled thankfully at him and within moments, was deeply asleep.
“Skoteinos,” he said, keeping his voice soft so as to not disturb his sleeping partner, “can you head up to the head table and request a meeting between Bi and the four heads of House immediately after the meal is over?”

“Of course Beta,” the young man said with a nod, raising from his seat without finishing what was on his plate and moving with purpose towards his destination.

“Dobby,” he called, even as he watched Neville’s progress.

“You called for Dobby?” the elf asked, appearing in what seemed to be a white muggle chef’s hat, canary yellow shirt, dark grey shorts, a purple and tan stripped apron and holding a whisk covered in a creamy pale brown substance.

Draco shook his head, reminding himself that he really, really really didn’t want to know. “I did,” he agreed, ‘An unknown number of girls from Slytherin House and The Pack are planning on having a girl’s night in the Come and Go room. Tobias and I were hoping that you know of another trustworthy house elf that can watch over them and run errands for them. Things like food, drink, getting clothes and the like.”

Dobby nodded happily. “I know two elves that will be good for that. They are twinsies girl elves. Young and very helpful. They are too young for duties of their own, but good for errands and being in young company.”

“They will be perfect,” Draco said. “Ask them if they would like the job and bring them here if they agree to it.”

“Dobby will.”

Draco chuckled at the exuberant elf and shook his head as he sat once again. Beside him, Tobias slept peacefully, unaware of everything that was going on around him.

***

“I beg your pardon!” Filius exclaimed in shock.
Tobias had just finished explaining Luna’s situation of the past four and a half years to the four Heads of House and not one of them was happy.

“Why did it take so long for someone to tell us?” Pomona asked, horrified. “It is bad enough that children from differing houses snipe and snap at each other, but for students to gang up on one student from their own house is deplorable.”

“Probably because when the same thing happened to me at age eleven, twelve, fourteen and fifteen, it was ignored by everyone,” Tobias said outright. “I needed to lean on Neville, Ginny and the twins for strength while the rest of the school – including most of the teachers – treated me as a pariah. It was the behaviour of the school as a whole that caused the schools from France and Belgium to decline further involvement with Hogwarts.”

Tobias stretched, covering a yawn. “As they see it, they had the right to despise me participating since one; There was already a Hogwarts champion and two; I was fourteen. They did not think that it was right for the rest of the school that I attended to turn on me while the teachers did sweet F. A. to control it. In the end, it was Neville, Luna, Fred, George and the foreign students who protected me from students I attended classes and lived with.”

The four older magic users looked at each other in horrified shock.

“If that was happening to ‘The-Boy-Who-Lived,” Tobias said as sarcastically as he could, “then why would anyone care about what happened to one small, rather odd girl who accepted what fate had to throw at her as punishment for not dying with her mother?” Tobias looked at his watch and sighed tiredly. “I’ll leave the four of you to discuss action plans. I have a meeting with Madam Bones and Lord Patil. When you decide what to do, either come find me or put it into the important document pile on my desk and I will sort it out when I wake in the morning.”

Tobias stood and walked from the room, rubbing tiredly at his eyes. “I’m too tired for this shit,” he mumbled to himself as he sleepily made his way to a room close by for his next meeting.

***

“We have done all we can here tonight,” Achalendra said softly as he watched the young man before him and his comrade fight off the sleep he looked to desperately need. “Padma and Pavarti are going to be checked in the first group of sixth years while Misters Fred and George Weasley will be checked over tomorrow morning before the fifth years.”
“Then we shall all meet with the Goblins at the pre-arranged time the day after the medical checks are complete to discuss this mess,” Amelia said tiredly. “The only thing we don’t know is how to get the twins here at the right time. We still have a quarter of the seventh years to get through.”

“I’ve sent them a letter with one of their owls,” Tobias mumbled sleepily, ‘telling them they will be receiving the same medical care that we are due to their closeness to me in our younger years. If you tell me when the last of the seventh years are in the examination rooms, I’ll send for my twins.”

“So they are your twins now are they?’ Amelia said with a soft chuckle and an exchange of amused grins with her fellow Ministerial worker.

“Been mine since firs’ year,” Tobias mumbled. “Ev’r sin’ I congratulated them in’viduly for a prank and got their names to the righ’ face wivout a hint from them.” He yawned and seemed to collapse down further into the chair he was seated on. “Agreed to be mine ‘cause I protec’ them and they ‘tect me. I give freedommmmmm.”

Both adults exchanged wide-eyed looks when his words registered in their minds. They had just received confirmation on who the ‘Silent Partner’ the red-headed devils admired so much. In silent agreement, Amelia sat back in her chair as the Lord of the English branch of the Patil House rose and left the room in search of Lucius, Draco or Severus so the young man that was currently sleeping on Amelia’s lounge could be taken to his own bed and, presumably, worried family. For that, Achalendra realised, was what the group who called themselves ‘The Pack’ was – a self-made family of people who had, in some way or another, been dismissed as unimportant by the majority of the people around them.

In some odd way, he half hoped that his daughters and the Weasley twins agreed to wed – or at least court in an attempt to see if they were compatible.

The Patil family had always believed that the strength of a man was found, not in body or magic, but in the bonds they held to their family, and while some may argue that Mr Fred and Mr George Weasley proved themselves to be weak by abandoning their blood family; Achalendra had heard and witnessed tales and behaviours of older generations of the Weasley and Prewitt families to know that the twins distancing themselves from their blood family was a sign of the strength they had.

He would be honoured to call such men as they, by son.
Luna looked up as the door opened to reveal Severus carrying a deeply sleeping Tobias close to his chest and sighed in relief. She had decided that even though Tobias had told her to plan a girl’s night, that for now she would stay with the rest of The Pack since it was they who gave her the love, comfort and strength she required to face her – potentially ex - housemates every day. That isn’t to say that she wasn’t going to follow his advice, she would just make it for when lessons re-started so the Slytherin girls had something to look forward to as a break away from the stresses of being pure-blood maidens.

As soon as Severus laid their Alpha on the large bed, The Pack converged on him as one. As quietly and as delicately as they could, they arranged themselves around their Alpha pair. It was no surprise to anyone when Luna cuddled into Tobias’ side with Ginny at her back. She was the only one present who currently needed their Alpha’s presence, after all, and none of them, not even Draco, had it in their hearts to forbid her that small comfort. Her last conscious thought before sleep took her was, “I love my Pack.’

***

Fred and George were currently sitting on opposite sides of a small table staring each other in the eye, two parchments between them on the otherwise empty tabletop. Eventually George sighed in defeat and rubbed his eyes.

“Okay, you win Brother,” he said. “We won’t use our ex-family as unwilling test subjects – not that they don’t deserve it.”

“I’m with you there Brother,” Fred replied with a scowl at the papers before them, “but we need them to ignore us so we can get information from them. Tobias said he is working on this newest problem for us.”

“I know and I trust our Alpha to take care of us and our well-being but … did they have to give me Pavarti?” he sneered.

Fred, unable to say anything, pat his younger twin on the back soothingly. After all, he would have reacted the same had he have been the one that had been assigned the Gryffindor Patil twin. Neither of them wanted a brainless twit as a life-partner. They needed women with substance; with a brain and who wouldn’t think twice to give them a swift kick up the rear when they were being too much to handle. Pavarti had none of these things going for her from what they had witnessed and both twins shuddered in horror at the thought of being tied to her for the rest of their lives.
Amelia closed her eyes and rubbed her temples in an attempt to reduce the size of her headache. The last of the seventh years had just passed through the Healer’s make-shift workrooms and several of them had to be informed of the consequences of some of their actions. Three of their number had to be removed to St Mungos with letters being sent immediately to their parents due to potion addiction. Nine were on the list to visit mind healers every week and two had to set appointments with the Healers at St Mungos due to being pregnant.

Both girls had burst into hysterical tears when they had been told, worried about how their family would react to the news, let alone their partners. Once it was proven that both girls had consented to the act that had resulted in their current state, Amelia had told them as nicely but as firmly as she could to stop the hysterics; if they didn’t want this to happen then they shouldn’t have done the activity until after they had signed their betrothal contracts, or better still, were bonded.

As it was, the families of the boys in question could refuse the girls contracts on the bases of not knowing if their son was the girl’s first experience, not believing the child is their son’s or due to the girl’s lack of modesty, integrity and intellect. It all depended on what the boys said and how they reacted to the news.

It wasn’t fair to the female sex, Amelia could agree with that, but in a world where corrupt men held the power and were long lived, there wasn’t much of a choice. At times, Amelia found herself thinking about what would change if You-Know-Who was in a position of power before she shook herself out of her thoughts. Still … the way that both Severus and Lucius spoke of the man before insanity overtook his mind caught and held her attention and nothing she did would allow it to loosen its hold on her mind.

She moaned softly as she moved her head to look at the stranger who had appeared in the entrance of the room she was in. Before she could react, a pale grey light hit her and a soothing coolness gently trickled into her skull, completely eradicating her headache.

“I hope that helped, young Amelia,” a masculine voice said softly in respect for the pain she had previously been in.

“It did indeed,” she responded just as soft. “You have my thanks.”
“You are most welcome. I’m assuming you do not require me to tell you to keep your eyes closed for a few more minutes while the Healing stabilizes.”

She chuckled softly. “Of course not ... May I have your name?”

“Forgive me Madam, I am Tobias’ personal healer. He mentioned that he requested my presence for the medical examinations of himself and his family, did he not?”

Memories from that morning pulled themselves into her mind’s eye. “Yes, he did indeed mention something like that,” she mumbled, blushing faintly, “I had merely forgotten in the chaos of this morning.”

The unknown man let out an amused chuckle. “Never fear, it happens to the best of us. It’s only when you forget for no reason that you start worrying.”

Amelia hummed in agreement as she slowly opened her eyes. She started in shock at the man standing before her with a grin on his face.

“Uncle Algernon?” she whispered, not sure if what she was seeing before her was real.

“Aye Lass,” he replied with sparkling eyes. “I found someone who believed my word and oath over that brown-nosing paper-shuffler.”

“Aunt Edith would have been happy, had she lived,” Amelia managed to say.

“That she would’ve Poppet; that she would’ve.”

_Words_

_Skoteinos – Dark_

_Kyria – Lady_
Achalendra – Indian male name meaning Lord of the Immovable; The Himalayas
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

It's time for the twins to meet the healers.

Chapter Notes

I know I promised weekly updates, but that was before my computer decided to die. It is now fixed and here is the next chapter!

Chapter 48

George watched anxiously as Fred submitted to a barrage of tests that would have made the both of them cringe had they not become used to casting the very same spells on each other to monitor themselves when testing their new products. The frown that appeared on the Healer's face made his heart skip a beat.

“What’s wrong?” George asked, “What did you find?”

“It is none of your concern,” the Healer snapped, making Algernon, Amelia and the twins gape at her before Fred and George’s eyes narrowed and Fred stood, tearing his arm out of her grasp.

“How you have a job is beyond me,” the older red-headed twin said. “I will say this once and once only … you DO NOT speak to either of us in the way you just did. Going by your lack of knowledge you are either a muggleborn, half-blood with no experience in the magical word or a pure-blood with sub-par intelligence, put mediocre study towards your devotion to your chosen field or a mix of the lot of them.”

“How dare …”

“You have given us nothing to disprove your belief of this,” George said, moving to stand alongside his brother. “Your bedside manner is deplorable; your skill with assuring worried family members is worse and your knowledge and skills are non-existent.”

“For example,” Fred continued, completely steam-rolling over the woman’s outraged attempts at scolding them. “The wand movement used to detect spells is a downwards slash, flick to the right and ends with a jab, like so.”

Fred, with the assurance of having done this over a million times before, pointed his wand at George and performed the spell so fast and smooth that it was almost missed by the others in the room.

“To detect potions,” George continued seamlessly as his spell record flowed from his brother’s wand, “the movement is an anti-clockwise circle, sharp jab and an upwards flick.”

Much like his brother had done, George performed the spell with an almost absent-minded grace and both twins froze as they watched the paper flow from both wands.
To determine which potions and spells were put on or drunk by us with our consent, you remove them – this is easily done because they have a small amount of our magic present,” Fred sneered, running his wand over the potion’s list while George did the same with the spells.

“If we took a potion without knowing, they would still be visible because our magic would be fighting it, not accepting it,” George continued, treating the Healer as though she was an infant.

“And if you don’t mind,” Fred added as he looked down at the woman with disgust, “We will request Algernon to suggest a mind walker – we don’t like the thought of someone so incompetent getting into our heads.”

“Who knows what damage you would do,” George finished. As one, the twins turned and handed their results to Amelia and turned to leave.

“We haven’t finished here,” the Healer snapped once she had shaken off her shock. “The results were only for one of you.”

Algernon and Amelia looked at the Healer with astonishment.

“How DID you get this position?” Algernon asked. “The first thing any Healer learns is that twins are treated as one person medically – especially identical twins. It is widely known that twins are, on average, more powerful due to the way their souls and magic are entwined.”

“That is why Fabien and Gideon Prewitt were our top Aurors, and why they always were partnered together. When question a twin under a spell or with truth serum, we need to douse both of them because their magic splits it between the two of the evenly, making it useless if done incorrectly.” Amelia snorted. “I agree with Fred.”

‘How the Hell did you manage to keep your job?’ Algernon asked. “I lost mine because some idiot in a high position refused to accept that magic can’t fix anything.” He turned in obvious dismissal of the fuming Healer in favour of addressing the twins. “If you will take a seat outside, Amelia and I will go over your lists and decide whether it will be me who goes into the mine field that is your mind or someone who is better suited for it.”

“We would prefer it if one of these people did it if you don’t mind,” George said, handing over a short list.

“They know what to look for and are exempt from the Oaths we have needed to give since they were added as a precaution,” Fred explained.

Amelia chuckled as she accepted the list. “I had forgotten about that,” she admitted, “thanks for reminding me.”

“Not a problem,” the twins chorused with a wide grin before leaving the room.

“You are dismissed,” Amelia said to the Healer. “Tell your boss to come see me immediately. If you do not, I will have you up on negligence charges before you can apparate. Do I make myself clear?”

“Perfectly,” the Healer said through anger clenched teeth, glaring at the two people who had dismissed her as unimportant. She would show them who was unimportant; after all, her father was one of the top people at St Mungo’s: No one would dare fire her for fear of losing their own job. She smirked at that thought and left to tell her ‘boss’ that the frigid bitch wanted to see him.

***
It was almost dinner time when the twins arrived in the rooms under the Chamber. They sat as one on a spare seat each and sighed in relief as the welcoming magi of The Pack relaxed them of their tension.

“That,” they moaned, “was more trouble than it was worth.”

“I am assuming that you passed fully cleared,” Tobias asked with a smile.

“Not a hundred percent clear,” George said with a chuckle, “but close enough.”

“We had a broken loyalty spell on us,” Fred hurriedly explained when he saw Tobias’ eyes narrow in warning. “We also had an unknown potion in our system.”

“Strangely enough, both spell and potion were only put on one of us,” George continued, rubbing one of his temples.

“So either we were dosed by someone who didn’t know of the specifics of magical twins, “Fred said.

“Which wouldn’t surprise me considering the Healer they gave us was an idiot,” George sneered.

“Or they knew and di it purposefully so that it didn’t work while they could still say they had given it to us,” Fred finished.

“Which do you think it was?” Draco asked.

The twins exchanged looks and Fred nodded tiredly.

“Both,” George replied. “The person who hit us with the loyalty spell only bit one of us and considering t was the one that was broken completely, the other’s magic would have reacted viciously towards it, hence it breaking.”

“The potion, however, “Fred continued, moaning softly as he sank deeper into the seat, “was not destroyed in the slightest. It was simply passing from me to George and back again, so we had a constant amount of it in both of us. This leads us to believe that the person who doused s did it to say they gave it to us while still allowing us to be unaffected by it.”

“Could the potion have been accidentally made from the stuff in your systems?” Tobias asked, putting his quill down with a frown.

“No,” the two of them answered without hesitation. “We removed all potions that were there due to our job. That one remained.”

“Is it harmful?”

The twins shook their heads with a grin. “No, Algernon managed to dilute everything in our blood enough that it will be flushed out of our bodies. He’s promised to give us the recipe for the potion he used so we can take it between testings.”

Tobias smiled happily at the two of them. “That is wonderful to hear! Are you staying for the Evening meal?”

“We were ordered to,” they chorused.

“Then follow us, its dinner time,” Draco started, gently helping Tobias to his feet when he started blinking sleepily.
With very little fan fair, The Pack stood and left the Chamber, debating over who would be first to be examined and seeing who would be closets to guessing what Dobby would bring to Tobias for the evening meal. Tobias’ favourite was a tomato based fish soup with chunks of pan-seared bread. If he didn’t get that tonight, maybe he could request it to lunch the following day.

***

Tobias poked at his food with a sad look on his face. Damn his Pack and their getting his hopes up for this meal. He really wanted that yummy sounding soup and while the stuff before him both looked and smelt appetizing, he was disappointed in it. A hand landed on his shoulder and he raised his head to look at them with sad eyes.

“What’s up love?” Draco asked softly.

“I wanted the soup,” Tobias replied with a whine.

Draco sighed. “Eat what you have in front of you Love, and I’ll ask Dobby to make you the soup for later okay?”

“Promise?” Tobias pouted.

“I promise,” Draco chuckled. Who would have guessed that the storage person his husband was would become so child-like when he was pregnant. He blinked for a moment. Maybe he should talk to Algernon about that …

Tobias nodded and began to munch on one of the items on his plate. Draco mumbled something and rose from his seat, having made up his mind to ask the man. Hopefully, he would get an answer.
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Draco gets some answers, Tobias shows how cheeky he can be and it is Luna and Ginny's turn to get a medical check up

Chapter 49

To Draco’s annoyance, the person who aided him the most in understanding what was happening was not Algernon, like he had thought, but Godric Gryffindor. Looking back, he should have realised that the best person to go to for advice and answers would be someone who had lived through what he was going through now. He sighed and shook his head with a disbelieving chuckle.

Algernon really was an expert in the field of male pregnancy and it showed in the depth of detail he went into to answer Draco's questions and in the language he had used. The truth of the matter was, however, that Draco had no idea what had been said, so he had returned to his and Tobias’ rooms in frustration. It was only luck that he had been interrupted from his thoughts by the Lord of Gryffindor.

~Flashback~

“You look troubled youngster.”

Draco jumped as he was scared from his thoughts.

“Anything I can do to help?”

“I don’t know,” Draco sighed before growling at himself in frustration. “Tobias is not acting like himself and while I get that it is due to his pregnancy, I don’t understand WHY he has changed so much and when I asked his Healer about it he answered but with so many terms and words I don’t know or understand that I feel more confused than before!” By the time he had finished, Draco was panting slightly and as he slowly calmed himself, he became aware of the soft chuckles coming from the portrait. He scowled at the painted man who raised both arms in surrender.

“Truly youngster, I did not intend to laugh at your plight. It is just … You remind me of how I was
the first time Sal was with child,” Godric chuckled and shook his head. “You think seeing your husband acting like this is odd? How do you think I felt when mine took to skipping around the castle with a big beaming smile and happily humming?”

Draco paled even as he chuckled uncomfortably at the image. The thought of Salazar Slytherin behaving in such a manor was terrifying.

“Thankfully, it only lasted until he had our daughter,” Godric continued with a half-smile. He turned serious and gazed at the young blonde. “You need to understand that children need the magic of their parents. Muggleborn wizards and witches are an anomaly and we don’t know how they come about, but a popular theory is that they are receptors of magic and so pull on the small amounts of magic from the ley lines in the Earth and from the atmosphere.”

Godric gave a half-smile. “For magical beings, the magic comes from their mother or bearer. This, as well as the mixed up hormones in their brains, are going to make them a bit different personality wise.”

Draco nodded thoughtfully.

“Some believe that the behaviour that the bearer – or mother – exhibits reveals the nature of the child. I know that in Sal’s case this was true – but in many it wasn’t.”

“If that is the case with Tobias,” Draco said dryly, “then I beg leave of you to go find myself the materials to build a weapon that is much deadlier than a wand. Tobias is acting like an innocent being; going so far as to blush and gape when he saw me naked … and he squeaked when I hopped into the bath with him. If that is how my son or daughter is going to act, along with having a combination of my and Tobias’ looks, then we are going to have to beat suitors off with a stick.”

~End flashback~

Draco smirked as he remembered the auburn-haired man’s deep booming laughter, only for it to drop when he caught sight of the serious look on Tobias’ face.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, speeding up until he could wrap his arms around his husband. “What happened?”
“I can’t find a way for Ateria and Ateros to break the marriage contract to the Patil twins without them losing all the respect they have earned for themselves. I’ve looked and I can’t find a way out for them.”

“Go get the contracts and bring them to me,” Draco half-ordered. “Sometimes there are specific wordings in the contract that can be twisted around to give an out.” He paused for a second and asked softly. “If we can’t break it, is it so bad that the girls join our Pack? The Patil family is a good one – not just in the fact they are purebloods either. They are powerful, neutral or grey, depending on how you see it, and they have a reputation of forming close bonds with their bonded so even if they do not find a love like ours, they will still be happy.”

“Fred wants to court Angelina,” Tobias said with a sigh. “They have been dating for two years. I don’t have anything against Padma joining The Pack because she is a hardworking, discrete woman who will listen to what we have to say, compare it to what she already knows and form her own conclusions. Pavarti on the other hand…”

Tobias shook his head hopelessly, “I’ve lived with Pavarti for five years Draco. She is NOT the type of person we can trust within our ranks.”

Draco nodded. “Get the paper to me Love; I’ll see what I can do.”

“Have I told you recently about how much I love you?” Tobias asked with a thankful smile.

“You just want me for my brain,” Draco teased.

“That’s not true,” Tobias scowled, “it’s your body I want, or does the fact I am currently carrying a bellyful of your spawn not register?” Tobias turned around and walked out of the room, throwing a triumphant – yet playful – smirk over his shoulder at the speechless blonde in the otherwise empty room.

***

Ginny and Luna looked around the Great Hall nervously. That morning had come with the announcement that only the fifth and sixth year students hadn’t been seen by the Healers and now the two girls were, once again, separated from the rest of their Pack. Unconsciously, they reached out to each other and held the other’s hand tightly.
“This is insane,” Ginny muttered as she watched everyone in the room squabbling over who goes where and going into hysterics at the thought of having a Healer’s appointment.

Beside her Luna nodded, her eyes going wider than they normally did.

“SILENCE!” a male voice boomed, making everyone freeze in place before they turned their attention to the group of Ministry Officials that had congregated before them.

His Grace Alasander Mitchells cleared his throat. “Now that we have your attention,” he continued in a normal volume, even though his tone was scathing, “we can begin. Amelia, if you will?”

“Thank you Your Grace,” Amelia said with a nod of her head. “You have been delegated a Healer and Ministry official by us,” she continued, now addressing the forty odd students that had gathered. “These groups are not negotiable and I expect each and every one of you to treat both of the adults with respect, no matter who they are.”

“This goes for your behaviour towards your fellow student as well,” Xing Wu stated from his spot in the line. “Each group will hold at least one student of each house. If we even suspect that someone was attacked in any way due to the house they were in or because of something equally stupid, then you will be punished by one of us. Several members of upper and lower years have already been given the times for their punishment.”

Amelia nodded her thanks to the man and turned back to the students. “When I call your name, go and line up before the tent with the number that I call first. Tent one …”

Ginny and Luna ignored the rest of the list as their grip on each other tightened slightly. They didn’t like this. They didn’t like this at all. Instinctually, the two of them sent an emotional burst towards the rest of The Pack. They got the return of reassurance at the same time Madam Bones called out their names. Both girls relaxed. They were together, that was all that mattered right now.

***

Draco, Blaise, Theo and Pansy watched in amusement as Tobias and Vincent paced before the empty photo frame.

“Calm down you two,” Pansy said eventually. “It isn’t like they are far.”
“I don’t trust the Healers,” Tobias said, pacing faster. “Healers aren’t to be trusted.”

“What if they try something with Kyria when they see the results she gets with what happened a few days ago?” Vincent asked. “I have only just found something to give as her first gift.”

Everyone but Tobias stopped and stared at the large teen.

“EEEE!” Tobias squealed happily, his mind now completely on Vince’s news. “What did you get her? It had better be match what she gave to you!”

“It does Alpha,” Vincent said with a small smile, “and if you don’t mind, I would rather Kyria be the first to see it.”

“Good man!” Tobias beamed, “Very good answer. Of course Kyria should be the first person to see her gift!”

Vincent bowed slightly. “Thank you for giving your blessing Alpha.”

Tobias chuckled before yawning. “It was my pleasure Dynamo. It is a wonderful feeling when you see the ones you love as happy as you are with your partner with their own.”

“Tobias love,” Draco said cautiously, “That didn’t make much sense.”

Tobias pouted. “It did to me.”

“But not to the rest of us,” Pansy said softly. “We don’t speak Hyper-Alpha very well yet.”

Tobias laughed, “No I don’t think you are fluent in that yet. What I meant was ‘it makes me happy when I see my family in relationships that make them as happy as I am with Draco.’”

Vincent smiled and ran a gentle finger over the package in his pocket. He hoped the silver-eyed
female liked what he had found for her.

***

Ginny looked at the parchment before her in horror, as did Lucius, Luna and Algernon.

“Alpha is going to kill them,” Luna whispered. “They signed their own death warrant. How are we going to keep him calm after he finds out?”

“It isn’t Alpha I’m worried about,” Ginny said going slightly green. “It’s Beta.”

“You do realise that Draco won’t hold you responsible right?” Lucius said as he lay a gentle hand on the red-headed girl’s shoulder.

“Oh we know that,” Luna said. “It’s that … Beta is extremely possessive when it comes to Alpha and he is the only one who has any luck with keeping Alpha calm. If Beta is angry, then it feeds Alpha’s anger.”

Both men winced. Yep, it was certain … Arthur and Molly Weasley’s days were numbered.

Ginny put the parchment back on the table and allowed Luna to pull her from the tent. As Algernon rolled up the parchment to send it to the girl’s care-giver, he winced once again when the poison green words revealed themselves once again.

*Love potion – Affection intended towards Harry Potter – Taken monthly since third birthday – Given and made by A and M Weasley – Broken age eleven via possession.*

*Words*

- Ateria - Mischief
- Ateros – Mischievous
- Alasandra – Pronounced Al-Ugh-Sand-Drugh
Kyria – Lady

Dynamo – Strength
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

Frustrations are high for the council and once again, Tobias just wants his pillow, er ... mate.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait peeps, I've been busy busy busy and every time I thought of doing this chapter I've felt like curling up into a little ball and weeping like a little girl, but as you can see, I got over it and am once more motivated into actually doing stuff that doesn't involve work and reading :3

On another note, there have been some people from ff.net who have pm'd me about some of the scenes they want to see from earlier chapter that weren't put in because I either forgot about them or they just didn't fit into any of the chapters. I can say that in these last 7 chapters, there will be many of you who are disappointed in what is shown and what isn't so I have decided to work on a series of one-shots that coincide with this story containing scenes that have caught the reader's attentions but are not dealt with. If you have any - and it doesn't have to be Tobias orientated - send me the suggestion in a review, telling me the scene and the chapter that it occurred in and I'll start planning.

Chapter 50

Bill rubbed a hand over his face as he read the parchment that had appeared on his desk.

“How big are the odds that this meeting is good news?” he asked as the fire behind him flared.

“I think there are lower odds on Hagrid being the offspring of a goblin or a dwarf then there is of this meeting being called for happy news,” Charlie said with a grim smile.

“That’s what I was afraid of,” Bill sighed. He pulled his face from his hands and straightened in his seat. “What do I owe the pleasure of your visit to?”

“My boss heard about what is going on back home,” Charlie replied as he took a seat. “He wants to talk to either the Lord or Skotadi.”
“What for?”

“Charlie rubbed his temples. “Did you know that Romania is a predominantly dark community?”

Bill nodded, watching his younger brother closely.

“I didn’t,” Charlie snorted. “I didn’t care. To me, getting away from The Burrow was the most important thing.”

Bill smirked in agreement; that was the reason he had taken the International Gringotts job rather than the one with the Unspeakables, after all.

“It also seems that the reason some people are better at handling dragons than others is due to their receptiveness to dark magic,” Charlie threw a half-grin at Bill. “Guess who was the most surprised when Gerda – that’s the Hungarian Horntail that Tobias pulled in his fourth year - picked me up by the back of the shirt and placed me in the very centre of her barely-out-of-the-shell hatchlings.”

Bill gaped at his younger brother. Charlie snorted.

“Yeah, that was the look on everyone’s face. Anyway, Fredreich wants to see about setting up a trade contract with the British Ministry when The Lord wins.”

Bill raised an eyebrow, “When?”

“When,” Charlie stated. “The Romanian Ministry is willing to send aid if – or when - The Lord requires it.”

“And what does the Romanian Minister wants in exchange?”

“Support if Romania is ever in the same position as Britain is and a handful of Dementors for their worst prion.”
“That’s it?” Bill asked in disbelief.

“That’s it,” Charlie said.

“Then let’s get started on writing all this down for Tobias to put into his report for The Lord. At least someone will have good news to report at this coming meeting. I just wish it was me,” Bill chuckled.

***

Lunch for The Pack was silent and tense. Luna and Ginny had appeared over an hour before hand looking as though someone had painted them in whitewash before trying to remove it after it had mostly dried. Neither girl would say what had happened, only telling the pregnant teen that he would find out in the next day or two, depending on how long it took their healer and overseer to do their reports and send it. It surprised no-one when Tobias announced there would be a full Pack meeting three days from today and vanished to write meeting notices to their missing members.

If none of the older Pack members ate much, no one said anything; after all, they would soon be seeing just how far the soon-to-be ex-Headmaster had fallen in his attempt at keeping his pawn under his control. It also shocked no one when, instead of a full meal, Dobby appeared beside Tobias with a mug of thick liquid.

“Master Tobias can have this today instead of food,” the elf squeaked, “but you must eat what you get for dinner.”

“Thank you Dobby,” Tobias muttered, “What is it?”

“Soup,” the elf answered before popping away.

“I could have guessed that,” Tobias groused as he looked into the yellow mug at the vibrant orange-red content. He took a tentative sip and hummed softly at the taste of it. Without warning, an identical mug appeared before each Pack member. Together, they pushed away their plates and grabbed the bug before them. When Tobias raised his mug for another sip, the rest of The Pack followed, humming in enjoyment of the slightly sweet taste of tomato, carrot and celery.

“That was surprisingly filling,” Greg stated as he put his empty mug down.
“Is why we give to pregnant Master,” an unfamiliar voice squeaked.

Everyone turned to see twin female houseleaves standing behind Dobby.

“Soup filling and tasty and nutritious. All good for growing baby and mother.” The other female said.

“Thank you,” Tobias said with a soft smile. “It was lovely.”

The three elves blushed and vanished with a click of their fingers, vanishing the empty mugs at the same time.

The Pack chuckled weakly, only to stop and pale when the food vanished and Amelia stood.

“Those fifth years that have not yet been seen, please stay in your seats,” she called out. “We know who you are and punishments will be given if you do not stay. Sixth years also please remain seated. Everyone else my leave.”

If Tobias’ grip on Draco’s hand tightened drastically, the blonde did nothing except squeeze back gently. It was time.

***

Amelia resisted the urge to scream. She had read out the names and tent numbers like she had for all of the other year levels and chaos had reigned. She rubbed her temples and grit her teeth against the pain as an annoyingly loud voice protested yet again.

“SILENCE!” she snapped, surprising herself when the noise level dropped. “It has come to my attention that, like in my time in this school, it is NOT the house of Slytherin that is problematic.”

Every eye was on her and she stood straighter.
“In my years here, everyone knew that Slytherins were evil and that the worst two families were those of Black and Malfoy,’” she snorted softly in disgust. “We were FOOLS!”

She glared at the gaping idiots around here, ‘The Slytherins only attacked us when we provoked them. My fiancée was a Slytherin and he got KILLED in an attack that was labelled ‘a prank gone wrong’. My niece’s mother was a Slytherin and she was the sweetest person you could ever hope to meet. Now, I don’t care if you are Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, Gryffindors or Slytherins, you are going to stand in line outside the tent you have been assigned in the order I called your names and you will NOT open your mouths to complain, swear, argue or anything that is not yawning, sneezing or answering questions. Anyone who goes against this will be undergoing punishment from this Council due to you endangering other students, us and yourself as well as wasting the time we have in this investigation.”

She noticed the youngest Weasley spawn open his mouth to argue and raised her voice.

“If you do not like our rules, feel free to write to Minister Fudge: he needs more useless parchment to use as a fire-starter in his office fireplace. Now MOVE!” She watched as everyone moved to do as she had ordered except for her niece, her niece’s friends and The Pack – who had already done as she had ordered.

“Remind me to stay on your good side,” Lucius stated from his position behind her, making her jump.

The councilmen and women chuckled as they moved towards their assigned tents where the Healers waited with the remaining fifth years.

“Don’t you have jobs to do?” she scowled at them, only to blink stupidly when a manicured masculine hand holding a dark blue vial appeared in her line of sight.

“Headache cure,” Lucius said with an understanding smile. “Medium strength. I know I’ve had one already today and Wu has had three. Of all of us here, you are the only one who hasn’t had at least one of these since we started. We were starting to believe you weren’t human for a while there.”

Amelia chuckled ruefully and gladly tossed the potion back. She let out a sigh of relief. “Almost over,” she muttered softly to herself as she too headed into the tent she was using. This last group was even more difficult to manage then the other years combined seeing as it was this year level’s students who were the reason for them being there. Add to that the fact that The Pack, as she had started to think of them, had to be split between Healers and Algernon insisted on getting the reports of each of the individuals, as was his right as their personal healer. He also state that he, and only he,
Amelia had easily agreed, much to the annoyance of the Healer working with her. It took Amelia asking the woman if she was a specialist Healer in the field of male pregnancy. At the negative answer, Amelia snorted and turned away, knowing the prideful youngster fully understood what she was getting at.

***

Lucius sighed as he stood to get his next vict… erm… student. He had been, thankfully, lucky so far with those he had been assigned to sort out. As he had been the only person who had no fifth years to see, he had been the one to get the Patil twins. He was very thankful that their father had been present to glare them into submission – well, one of them at any rate. He entered the room with the second last student and closed his eyes, hoping he was seeing things. Opening them, he turned around and walked out of the tent and yelled out his frustrations. Something out there hated him; he was sure of it. He had been landed with the red-headed twat.

***

Amelia smiled when she stepped into the room holding the last two students to examine. She had purposefully left these two for last because not only were they the reason for this occurring but the other members of the council had requested to be present for the last one.

“Boys,” she called out. “Your turn. Did you want to go together or separate?”

“Together,” the newly woken blonde answered as he stretched. “It’s not that I don’t trust you but … I don’t trust you.”

Amelia chuckled. “I understand,” she stated as she followed them into the soon-to-be full room.

***

The silence in the room acted like a malevolent presence as the parchment continued to flow from Algernon’s wand. Tobias blinked at it with no interest while Draco, Lucius and Amelia glared at it and everyone else gaped as a small mountain was formed from the – now complete – list.
With a small gulp of what could have been nerves or a dry throat, but was more likely fear, Algernon flicked his wand and muttered a spell. The tension rose and thickened when only a few inches vanished.

Tobias nuzzled into an immobile Draco’s side, whining softly when he didn’t react to his attempts at snuggling. He pouted a little before a spark of mischief appeared in his eye.

Everyone was jolted out of their shock and anger when they heard a yelp of shock and a soft thump echoed in the small room. Turning in panic, the tension eased when, one by one, the adults in the room started chuckling at Lucius, who – at seeing Draco on the ground with Tobias on top of him nuzzling and licking his bare stomach – covered his eyes with a small shriek.

“I suggest we take this discussion elsewhere,” Amelia said between chuckles. “I can tell we will not want to be here for what happens next.” Most of the people in the room looked at her questioningly.

“I remember when Susan’s mother was pregnant,” she answered the unasked questions. “You did not get between her and her cravings, her and her bath or wake her when she wanted sleep if you not only wanted to live, but keep all your limbs as well.”

Once again all eyes turned to the bonded couple, where Tobias had wrapped his arms around Draco’s hips, his head on the blonde’s stomach, fast asleep. The men and women who didn’t know the couple well quietly left the room, followed by Lucius, who was to tell the rest of The Pack that they could enter. He knew it would be useless to tell them to leave. He smirked to himself when all the members of The Pack, including the two fifth years, were standing at the entrance.

“Tobias is asleep,” he stated as he moved aside. “Ensure he wakes an hour before supper so we can pack everything up.”

Neville nodded once in acknowledgement before leading the way into the room holding the bonded couple.

Words

Skotadi – Darkness
Chapter 51

It was dark and completely silent when Luna opened her eyes. She slowly stood and, as quietly as she could, she made her way to the door. Just before she slipped out, a hand landed on her shoulder. Startled, she spun around and placed her hidden knife to the throat of a wide-eyed Vincent, much to the amusement of Neville – as evident by the smirk on his face.

“Do you mind company?” Neville asked, remembering to keep his voice down.

Luna gave a slowly spreading smile. “I wouldn’t mind a spare pair of hands,” she suggested. “You up for it Skoteinos?”

“Always my dear sister,” Neville replied with a smirk, “but don’t you think you should release Dynamo first?”

“Now why would I want to do that?” she asked with a giggle as she teasingly traced Vincent’s Adams apple with the sharp tip of the knife she held. “He looks so delightful like this.”

“Because he isn’t your prey,” Neville grinned, “he is your mate.”

With another soft giggle, Luna put her knife back where she had pulled it from. “Right you are Brother dearest,” she stated happily before giving the slightly abused skin a soft, apologetic kiss. “Skoteinos and I are going hunting,” she said as she pulled back. “Would you like to come with us
“Not this time,” he said, placing a chaste kiss to the top of her blonde head. “I have guard duty in ten minutes.”

Luna gave a small flirtatious grin and vanished through the door. Neville chuckled softly and followed, knowing exactly where the blonde girl was heading.

“Good hunting,” Vincent said as he closed the door behind the two.

***

With no difficulty at all, Neville found Luna softly humming as she inspected a glass jar.

“Alright there Kyria?” he asked, stopping beside her.

“Oh yes,” Luna said happily. “I was just making new friends.” The younger girl smiled up at Neville and put the jar into her bag. “Do you mind preparing the Room for me while I go get someone else who I think would love to help with tonight?”

“I will be honoured to prepare the room for tonight Sister dear. Do you have any special requirements?”

“Only a few,” Luna hummed, swaying to a song only she could hear. “It needs to be dark enough to hide things of nightmares, but light enough to see more than movement and I need a little bit of height. You can decide on everything else.”

Neville grinned maliciously as he turned and made his way to the seventh floor. He couldn’t wait to see what Luna did to the red-headed twit next.

***

When Ron next woke, he looked around and moaned softly. “This must be another dream,” he
mumbled into his hands. “There are no places that are like this in the school.”

He sighed again before laying down intent on going back to sleep when a soft tune caught his attention. He froze as the voice got closer and clear enough for him to recognise. “Not again,’ he silently begged, “No, no, no, no. Anyone but that voice!”

He clenched his eyes shut as tight as they would go in an attempt to ignore – or hide; he wasn’t sure which – the tune. He jumped and screamed when something touched him.

“Hello, are you alright?” a high voice asked him.

He opened his eyes to see a little girl of around six staring at him holding a stick that was in the right position to poke someone with. Taking a breath, he scowled at the girl. “Don’t you know not to touch other people?”

Something hit him on the back of the head and he turned around angrily only to shrink back at the sight of a viciously glaring youngster of around twelve.

“Don’t yell at her,” the boy growled, “she was only checking to see if you were alright, you ungrateful louse!” He turned to the girl and softly asked, “Are you alright sister mine?”

The girl threw herself at the boy and hid her face in his stomach. “Am now bruver mine, knoweded you would ‘tect me.”

“Always! The boy said firmly, hugging the girl to him.

Now that the two were together, Ron got a good look at the two of them. The girl came up to the middle of the boy’s stomach and both had brown hair that held a hint of copper in it. When their eyes opened, he caught sight of a flash of deep brown before their lids closed again.

“I learneded some new songs today at school,” the girl said without moving from her spot.

“That is wonderful,” the boy said, “Sing them for me?”
The girl hummed through a tune of a few times before starting to sing.

“Incy wincy spider climbed up the water spout.”

Ron brushed absentmindedly at the things that were moving on his skin.

“Down came the rain and washed the spider out.”

Ron curled up slightly, feeling rather sleepy. Once again, he brushed away the frass that was tickling him.

“Out came the sun and dried up all the rain.”

The mostly asleep red head giggled as he was tickled by what his mind told him was wool as a soft woollen blanket surrounded him.

“And the Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the spout again.”

Luna and Neville smirked as they saw Ron drifting between being awake and being asleep. With a nod from Luna, Neville smugly raised the spell that would protect his her Luna’s identify and he watched as Luna slowly faded into a mist formed body with two black holes where her eyes should be, knowing that he looked exactly the same.

‘Though I must admit,’ Neville though with more than a little pride, ‘Luna’s idea of making us seem like young children was perfect. There is just something more terrifying seeing a mist child with black holes for eyes compared with an adult or near adult.’

Luna shot a grin at Neville who grinned back, studiously ignoring the movement high above him as Luna duplicated the number of spiders that were in the room and directed them to the semi-enwrapped red head on the ground.

“Ready brother?” Luna asked.
“Beyond ready Sister,” was her answer.

With one last grin, Luna returned her voice to her normal dreamy tone and began to once again sing the short song.

‘But nothing – NOTHING- is more terrifying than hearing a muggle nursery rhyme sung in a dreamy, innocent voice while knowing that the woman it belongs to has a mid that is made for torture,’ Neville thought as he joined into the song.

***

Ron jolted awake with a high pitched scream as the voice he heard in his darkest nightmares began singing. He struggled to remove the blanket that was tightly wrapped around him, only to scream harder when he noticed that he was covered in hundreds of spiders the size of half a Knut and he was completely encased in a strong, thick silk casing.

Soon his screams stopped as the spiders seemingly took offense at the sound of his terror and converged onto his face and neck. Soon only his ears and eyes were the only things visible. Out the corner of his eye, he saw the two mist children happily spinning slowly around while silver and gold threads marked their progress to form an intricate web design.

The last thing Ron heard before passing out were the eerily beautiful voices combine once more.

\[\text{Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the water spout}\]
\[\text{Down came the rain and washed the spider out}\]
\[\text{Out came the sun and dried up all the rain}\]
\[\text{And the Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the spout again.}”\]

***

Luna happily prepared the next part of her plan, humming a bouncy tune that Neville was positive was supposed to be dark and depressing. Shrugging it off as Luna being Luna, he turned his attention to the passed out idiot before him.
“Now,” he mused softly, “How can I get you to do what we say without resorting to marking you with the slave bond or using the imperious curse …?”

He heard a soft crinkling sound coming from his shirt pocket and smirked.

“This should do the trick,” he muttered as he pulled out a plain brown packet. He opened it to reveal a dull purple-grey powder. “I just add a little pulse of magic …” He pushed a small amount of his magic into the pinch he placed into his palm until a soft glow came from it.

A soft breath of air sent the minute amount of powdered bacterial matter into his victim’s face, where it was absorbed into his body through the damp tissue of his eyes, nose, ears and mouth.

“Open your eyes,” Neville ordered, almost leaping with joy when the red head’s eyelids opened to reveal eyes still glazed in sleep. “Close eyes,” he said instead of giving into the urge.

“What was that Skoteinos?” Luna asked, looking intently at the dozing teen.

“It is a powdered bacterium that I sprinkle onto my gardens at Longbottom Manor,” Neville explained patting the package he had returned to his pocket. “It is harmless until magic is added to it. Once magic has been added, then the only person who is safe from it is the one who’s magic woke it.”

“Interesting,” Luna hummed, “What does it do?”

“It settles into the brain of whatever picks it up and stays there until the person who infused them with magic wakes up the magic once again. It is how I keep my plants from being damaged by pests. I have a section set aside for insect use so I imprint it on the bacteria using my magic so only that area is damaged while everywhere else gets the benefit of insects like butterflies without the damage that is done by their young.”

Luna grinned at the older male. “I knew there was a reason I allowed you to join me here!” She then turned serious. “Are you ready for Phase two?”

“Ready and waiting.”
With another flashed smile, Luna turned to the darkest area between two large trees. “You know what to do Algranol,” she said. “Enjoy yourself!”

For some reason, Neville felt a sharp thrill go through him as excitement filled the air.

***

Ron woke once more, this time due to a soft buzzing sensation in his head. He blinked drowsily and enjoyed the feeling of being gently rocked. He focused the area he could see, his mind calm now that the spiders were no longer on him.

On the ground not too far away, he noticed his two mist-people companions gently rocking together, the older boy taking most of his sister’s weight as she seemed to drift between reality and the land on dreams.

“Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

Ron smiled groggily at the two kids and softly hummed along when the verse was sung once again. He felt himself turning to face the opposite direction from the two mist kids. He didn’t struggle and happily looked up … than froze. He let out a moaned gasp and his eyes bugged out to massive proportions as he came to understand what was happening.

Ronald Bilious Weasley – second youngest child of Molly and Arthur Weasley – was snuggly wrapped in spider silk and was being rocked like a babe by a large accumentula. Ron’s brain snapped.

***

Everyone in the room snapped upright and wide awake when a door was slammed open by a teary-eyed blond female.
“What’s wrong Kyria?” Tobias asked as Vincent transformed back to human from his wolf form and pulled his chosen mate close.

Luna raised her head to reveal large watery silver-blue eyes. “My toy broke!” she bawled, her fight against her tears lost as glittering trails flowed down her cheeks.

Everyone in the room exchanged confused looks until Neville entered the room with a blank-eyed Ron following him. Understanding formed in Tobias’ eyes when Neville ordered the shell to stop and it obeyed.

“Aww, my poor little Moonbeam,” Tobias cooed as he rose and pulled the younger female into a hug, where he cooed and nuzzled her. “But don’t worry my cute little Kyria,” he continued, “You have just given me the base for a marvellous idea!” He clapped happily, making the teary girl giggle softly.

“What’s that Alpha?” she asked.

“You’ll see my dear, you’ll see. Now, let’s all go back to sleep,” he yawned, “I have a big day tomorrow, as do some of you.”

“Yes Alpha,” everyone chorused in amusement before obediently settling down once again.

Before he fell back into sleep, Tobias looked over at the still form of his former friend and grinned. Life was GOOD!

**Words**

- Skoteinos – Dark
- Dynamo - Strength
- Kyria - Lady
When Achalendra and his daughters arrived at Gringotts early in the morning, only he was not surprised to see Tobias, Fred and George waiting for them. He was surprised when the youngest ale nodded in acknowledgment and turned into one of the closets tunnels with a barely noticeable nod to the goblin that was closest to them.

“Before we go in,” Tobias said as he stopped before a door and turned to face the small group trailing him, “does everyone know why we are here?”

To no one’s surprise but Achalendra’s, everyone responded in the positive except for one of his daughters.

“How can you not know Pavarti?” he asked, confused. “Surely you received the letter I sent you.”

“I did get if Father,” Pavarti said, not being able to lie to the head of the family. “I just … didn’t read it all the way through.” She said the last bit quietly and looked away from the stone-faced man.

The Weasley twins exchanged a look: One of them pity, the other one desperate.

“What in the world was more important than reading a letter from your parent that was written on our Official Parchment?” Lord Patil growled. “Parchment, I might add, that is only used in times where the information is vital to the recipient.”

Pavarti mumbled something softly, going slightly darker with both shame and embarrassment.
“I didn’t hear that Daughter,” he said, crossing his arms across his chest.

Pavarti was saved from repeating herself when the door to the office opened to reveal a goblin with white hair tufts coming from his ears.

“We are ready for you now,” the goblin stated. To the Patil trio’s surprise, the elderly goblin turned to Tobias and gave a shallow bow. “Thank you for allowing us time to prepare.”

Tobias bowed back to the Goblin, making sure it was noticeably deeper than the one the goblin gave him. “It is us who owe you and your kin thanks Master Goblin,” the dark-haired teen responded, “for guiding us through this period at such short notice.”

The goblin released a sound that made the hair on the back of everyone’s neck stand on end and the wizards and witches realised that the elderly being was laughing in shocked amusement.

“I didn’t believe my Grandson when he said our client could charm one of our warrior’s if he so wished,” the goblin cackled, “but I see now he was being truthful. I am Grapplehank. Welcome to my domain.”

The humans followed the goblin into his office. Before sitting in the chairs offered, Tobias and the Weasley twins bowed deeply to the other goblins – who had gathered in the room – and Madam Bones. The Patil family hurried to copy their example and within moments they were all seated.

“I assume everyone knows of why we are here,” the youngest goblin asked.

“Not everyone,” Tobias stated from the comfortable chair he was in. “It turns out that my colleague in this event gave one of his subordinates too much credit in believing she would read the information he have to her. If it was one of my Pack, I would tell you to continue since it was their own fault however, as the witch in question is not my responsibility, I will allow Lord Patil to decide.”

“We will continue,” Achalendra stated, making both his daughters look at him in shock; Padma due to her Father doing the right thing and the opposite of what their mother would do and Pavarti because she had expected for the information to be given to her once again.

To goblin grinned at the man and shuffled his papers. “We have gone through both contracts and
discovered that one of them can be cancelled as it was signed without a magical signature that matched your own Lord Patil.”

“Which contract?” he asked.

“The contract between one Fred Weasley and one Padma Patil.”

Fred heaved a sigh of relief while simultaneously shooting his brother a pitying look. Padma, to Tobias’ interest, looked both relieved and angry.

“And the other?”

“It cannot be broken,” the goblin said, almost apologetically.

“If you don’t mind my asking,” Amelia began, “What are the consequences of one party breaking the contract?”

“If it is Miss Patil who breaks it, then the Patil family loses one of their Wizengamot seats to the Weasley family as well as three hundred and eight galleons. IF Mr Weasley breaks the contract then he and his brother are to hand over all their current earnings to the Patil family as well as handing their shop over, never to be in business again.”

“Let me get this straight,” Amelia said as she took in the silently fuming Tobias and the pale, shocked forms of the twins. “If Mr Weasley breaks the contract he and his brother lose their dreams and their futures while if Miss Patil breaks it the Patil family loses a valuable seat for the Grey/Neutral side of the Wizengamot to the Light and the equivalent of just under a trainee Auror’s pay for a month?”

“That is correct,” the goblin agreed.

With a nod, Amelia turned to the two people in question. “Do either of you disagree with the marriage contract?”

“Marriage contract!” Pavarti yelped. “That’s why we are here? For a marriage contract? With them?”
she pointed to the still shocked red-headed twins. “I can’t marry one of them! They aren’t cute or rich or even heirs of their family!”

“ENOUGH!” Tobias roared, standing from his seat in one smooth motion. “SIT DOWN AND SHUT THE HELL UP YOU BANSHEE!”

To everyone’s shock, she did so, gulping at the venomous looks being sent her way from her father and younger sister.

“George,” Tobias asked gently as he ran a hand through the too silent man’s hair. “Do you disagree with the contract?”

“Of course I do,” George croaked, “but I have to fulfil it. I can’t lose the shop Bi.” He looked up with tortured blue eyes, “And I can allow the Patil family to lose their seat, money and their reputation by having them break the contract.”

“Why do you disagree with the contract Mr Weasley?” Gapplehank asked from his seat to the left of the goblin who was currently taking charge of the meeting.

George swallowed nervously before straightening his back and squaring his shoulders. He may not want to say this in the company he was currently in, but he would answer the question and face the consequences like a man.

“Due to the person I am to bond with,” George said. “While the Patil family is one of the most respected in both the British and Indian magical communities, Pavarti is NOT respected in the least. Since her first year at Hogwarts, she has kept company with one Lavender Brown – who has earned herself the title of Hogwarts Goodtime Girl with the reputation of being a gossip hound with not enough brain cells to rub together. While the first part of Lavender’s reputation has skipped Pavarti, the second part has not. Instead of focusing on lessons, she looks through magazines or talks about boys. If a member of the opposite sex is not rich, famous or ‘cute’, ” George grimaced at the word, “they are worthless in her eyes. Her results have decreased until she is only just passing because instead of doing any of it, she spends her time doing Lavender’s hair, nails or make up while listening to her compare the however many males she was with the previous evening.”

He reached out for his brother and Alpha through his bond with them for support. After getting a replying pulse of energy, he continued.
“I need a partner who can keep up with me, my brother and whoever my brother chooses to bond with. They need to be able to keep secrets because they will be working closely with both Fred and I on our produce as well as being integrated into Our Pack. The last and most important item on the list is that they not be scared to kick my and Fred’s rears when we get into our phases.”

While George was talking, Lord Patil’s glare was getting darker and darker as he looked at his oldest daughter. “It this true Pavarti?” he asked. When no answer came forth but her head lowered so he couldn’t see her face, he grit his teeth. He turned back to the conversation when Tobias spoke.

“Grapplefang,” Tobias mused as he continued looking at Padma. “Would it be possible to change the contract without breaking it?”

The goblin, now identified as Grapplefang, looked at the youngest member of the human group shrewdly. “What have you got in mind Young Lord?”

“Change it to be a courting contract or changing the identity of one or both participants.”

The goblins who were seated around the room leapt to their feet and crowded around the desk, squabbling in Gobbledegook as sections were pointed out. After several long minutes, the goblins separated.

“After going through the contract it has been determined that it can be made into a courting contract with the stipulation that if both parties can get along with fifty percent compatibility or more than they must marry. If they don’t have a least that much, then every child of their line is tested for compatibility until the contract is fulfilled.”

Tobias nodded, noting with absentminded pride that the twins and Padma were also listening attentively.

“It is also possible to exchange one member of the Patil family for another regardless of which branch they originate,” Grapplehank added. “Unfortunately for Mr Weasley, it is non-negotiable for him; neither can both changes be done to the contract. It is one or the other.”

“Is there a time limit on when the contract has to be fulfilled?” Padma asked unexpectedly. “What?” she asked at the looks her Father, Pavarti and Madam Bones were giving her, “I’m hoping to work as a barrister or solicitor when I leave Hogwarts and I think it is a more than reasonable question.”
“The courting contract is a maximum of three months after being worked out so a maximum of six months before being forced to bond. The swapping has no limit until the youngest member is out of school, then it is three years.”

“May we adjourn to another room to discuss this?” Tobias asked, once again going into diplomat mode.

“You may remain here,” Grapplefang relied as he and the other goblins stood. “Just send us a flame when you have come to a decision.”

With a nod of respect and acknowledgement, Tobias stood as the goblins filed out before turning to the group with him

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*Same time at Hogwarts*

Draco sat in his usual seat at the Slytherin Table eating as though he was desperate to get somewhere. Those in the other houses watched him wearily as they took note of Tobias’ absence. Many people incorrectly believed that the medical exam on the ex-Gryffindor had discovered anther nefarious plot against the boy or the child he carried and every one of them vowed to stay out of the blonde’s way.

Draco, meanwhile, was deep in thought. He was just finishing his mental plan on what he was going to do to one Deloris Umbridge when a soft cough snapped his attention back to what was going on around him.

“Miss Perks,” he said politely, “How may I help you?”

“Sally-Ann,” she corrected with a small smile of amusement. She had given the bonded couple permission to call her by her first name an few weeks previous and the blonde teen was still struggling with it.

“Sally-Ann,” Draco parroted with a half-smirk.
She nodded with a grin before sobering. “How is Tobias?”

Draco blinked in confusion before it hit him. “Both Bi and the Cub are fine,” he said, smiling soothingly at the girl. “Tobias just had some business to attend at Gringotts today. The reason why none of us are with him is because two of our older members are with him.”

Sally-Ann breathed out a sigh of relief and smiled. “I’m glad to hear that they are all right. I was worried when I didn’t see Tobias this morning.”

“I’ll be sure to tell him you asked after him when he returns,” Draco said with a nod, thinking that, just maybe, muggleborns aren’t all that bad when they assimilate into their world.

Sally-Ann gave a shallow curtsy and returned to her table.

Draco watched her in bemusement before looking at the Head Table and catching his father’s eye. At the older man’s nod, Draco rose.

The Pack looked up at him in confusion.

Father and I are going to be spending the morning discussing several problems I found in the paperwork,” Draco stated with a half-smirk. “The devil twins were helpful enough to point out another and start the process for me, but Father and I are required to finish it.”

Understanding lit in their eyes and Luna stood carefully. Silently she handed him a case that fit nicely into his hand.

“Tell me how it reacts when you use it,” she said with a slight smile. “Once you use it, it will only respond to you.”

“What is it?” he asked warily.

“It’s a potions kit,” she said with a slightly larger smile. “I just tweaked a few things in it. I’ve written
instructions for you.”

Draco looked at the box closer and found a slight depression and grinned. “I will tell you how it works out my Dear,” he almost purred. He pat her softly on the head and walked out of the room to meet up with his father.

Luna happily returned to her seat as Vincent chuckled softly and shook his head.

***

“Draco,” Lucius intoned.

“Father,” he answered. “Shall we?”

“Lead the way,” Lucius smirked. It had been a while since he and his heir had time to bond. This was something he was looking forward to. Except … “Are you sure about not telling Tobias about this?”

“Scared of a sixteen year old Father?” Draco asked, eyes shining in amusement. “Isn’t that beneath a Lord of the Malfoy Family?”

Lucius glared at his son who just chuckled, not at all worried.

“Tobias is scarier,” he happily informed his elder. “I never said that Tobias would never find out,” he continued seriously, “I will tell him what we do and why either tonight or tomorrow.”

Lucius nodded and followed Draco to the room where Deloris-the–Centaur was being held.

Both Malfoy men paused outside the door and straightened themselves up. With a dramatic flourish that would have made Gilderoy Lockhart weep in envy, Draco through open the door and strode inside.

“Lucius,” the creature called out in relief, ignoring the boy beside him. “You have to reverse
“Oh Deloris, why would I want to do that?” Lucius purred as Draco ignored the centaur and set up the small box he had received from Kyria. “After all, you were planning on selling my Grandchild to some unknown man for your own personal gain. Who knows what that child would have gone through had it happened?”

“I was doing you a favour Lucius,” she snapped, “It would have released your family of the shame of your heir impregnating someone of lower caste and being forced to marry the Potter whore!”

Deloris let out a scream of pain when a long and very sharp piece of wood embedded itself into the fleshy part of her shoulder and spines appeared on it.

“Watch your mouth half-breed,” Draco sneered, mentally begging for the resident herd’s forgiveness. “That is my bonded you are talking about with your unworthy tongue.”

“How dare you!” she screeched. “Half-breed? I am from an old and ancient house! You are the one bringing shame to your family by marrying that … that … that … THING!”

“You question the person I chose for my heir?” Lucius asked smoothly, making Deloris choke.

“Y-you? Why?”

“Because he earned my respect and my Lord wished to see if his heir and my heir were compatible enough for our lines to join. To our joy, they were and found love in each other.”

Deloris gaped and paled. “y-your Lord?” she squeaked, “as in …”

Lucius smirked with his head back, looking all the world like the pure-blooded aristocrat he was. “Since we have been here, you have broken several of your own laws. How embarrassing for you,” he drawled.

“Don’t worry,” Draco grinned, making Deloris more scared than she was already, “we will aid you in fixing that.”
Deloris gulped and struggled to her feet. “You can’t …”

“And as a treat for you, the other laws against Centaurs were recently passed,” Lucius said enthusiastically, “as such, you will be the first to suff …” he coughed politely into his hand, ‘forgive me. You will be the first to … benefit … from them. Isn’t that just grand?”

Deloris passed out and Draco and Lucius exchanged smirks.

“Have you got the papers?” Draco asked as he retrieved the wooden peg he had thrown at the unconscious female.

“Naturally,” Lucius replied. ‘Have you got the equipment we need?”

Draco chuckled and waved to the desk behind them. Lucius turned and gaped at the display.

“Do you honestly think that Kyria would let me be unprepared?” he asked with a grin. “Especially since this poor excuse of a living creature threatened her Alpha and her Alpha’s cub?”

Lucius laughed nervously and removed the faked laws from his pocket, along with the laws currently in circulation. “Then let us do this son. I do not wish to remain in the same room as her for longer than necessary.”

“We are agreed there father,” Draco said with a grimace at the unconscious female.

With deft movements, the Father/Son team had Deloris restrained and with one last mirrored smirk, Lucius enervated her.

When her eyes opened, she took note of her situation and screeched.

“How dare you! I’m the Minister’s Undersecretary. You will regret this!”
Lucius was impressed when Draco calmly pulled on a pair of gloves and proceeded to take clippings of her coat, hair and tail while ignoring the vitriol that was now pouring from the woman-turned-creature’s lips. He quickly coughed to cover his laughter when Draco pushed a sharpened needle almost viciously into the bound mare’s flank when she bad-mouthed Tobias. The grin on his face assured Lucius that his son, much like him, thought that the resulting shriek was perfect.

“Now that we have your blood and a few other things from you, we can get to registering you within our Department of the Regulation of Magical Creatures. Name: Deloris,” Lucius stated, filling out an official looking form. “Species: Centaur. Sex: Female?” he looked questioningly towards his son who nodded as he retrieved something.

Lucius nodded and wrote to hide his smirk. “Registration number?”

“1X873-000IC,” Draco listed as he clunked around, hiding his own smirk.

“Well,” Lucius said. “As you are a heardless centaur, we will leave that section blank. How long do we have to wait for the registration number to be applied?”

Draco lit a fire in the corner and placed what looked to be two pokers into it. “You should have long enough to get the man who is dealing with her punishment here and talk to him about the terms. He can take her after the application.”

Lucius nodded and clicked his fingers.

“Youse called for Blintzy?” the small elf asked timidly.

“Bring the man waiting at the gates here Blintzy,” Lucius stated.

Blintzy bowed and disappeared with a pop, only to reappear moments later with a man wearing old brown hide pants, a cotton shirt and hide vest all caked in varying thicknesses of dirt.

“Lawd Mwfoi,” the man drawled with a nod of his head. “Yer sayd some’in ‘bout a nu critter t’ work ma fields?”
Lucius hide a grimace in his nod. “I did indeed Derrin. This is her.” He waved a hand in Deloris’ direction. “Before you look her over, there are some things to go over.”

Derrin eyed Deloris’ form with a critical eye. He may have been a squib from an old and ancient house, but he was no idiot. He knew EXACTLY who she was. He fought the sadistic grin that wanted to show. He turned and nodded his understanding.

“Firstly, you have her for five years only,” Lucius stated. “This time frame was decided upon in a meeting between me, my son-in-law and the head stallion of the resident Centaur herd. If, in that period of time, she is mounted and is proven fertile, you may keep any and all young that are not centaur. If, by some miracle, a centaur is produced, you are to send word to me, my son or my son-in-law and we will come for it ASAP to deliver it to the herd.”

Deloris shrieked again when what Lucius was saying registered in her mind.

Lucius scowled at her and hit her with a silencing charm while Draco checked the fire and its content.

“Once those five years are over, she is to be restrained and a member of our residential herd will arrive to bring her back, which is when their punishment for her will begin.”

Lucius looked at the man meaningfully. “AS long as she is alive and has been fed and watered properly at the end of her time with you, she is yours to do as you wish. Did you need any aid in transporting her or keeping her under control?”

Derrin grin easily at the blond man. “Nah, I mayn’t haff margik lak ma bruver ‘n’ ma folks, bu I ken still use ‘ouself.”

With a sharp snap of his fingers, four elves appeared before him.


“What do you mean ‘finish with me?’” Deloris shrieked making the humans wince.
“Nothing important,” Draco said from his position in the corner. “We only need to give you your registration number.” He turned with a sadistic grin that would have looked more at home on Luna’s face and made the breath catch in the throats of those who saw it. In each hand he held a rubber handled metal pole that was topped with a white hot number. Before anyone could react, he pushed the heated metal onto Deloris’ flank.

Deloris screamed as a loud sizzling came from where the metal touched and the scent of burning hair filled the room.

Words

Achalendra – The immovable, the Himalayas
Derrin – Pronounced Dare-Inn
Blintzy – Pronounced Blin-Zee
Kyria – Greek for Lady
Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

Tobias finishes his business in Gringotts

Chapter Notes

This was, surprisingly, my favourite chapter to write. It just flowed so smoothly

Chapter 53

Amelia watched Tobias as he held three conversations at once and marvelled at how well he was doing. A glance to her left bought her attention to the amused visage of the goblin envoy that had been in the room with them previously.

“Have you come to an agreement?” the oldest goblin asked.

“We have,” Tobias answered without hesitation, “The only problems that have come up will be handled in the new contract, but I am confident that it can be discussed and sorted in a way that both families and the couple are happy with.”

“We of the Goblin Nation would be honoured to act as witness for the reformation of the contract between Mister Weasley and the Patil family.”

“The Patil family and Alpha of young Mister Weasley than the Goblin Nation for their generous offer and accept,” Tobias replied, much to the shock of those around him.

“I can’t believe this!” Pavarti exclaimed, staring between her father and Tobias before pointing at Tobias. “You should know better, considering your relationship with that Death Eater-in-Training and your position in all this and you,” she turned and pointed at the Weasley twins, “are aiming far above your station in life.”
She then turned to her father, blind in her Temper tantrum. “And don’t get me started on you. You are about to sign one of your family members into slavery! Wait until I tell Mother what you are doi …”

A loud SMACK echoed in the sudden silence of the room as Pavarti held her cheek, looking at her twin sister in shock.

“You bring shame to yourself and dishonour to the Patil family,” Padma stated firmly. “You called a respected member of an old and ancient house a derogative term, without proof I might add, before his pregnant bonded; You knowingly disrespected a powerful man who is not only the heir of more than one family with more power to their name than our own, but is pregnant with the heir of another. Soon after this you insulted the two biggest names in the business world by insinuating that they are of lesser worth than you and finally, you sully your own honour by challenging the Patriarch of your family and accusing him of selling his own child into slavery.”

Pavarti stared at her normally quiet sister, shocked at how she was reacting. Opening her mouth to argue, she stopped when Padma glared at her.

“No! Nothing you have to say is of any importance. You know, as well as I, that all members of the Patil family sign a contract stating that when they reach sixteen, if they have not yet found someone they are interested in, then they are willing to allow an older male from their family to form an alliance through marriage.”

Padma half-turned before stating, “at this point in time, I pity any person who ends up with you. Not even Ronald Weasley deserves THAT fate.”

Ignoring the shocked looks of her sister, the Weasley twins, and Amelia, Padma focused on the approving looks being sent her way by her father, Tobias and the Goblins.

“What is your chosen route?” Grapplefang asked.

“We wish to exchange brides,” Tobias stated. “George and Pavarti are far too different to be compatible.”

“Who is the chosen bride?” Grapplefang asked once more, impressed that the young wizard before him understood the necessity of the ritualised form of conduct.
“The chosen bride is Padma Patil, Pavarti Patil’s younger twin sister.”

The entire goblin horde turned to look at the three Patils that were in the room.

“Is this acceptable to the family of the bride in question?”

Before Pavarti could speak, Padma hit her with a silencing spell.

“As Patriarch of the British branch of the Patil line, I accept the transfer on behalf of my youngest daughter and give my blessing to this union.”

“Are there any changes you wish to make to the contract boundaries?” Grapplehank asked as he took over for his grandson.

“Both sides are decided on starting from scratch,” Tobias answered. He held out a scroll that the elderly goblin retrieved. “All bar the last point have been agreed upon.”

The goblin opened the scroll and quickly skimmed over its content. He lowered it looking bemused.

“You are a skilled negotiator,” he said eventually. “You not only got the best deal for you, but also for the Patil family. Do you require aid for the last negotiation?”

“In terms of negotiation … No,” Tobias said. “In terms of a third party who is neutral, yes. Do you know of someone who can fulfil that position?”

“I can do it,” a very young goblin said as it stood. “I am Drimbolweave.”

“We thank you for you consideration Drimbolweave,” Tobias intoned with a bow. “You honour us with your presence in our negotiations.”

The new goblin nodded his acceptance and approached the two men. “Now, what seems to be the problem?”
As Tobias indicated for Achalendra to begin, a silencing ward was raised around the three so the other goblins could work in peace.

***

“If you don’t mind my asking,” Padma asked one of the goblins before them. “Is it true that the goblin nation is predominantly Matriarchal rather than Patriarchal?”

The goblin who she had asked looked at Grapplehank before answering at his nod.

“Yes, we males run the bank and interact with clients while our women folk work in more important positions.”

Pavarti snorted, “What, like giving birth and keeping house?”

“Sounds like your perfect job if that is the case Pavarti,” Padma replied without missing a beat, “I’m sure that when Father has finished discussing the terms of my marriage contract he would be willing to discuss terms of your bonding to a cart-goblin.”

She turned her attention back to the goblin, ignoring the amused chuckles that came from his companions. “I thank you for your answering my query.”

“You are marrying into a goblin-friend’s clan young lady,” Grapplefang replied with a grin, “It was my pleasure to answer it.”

He then turned to the scowling female that stood beside her. “In answer to your accusation,” he began with a nasty smile, “Yes, our females DO give birth. Male pregnancies have not yet become a part of goblin biology.”

Pavarti flushed in embarrassment as the smaller creature took her to task for her attitude.

“Both sexes keep house; after all,” he continued, “Who in their right mind would shame their family
Amelia covered her laughter with a cough. She and her brother were born into one of the top ten richest families in magical Europe and they had been taught to take care of themselves as soon as they had been old enough. Sure they had house-elves, but they had set chores that were theirs and the house-elves had been forbidden to do and once they were at a certain age, they had spent their summer holidays in a house where there were no house-elves so they could learn how to look after themselves without magic. She was doing the exact same thing with her niece, who was taking to the lessons like a duck to water.

“So yes, we do expect our females to give birth and keep house. They also make all our weapons, perform most of the rituals that are performed, plan and create all new vaults and they protect this bank by being our warriors.”

The guards who were in the room smirked: Their kind knew the real dangerous sex. Males might fight for honour, frustration, and to gain glory, but it was the females who fought for their family. There was a reason why no creature dared to attack an area where young goblins were present when their female relatives were around.

***

Tobias shook Achalendra’s hand and gave an exhausted smile. “I’m glad we could sort everything out today. I hope to have the chance of working with you again in the future.”

“I am also glad we finished today and I apologise for my hard-headedness concerning the need for Padma to keep things from us. I understand you were only protecting your family.”

“We would never keep Padma from you, Lord Patil,” Tobias stated firmly. “You are her family and it is not our place to disturb that bond, but some things are important enough to keep from even family. I do not expect either Padma or George to tell us Patil family secrets so I expect the same level of discretion on her part when it comes to ours.”

“Those being the true identity of your father, plans concerning the twins work and the like,” Achalendra said with a self-depreciating smile. “I understand youngling. You’ve been stung too many times by both the light and dark sides to trust anyone of either side. Thank you for trusting me enough to say that you are on the darker side of grey before signing the contract.”
The Indian man looked up and around at the group around them. His eyes settled on his sulking oldest daughter and he sighed.

“I am afraid that we British Patils have lost sight of what our family originally stood for. It is time to change that.”

He stood tall and bowed deeply to Tobias. “May I request the presence of George Fabian Weasley for a trip to the homeland of my family at the end of Padma’s seventh year? And may I request that Padma remain with you and your Pack this summer?”

“You have my permission for both of these requests to be fulfilled,” Tobias replied. “May I enquire as to why you wish Padma to remain with us?”

“Firstly it is so Padma and Mister Weasley can get to know each other better before bonding. I know they have four years until they must bond, but if they can become firm friends within that time, the bonding itself will be easier on them and, if love comes, then they will be blessed. Second is I am removing Pavarti from Hogwarts and taking her back to India. Her mother and I will be going with her to spend time re-associating ourselves with our roots. I would remove Padma as well, but she is thriving here and I do not want to interrupt her schooling.”

“What about my schooling?” Pavarti interrupted. “You are interrupting mine just as much as you would be interrupting hers.”

Achalendra bowed once more to Tobias, ignoring her. “I thank you for this. We shall stop taking up your time. Padma, it is time for us to go. Amelia.” He nodded his head at the amused woman.


“What schooling?” Achalendra asked coolly as he herded his daughters towards the door. “From your results and what I have heard today, you are using your school years to learn how to be the Mistress of a rich man rather than learning how to become someone to be proud of. As it is, the only thing you will be able to do on your own is to work in the adult film industry. I am hoping time with the main branch of our family will change that. If not, then there are plenty of rich men who would be interested in having a younger woman on their arm.”

Pavarti’s jaw dropped and she silently left the room followed by a stern-faced Achalendra and a blank faced Padma though, Tobias was positive that a seductively sadistic gleam was present in the
younger twin’s eye.

‘Yes,’ he thought as the trio left, ‘Padma will fit right in.’

***

Grapplefang watched as the two red-headed males left after conferring with their superior. When the exhausted teen returned to his seat, he smiled, not showing his teeth as a sign of respect.

“Allow me to call for sustenance,” the goblin stated. “My brother is a very good cook. I’m sure he will have made a variety of foods that will be safe for you to eat.”

Tobias smiled tiredly at the diminutive creature. “If I had the energy I would be on my feet bowing. Please forgive my rudeness in not doing so.”

Grapplefang laughed in amusement. “We don’t take offense at pregnant beings of any species. It’s safer for us that way.”

An unknown goblin walked into the room with a large covered tray that he placed on the desk between the three of them.

“Tobias, this is Grapplehook, my brother. Brother, this is the Little Lord I am currently working with.”

Grapplehook bowed and left, making Grapplefang chuckle.

“Sorry about that,” he said as he lifted the lid. “He’s a marvellous cook and good with money, but absolutely horrible with anything that is deemed company. Dig in!”

For several minutes, the only sound in the office was that of chewing and swallowing as the three of them enjoyed their food.

“Please give my compliments to your brother for the meal,” Tobias said when he had finished most
of it, only having his drink and snacks left. “If all meals taste this good, then I understand now why Professor Flitwick can often be heard complaining about Hogwarts’ food tasting bland.”

“I’m sure he will be delighted to hear that,” Grapplefang replied snugly, watching with pride for a member of his clan as the young man sipped at a milk-like drink and moaned softly in appreciation. “You said you have a business proposition for Gringotts? What does it entail?”

Tobias lowered his cup and sat back in his chair with a sigh of enjoyment.

“As you are aware, Hogwarts has been neglected over the past several decades while the vaults have been emptied for useless things such as lining the pockets of the Headmaster and several ministry officials and buying more food than is needed. I have been going through some of the repair requests made by the caretaker, Argus Filch, and nothing has been done.”

Tobias took another careful sip of the strange cocktail in his hand before continuing.

“I have also spoken to the Founders about the wards they had on the school and grounds and what they have told me has me worried when I compare my years in Hogwarts’ halls against what the wards should do. This is the main – but not only – reason I asked to talk to you today. I would like to hire a team of Gringotts ward-masters to come to the school and inspect the wards. They will be given access to my private rooms, where they will be able to consult the Founder’s Portraits about how they should look compared to how they do look. If need be, they will remove all wards and replace them so they are just as good as they were originally, if not better or they will strengthen the wards if that is all they require.”

“Did you have a team in mind?”

Tobias shook his head.

“No. I have neither the knowledge nor experience to be confident in an individual’s strengths and weaknesses when it comes to work in this calibre. I will leave that to the experts. What I do request, however, is that they are competent. The must not forget that the wards they are working on are for the protection of CHILDREN.”

Amelia cleared her throat in an attempt to not laugh, knowing by the look on the goblin’s face that he knew the words were an insult to wizards and witches, not to Gringotts itself.
“I will ask around,” the goblin said. “I’m assuming that species is irrelevant?”

Tobias grinned.

“You know me far too well. Now, the second and more important, reason I am here is … I would like to hire one of your curse breakers and maybe two of your staff who deal in heavy lifting.”

“You are talking about young William aren’t you?” Grapplefang asked, amused.

Tobias chuckled, “as I said before, you know me far too well.”

Grapplefang joined in with his own laughter, making Amelia shudder at the unnatural sound.

“What do you need them for and when?” Grapplefang asked when they had stopped laughing.

“In my time in the school, I have noticed that only a quarter of the rooms in the castle are used in any particular way and of them, only a third of the rooms are used for what they were intended for. The others are used as storage areas, are too damaged for use or they hold secrets hidden in time.”

Tobias took a mouthful of his drink, unsurprised at the cups ability to refill itself.

“I have two of my Pack intending to start going through the rooms of Hogwarts from top to bottom as soon as I give the go ahead. It is vital that no magic is used in the gathering and transporting of the rooms content. That is when I will need the two manual workers: one to aid my Pack members and one to transport the content filled boxes to me from the room the boxes will be stored in.”

“And William?”

“When the boxes come in, I need him to check the content without going through it for items that are harmful to unborn children. If he finds anything then he may go through the box to find it and transfer it to a special box to wait until I have given birth and have settled into my position of mother. At this time, I will have Pateras, Nonos and Anadochos around to aid in the removal of any spells or to handle it should the item prove to be dangerous.”
“What is in it for Gringotts?”

Amelia raised an eyebrow, wondering why she had been asked to remain when the teen had everything under control.

“I do not know what my Pack members will encounter,” Tobias stated. “No matter what they encounter through the day, once they are ready to end until the following day, they are expected to use a potion that will leech damaging components from their systems. At the end of each week, however, I wish for them to have a deeper cleansing.”

Grapplefang straightened in his chair and his gaze intensified as he looked at the young man who took another few sips from his mug and nibbled on a few of the savoury snacks before him.

“Are you suggesting what I think you are suggesting Mr Malfoy-Black?”

“If you are thinking that I am asking for my two Pack members to come here once a week for a deeper clean, then yes,” Tobias stated calmly as he placed his empty mug down. “The worker who is in contact with them will join them. We will pay ten galleons per treatment,” he continued.

“Once a full room has been completed in its entirety – that is, everything has been removed and stored for the girls and the boxes have been gone through by me, the six of us who are dealing with this will come in for a full day for a complete magical check and magical detox for foreign magic. As payment, we will donate all of the magic that is leech and, depending on the amount that has been leech, a maximum of five percent of our own magic to power the wards of Gringotts.”

Both Amelia and Grapplefang gaped at the teen.

“Are you serious?” Amelia asked incredulously. “Do you know what that means?”

“Oh course I do,” Tobias stated. “I and my Pack believe that the way wizards have treated those they classify as beneath them is atrocious. Donating our magic will mean that we aid in protecting our money, our allies and the centre of the magical half of the United Kingdom.”

Grapplefang grinned at the look on Amelia’s face.
“Allies?” she asked weakly.

Tobias looked at her incredulously. “Yes, Allies,” he eventually stated after getting his voice back. “You don’t seriously expect me to believe that the entire population would leave their money in the control of their enemy.”

Amelia blinked in shock, making Grapplefang laugh loudly.

“I … I’ve never thought about it,” Amelia stated, stunned.

Tobias smirked at the older woman before turning back towards the goblin before them.

“Lastly, in the event that something is found that is neither safe enough to remain in the school or has no reason to be in the school in the first place and belongs to no one – as in it has been removed from its true owners care, we are willing to have it cleaned by a house-elf before having one of the Gringotts employees deliver it to you for valuing and selling. Profits will be split sixty-forty in favour of Hogwarts with the money going back into the Hogwarts vaults.”

“This is acceptable,” Grapplefang stated as he wrote something out. “Do you believe much will be found?”

“At first, I think the findings will be few and far between,” Tobias admitted. “The rooms that will be first are unused rooms in the dungeons before moving through to the top. We do have an advantage though.”

He covered a yawn and blinked sleepy. “Kitten has agreed to reveal all hidden areas for us to explore as well in exchange for having everything cleaned and fixed. She hates feeling dirty.”

Grapplefang nodded and handed the paperwork – a contract – to the young man, who handed it straight to Amelia.

“Can you read over that for me please Madam Bones?” Tobias asked. “I trust Grapplefang and would have read it myself, but I kinda can’t see straight.”
He yawned again.

“I might have a nap.”

Both goblin and human blinked when the teen snuggled down in the chair, closed his eyes and fell asleep. Quietly, the two of them returned to what they were doing, both keeping an eye on the younger male.

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“I trust you will get him back to the school unharmed?” Amelia stated with one eyebrow raised.

“Of course,” one twin stated while the other held the curled up black-haired teen to his chest.

“As soon as we get him upstairs, we will write to Draco telling him not to worry,” the teen holding Tobias stated in amusement.

“And tell him we will bring him back after he wakes and has something to eat.”

Amelia nodded once and left muttering about paperwork.

Both redheads watched the woman go in amusement before separating; One to the inventing area of the shop and the other to their above-shop apartment.

***

“So Ickle WonWon couldn’t handle Kyria’s ability,” Fred stated as he poked the blank-eyed shell of his former younger brother.

“And you want one of us to pretend to be him so that you can use him for a plan to ensure life for you and the Lord is easier.”
“Pretty much,” Tobias said happily from his seat on Draco’s lap.

“For how long?”

“And can we switch out?”

Tobias laughed and nodded.

“Awesome!” they cheered, “When do we start?”

“Now,” Tobias answered, handing George a small vial of a glopping potion.

Both twins grimaced as George swallowed it and his skin rippled as though hundreds of small insects were crawling beneath it. Within minutes, a replica of Ronald Weasley stood amongst them.

“Man that’s weird,” Fred said as he inspected his twin.

“What is?” George asked wincing as a different voice came from his mouth.

“I’m assuming he is talking about seeing a Ron Weasley that isn’t eating,” Pansy stated in amusement.

George turned pale green as he realised something. “I’m going to need to eat like him!”

Everyone in the room laughed as both twins held each other and burst into sobs of fear.

***

The Pack watched horrified as one of their members gorged himself on the food before him with no
regard for his usual eating manners.

“He does that very well, doesn’t he?” Millicent asked softly, her voice sounding just as green as she looked.

“He is a prankster,” Blaise said as he forced himself back to his food, “To do well, he has to be able to act well so he is not always discovered.”

“That is true,” Tobias mused as he too returned to his breakfast, easily pushing the disturbing vision out of his mind with practiced ease. “I have faith in them,” he added softly as he rubbed his growing bump, smiling softly as he felt a slightly stronger flutter than the previous day.

“As do we Love,” Draco murmured softly. “We just need to remember that every so often.”

With that, the rest of them nodded agreement and began eating, secure in the knowledge that one more of their Alpha’s enemy’s had been secured and was soon to be eliminated; and they would be right beside him every step of the way.

***

Tom, Lucius and Remus exchanged looks of amusement and shock as they looked at the package that Thanatos had just delivered to them. In the centre of the triangle the three men made was a red headed male with blank eyes wearing a pale yellow and grey ball gown, lilac choker, silver bracelets and a ring made of mother of pearl. On his feet were a pair of sparkling pink stilettoes and, taped over his mouth, was a scrap of parchment.

Confused, Tom looked at the parchment before shaking his head and removing it so he could read it.

“What am I going to do with that boy of mine?” he asked with a moan while shaking his head.

“What has he done now?” Remus asked, recovering before Lucius since he was used to Sirius Black and James Potter.

“He asks us to care for his newest pet name ‘Poke’ because he is fun to poke with a very long stick.”
Remus laughed.

*Words*

Achalendra – the immovable, the Himalayas

Pateras – Greek for Father

Nonos – Greek for Godfather

Anadochos – Greek for Godfather

Kyria – Greek for Lady

Thanatos – Greek god of Death
Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

A small snippet on how much Tobias changed his father and the results of the NEWTs are back ... finally.

Chapter Notes

Long story short, Family were visiting and now I have a very messy house and am both mentally and physically exhausted as well as physically sore. This is basically just a filler chapter I'm afraid. I will announce that there have been several reviewers who want to see what they find in the castle. I have not written that into this story as it wasn't a main focus, just supposed to show that they didn't just pull the galleons to fix the castle out there rear ends. If I have enough people like the idea I will, on top of writing the one shot series to go along side this story, write a chaptered fic about Pansy, Ginny, Harry and the Gringotts team as they clean the castle, what they find and how the Goblins and general public react to some of the things they find. Tell me in a review if you would be interested in reading it or not.

Chapter 54

Lucius watched his Lord from his position in the doorway in amusement.

“My Lord?” he asked, laughing internally as the older man froze, “what are you doing?”

Tom dropped the stirring rod he had in his hand with a slight flush on his cheeks and nervously cleared his throat. “My son is a brat,” was his only reply to the blonde’s question as he turned back to his paperwork.

Chuckling softly, Lucius handed the older man his report from the previous day and left. "Who would have thought," Lucius mumbled softly, only just loud enough for him to hear his own voice, "that the so called ‘Evil Dark Lord’ couldn't resist lowering himself to poking an unresisting form.”

He decided that he would head home and put that memory into a vial for Severus to watch. He would get more amusement out of watching Tom poke Ronald Weasley with a Potion Masters tool than anyone else.
When the Pack arrived in the Great Hall the next morning, they were surprised to see Cornelius Fudge and two people they didn’t know at the staff table.

“For those who do not yet know,” Minerva announced as the last student took their seat, “Two days ago we finished going through the students. As of tomorrow – which is a Thursday for those who don’t know – We will be getting back into our usual routine. Today, use this time to read over your books and finish off the work sheets. The only students who will be excused for not doing the entire thing are the students from fifth, sixth and seventh year due to the sheets being harder and because they had the least amount of time to do them in. This does NOT mean that they have an excuse for not having done any of them.”

The Pack exchanged grins, knowing that all of them - aside from Tobias – had already started on a worksheet of their choice. Today they were planning on working on more of the worksheets while Tobias did whatever it was that he wanted. The coughed to hide their laughter when a familiar voice was heard to say:

“Hey Seamus? What worksheets is she talking about?”

They were rewarded by the sight of Minerva’s lips thinning in irritation. Tobias smirked in triumph. It was working just as he planned; No one had noticed the Weasley switch.

“Fifth, sixth and seventh years remain in your seats after you finish eating,” Minerva finished, glaring at – the youngest Weasley male, not knowing it wasn’t him. “The rest of you spend your time wisely.”

Cornelius sighed in frustration as the noise level rose. “Why did we arrive so early again?” he asked rhetorically, making the two people on either side of him chuckle.

“You wanted to ensure that you caught everyone at once,” the man on his left said with a half-smirk.
“I’ve always said that children are a nuisance,” the man on his right added with a snort.

“This coming from the man who came from family renowned for their large families in the past,” Cornelius chuckled.

“Yes, but that was many many decades ago, the man replied haughtily before joining in with the soft laughter coming from his two companions.

While the three men were talking, none of them noticed that the noise level had started to fall until only a soft murmur was left as the younger years left. It wasn’t until Minerva stood again that the three men noticed the change.

“Are all students who need to be here h present?” the stern woman asked.

One by one a seventh year student walked to the front of the hall and reported in.

"The Minister is her to talk about your practice exams that you sat several months ago,” Minerva stated when she had everyone’s attention. “Individuals will be called up by year level and name by one of the three men behind me. Minister?” she asked as she turned to face the men, “would you like to take over?”

“Thank you my Dear,” Cornelius smiled. Standing, he indicated for the two men to follow him.

“Students,” he announced when he got to the centre of the dais. “The two men beside me are Mr Andrew Stephens and Mr Klause Stoker. They are the men who hold the top positions in the Education department and the careers expert in our Ministry. The way this will work is I will call out two names. The first will go to Mr Stephens and the second will come to me.”

He stopped and waited patiently as soft murmurs came from the students gathered. When they didn’t stop after a few moments, he cleared his throat, causing them all to freeze in memories of a high pitched ‘hem hem’ coated in pink.

“Now that I have your attention once more,” Cornelius stated dryly, causing most of the hall to flush in embarrassment, “You will receive a folder from the man you go to that will hold your results, the areas you are best in, the areas you are worst in and tips on what you should focus on in reviewing.”
“Once you receive your folder,” Klause cut in sternly, “You will come to me. I have a list of your names, what job you want and what jobs you are qualified for with the results you obtained.”

The man’s eyes narrowed as he scanned the silent youths before him. “I will assure you now that many of you WILL be disappointed, but these results are yours and only you can change them.”

As the students once again began to mutter amongst themselves, Cornelius started calling out the names of the seventh year students.

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Ginny put the quill in her hand down with a soft groan of relief, that quickly turned to a moan as Theo grabbed the hand in question and dug his own fingers into the cramped flesh. Neither of them noticed the glare that a certain body guard threw at the smaller male.

“I can’t do any more of this sheet,” she announced giving Theo a thankful smile as he released her hand, only to give Blaise’s hand the same treatment. “I need a textbook for it.”

“What have you got left?” Pansy asked, looking up from her own work.

“Herbology, Potions and Defence,” the red-head answered with a sigh.

“Remember, we aren’t expected to have the worksheets completed,” Draco stated as he watched Tobias closely. “I think as long as the Professors see that we made an attempt, that they will be happy.”

The Pack exchanged looks and blushed.

“We kind of forgot about that tiny detail,” Gregory said, bringing laughter to the Alpha pair.

“Just do what you can without books,” Tobias said with a happy laugh, “If we all finish what we can, we can discuss the ones we’ve answered before moving onto the ones we haven’t.”
“Yes Alpha,” the entre Pack chorused before laughter sprang from their mouths.

After only a few moments of seemingly random teasing, the eleven of them calmed and returned to their work, fully aware of the secretly longing looks their undercover member was throwing their way as he alternated between boasting about how well he would have done on the exam and attempting to get someone to verse him in a game of chess.

***

Everyone in the Pack froze when the first of their members was called to the front. With the assurance that every eye from The Pack was encouraging her, Millicent confidently strode to the dais, ignoring all the gaging and bad mouthing that was going on behind her about her muscular physique.

Instead of cowering like she would have done in earlier years, Millicent straightened to her full height, proud of her body and confident in the strength it held. She wasn’t known as Bouno for nothing and she wouldn’t allow the feeble minds of the masses shake her foundation.

When she arrived at her destination, Andrew Stephens was holding only a rolled up scroll held together with a burnt umber ribbon.

“Congratulations,” the man smiled. “You are one of our youngest graduates. You passed everything you sat. A copy of your results and your certificate will be posted to you.”

Millicent looked at the scroll and back at the man with a raised eyebrow.

“This is the official copy,” he said with a chuckle. “That gets framed and put into an office or bedroom or hallway. The one being posted is for your portfolio.”

“Thank you Sir,” she muttered softly with a bow. “I shall inform the rest of The Pack so you do not suffer through repeat questions.”

“I’d appreciate that,” Mr Stephens said with a smirk. “Off you go to Stoker.”
With one last shallow bow, Millicent calmly strode to the curt-mannered man on the other side of the hall.

***

Every time a member of The Pack was called, every one of them stopped and watched them intently as they received their certificate and list from the Ministry officials. It wasn’t until Tobias was called that something happened to liven the occasion.

“Malfoy-Black, Tobias,” Cornelius called, watching as the black-headed teen’s husband stood to one side to wait for his partner.

He was five steps away from his destination when his eyes widened and his hands flew to the now obvious bump.

“He kicked,” Tobias stated, astonished. “He actually kicked.” He raised awed eyes to meet with his husband’s weary but hopeful ones.

“He … She … Our baby … really?” Draco asked in a horse whisper, eyes not leaving his husband’s hands.

Silently Tobias held out one of his hands. Visibly shaking, Draco placed his hand into his husband’s and allowed him to place it on his bulge. After a few moments a radiant smile burst across the Malfoy heir’s face and he sank to his knees, whispering to his hidden child.

“I think I’m going to throw up,” two distinct voices sneered.

“Shut up Smith,” Draco stated clearly at the same time Tobias said:

“It must have been something you ate Weasley.”

A soft chuckle bought both teens from their place in a world away and they flushed in embarrassment.
“Sorry,” they mumbled before separating.

“Not a problem,” Cornelius chuckled, “I remember when my wife was pregnant with our first. I couldn’t get enough of feeling her move.”

With one last chuckle, he resumed the job he was there for.

***

“I hear congratulations are in order,” Severus said with a grin as he stopped by The Pack’s section of the table. “This does not mean you can slack off, however.”

Tobias rolled his eyes. “Nonos,” he stated, “I’m still going to be doing what I need in Minerva’s office. Draco is going to be with me being my loyal and willing slave and everyone else has stuff to do in the library or in the dorm, so WHY would we slack off?”

“He has a point Sev,” Draco said, amused. “Now we have graduated we are busier than we were before. We don’t have time to slack off.”

Severus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You lot are going to be the death of me, aren’t you?”

“Only partially,” Pansy responded flippantly from where she and Ginny were conversing. “The rest will be the Cubs.”

Severus huffed in mock annoyance and stormed off, not quite able to withhold a smile of his own.

Words

Bouno - Mountain
Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

It's time! and we see more mediwitch idiocy. Will it ever end?

Chapter Notes

Heyay peeps, ignore the line breaks. They aren't coming up on the other site I post this story on so I've gone back to writing them in. If you find them annoying, just think on how annoying it would be to read the story without them. That said, enjoy the new installment. ONE MORE CHAPTER LEFT! I don't know whether to celebrate or break into uncontrollable sobs ...

Chapter 55

Pansy sighed in exhaustion and rubbed her eyes. It had been two months since The Pack had graduated and a week since she and Ginny had been told to stop their exploration of the rooms of Hogwarts. She understood the reason – supported it even – considering that it was due to Tobias being transferred to Riddle Manor.

She glanced to the blonde on her left and placed a hand on his shoulder, jolting him from his thoughts.

“You should go to him,” she said with a soft smile. “We can finish this: You need sleep and your husband.”


“How about we all call it a day and head back to the Manor?” Theo asked. “School is out now so there is no reason for us to be here all the time … especially when Alpha can’t be here.”

“You just want to sleep,” Ginny teased. She hadn’t returned to The Burrow that year, saying that Luna and her father had offered to take her to America with them. Xeno was in America, but Luna was with her and the rest of The Pack in the Hogwarts library looking for information for The Lord.
Many of them believed that he didn’t really need the information; he just wanted to get them out from under his feet.

Theodore blushed at being caught but stood his ground. “I do,” he admitted, “but I am also worried about Alpha,” he admitted. “He looks so … fragile.”

Draco nodded grimly. “I’m not regretting him getting pregnant,” he said softly, “but I am regretting that it happened when it did. Even six months later and his bones would have been strong enough for him to stand by himself. This morning I swear I saw his lower legs bend under the extra weight.”

Neville turned to gently place his hand on the blonde’s shoulder, only to yelp in shock as said blonde disappeared in a ball of flame. One moment later a still smouldering section of parchment floated down towards them.

Greg, being the tallest of them, plucked it out of the air and read it out loud.

“It’s time.”

Everyone either nodded absent-mindedly or hummed in response until, at the same time, the words registered.

“WHAAAAAT!” everyone shrieked before quickly putting everything in a pile on the tables before them and running for the door. There was a new Pack member on the way and they had to be there to welcome them.

Soon the entire castle was empty, allowing for a soft girlish squeal of excited delight to echo in its halls.

~Thisisaline~

Everyone waiting outside the room winced when yet another scream tore through the air. It had been nearly two hours since they had received word of their Alpha’s labour and not one of them had moved from the area outside the infirmary room where Tobias was being kept. It surprised no-one when, an hour in, Draco had been forced from the room.
Since then, the blonde had been pacing in ever smaller circles until Millicent, of all people, stood up and forced their Beta into her chair where Greg and Vince pinned him by putting that hand each onto his shoulders. Luna, who was seated on Vincent’s lap, turned and put her feet onto Draco’s lap before softly humming an unfamiliar song.

“So it’s true,” a deep gravelly voice said, breaking everyone from the trance Luna’s song elected.

Everyone turned as one being to look at the intruder, only to release at the amused face of Tindershank – the goblin in charge of Hogwarts’ rewarding and rebuilding units.

“If you are talking about the cub arriving, then yes it is,” Neville replied with a small grin, even as he winced at another screamed yell of pain.

“I thought the proud Father would be in the room with them,” the smooth voice of Hani – a vampires and Tindershank’s second in command stated as she caught sight of Draco.

“I got kicked out,” Draco glowered at the door that separated him from his husband. “They allowed me in the room with my mate until the birthing channel formed and then the mid-wife kicked me out saying I was getting him too worked up.”

Hani and Tindershank exchanged wide-eyed looks.

“Let’s get you back in there,” Hani said as she pulled him to his feet.

“Gladly,” Draco growled, not noticing the almost daemonic glint in his eye, nor the darker feel his magic had gained.

The two creatures smirked at each other before forcefully pulling the door open … the same door that should have been pushed open.

“Oh, Hani said with a smirk as the people in the room turned and glared at her. “Sorry about the door Little Lord,” she continued, focusing on the relieved look on Tobias’ face. “We only can to deliver a wayward husband after he was wrongfully removed from his station.”
Draco appeared from seemingly no where and settled beside his resting husband. “Hi,” he said softly, smiling down at the tired-looking male.

“Hi,” Tobias whispered back, holding out a shaky hand.

Draco grasped the appendage and placed a soft kiss to the back of it. Almost instantly Tobias collapsed onto the mattress in relief as most of the pain left his body.

“A word of advice,” Tindershank cackled at the gobsmacked mid-wife, “NEVER separate a bonded pair when one is giving birth, especially if they have a magical being bond. It’s the fastest and most gruesome way to kill the bearer.”

Draco growled angrily at the paling mid-wife.

“How was I supposed to know the Brats were bonded?” she shrieked, not noticing an enraged Narcissa or a glaring Algernon standing behind her. “For all I knew the damn kids decided to have a bit of fun and ended up in this predicament. It wouldn’t be the first time I’ve been called to a job involving a slut wanting the child killed or sold off for money.”

She stopped talking as growls and snarls filled the room.

“You mean to tell us,” Ginny hissed, eyes narrowed, “that you didn’t go over the information on your patient and you ignored the bonding tattoo on his back.”

“Why would I bother doing either when I would be getting rid of the dratted thing I was getting out in the first place?” she sneered.

Without wasting a second, Algernon had cursed the woman and subdued her with ropes.

“I’m sure the Aurors will be very happy to meet you,” he purred, making the woman pale. “Be assured,” he continued, “that your boss will also be investigated. It is against your very oath to take a life and it is against magic to take the life of a new-born babe.

Algernon looked to the bed and chuckled as Bill and Charlie dragged the woman from the room to
hand her over to the Aurors that Narcissa had just fire called. He had been worried that his Little Lord would start freaking out at hearing what the woman said, but he hadn’t thought to keep the Malfoy Heir in mind.

The blond had managed to get the younger male to focus entirely on him while the vitriol fell from the female’s lips.

“Come now my young Lords,” he said cheerfully, “We have a new life to welcome into the world!”

~Anotherline~

“Why is it,” George asked with a scowl, “that we seem to attract all the incompetent, greedy, useless and annoying Healers in the area?”

Padma giggled softly and placed her hand on George’s shoulder. It hadn’t taken the girl long to figure out that her fiancée and his family were on the darker side of neutral and if asked, she could respond truthfully when she said it didn’t bother her.

Since they had signed the papers, she had learnt to put her own beliefs to the back of her mind and see something through another’s point of view. She had been told of Tobias’ full story and the true identity of his adopted father.

‘My chance of becoming one of the best lawyers in the magical world has become better since I signed,’ she thought as she looked around the close knit group. ‘Without these people I would have seen only half the picture, never realising that there is a difference between dark and evil and never knowing that light doesn’t necessarily mean that they are good.’

She looked back at George and smiled when she noticed he was looking at her.

‘I would say that you were just that unlucky, but you have to be one of the luckiest people alive,” she said to his questioning look. “The real reason is probably that the bad ones are more numerous because they didn’t need to work for their positions. I know that mother was trying her best to get the Healers re-assessed and those who got their position due to being related to someone who was high up the chain to be put on probation until they proved they got the job on their own merit.”

“I wonder …” Ginny mused, eyes taking on a clouded look. “I will be right back.” She vanished,
only to return twenty minutes later deep in thought and escorted by four furious men.

“And why,” Severus snarled, “Were we not told Tobias was in labour?”

“We thought you knew,” Neville replied from his seat on the ground where a plant had entangled him in its stems. “We got a message via Thanatos and came straight here. Draco got flamed here before we found out.”

“I arrived by Phoenix after the twins and Padma,” Bill said raising his hands in a bid to ward off the potions master’s evil eye.

“I was the third parcel,” Charlie added.

“We were.”

“On our way.”

“To visit Alpha for.”

“A new idea,” the twins said.

“I was with them because they still don’t trust me in their store alone,” Padma said with a wry grin. “It wasn’t my fault that neither of them told me not to use a cheering charm in the store.”

“Padma,” George said slowly, “we didn’t tell you not to use one because. We. Didn’t. Know.” He slumped in his chair dejectedly. “Months and months of work ruined by a single word.”

“Oh stop moaning,” Padma said, putting her head on his shoulder to the amusement and shock of those around them. “All it took to get everything back to normal was a simple ‘finite’ and I very much doubt anyone who wants to break into your store will think of casting a cheering charm as soon as they walk in.”

“Yeah,” Blaise added with a laugh, “the last thing anyone will need in your shop is a cheering
“That’s true,” Fred grinned as both he and George perked up.

“Is it just me,” Vincent said with a frown, “Or has it gone very quiet?”

“Narcissa put silencing charms up as we left the room,” Tindershank stated, making the youngsters jump. “She and Algernon said the babe is crowning so we shall be meeting him or her soon.”

Excitement filled the room and the Pack drew close together, quivering in excitement.

~Yep,it’sanotherline~

Narcissa watched the scene on the bed with soft eyes as Algernon cast spell after spell at her exhausted son-in-law to clean him up. Draco had seated himself behind Tobias and was holding the younger male close to him while gazing down at the small being that was greedily guzzling the formula that had been quickly thrown together once the baby had been cleaned.

“She’s beautiful,” Draco murmured as he ran the tip of one finger across the soft cheek in front of him. “Just like her amazing mother.” He planted a sweet, loving kiss on Tobias’ flushed cheek.

“Now all we need to do is introduce her to The Pack,” Tobias whispered.

“She will need a name first Little Lord,” Algernon said softly.

“Melody,” Tobias said, looking up for the first time since she had been placed in his arms. “Melody Rue Malfoy-Riddle.”

“A lovely name for a little girl,” Narcissa smiled. “I will announce it to those waiting outside.”

“Thank you Mother,” Draco said without looking at her.
Narcissa smiled, not at all insulted by her son’s preoccupation. It wasn’t every day that your first child was born after all.

~turtles~

Everyone watched in silence as the door handle slowly turned and the door inched open wide enough for a single person to slip out. The door was gently closed once again before Narcissa turned around.

“How is he?” Tom asked, almost desperately.

“Your son is fine my Lord,” the blonde woman soothed. “It was a slightly difficult labour, but he did admirably.”

She turned to the Pack and in a clear voice announced, “Members of The Pack it is time to celebrate! Your newest member, a cub, has been born and named. Welcome Melody Rue Malfoy-Riddle to your ranks.”

Soon all of the full members of The Pack had transformed and were howling a song of welcome to the young cub.

“Melo … a daughter?” Lucius asked shocked. “They had a daughter?”

“Our boys gave us a granddaughter,” Narcissa said with a soft smile.

“So my Raven has started his family,” a female voice said, causing all of The Pack – including Padma – and Severus to kneel in respect.

“Mother,” they murmured reverently.

The woman smiled softly. “We shall not be long,” she said as she and the three males with her vanished into the room behind Narcissa.
Twenty minutes later, the darker daemon reappeared before them.

“You may come in now,” he stated. “We have concluded our business.”

Before anyone could open their mouths, the Daemon had vanished. With a shrug, everyone decided on when they were going to go meet the cub.

Words

Tindershank – Goblin; Pronounced Tin-der-shank

Hani – Female vampire; Pronounced Har-Knee
Chapter 56 - Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The end of the story

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy this chapter. If you are interested, there is a longer note at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 56

_Epilogue_

Tobias looked up at his bonded and smiled thankfully as he was handed a mug of his favourite Chi drink.

“Now where was I?” he mused out loud.

“You were about to tell us how the mean old man was dealt with Grandpa Bi,” one of the little delinquents around him said.

Tobias chuckled in amusement. “So I was, so I was,” he leant back against Draco with a happy sigh.

--FLASHBACK—

Tobias’ eyes narrowed at Lucius as he finished his report to his father. In his arms was a nursing Melody.

“You mean to tell me that somehow Albus Dumbledore managed to escape capture from the Aurors and they only just now decided to tell the rest of the Ministry?” Tom asked incredulously.
“I do My Lord,” Lucius growled, frustrated with everything. “The Head Auror … Scrimager I think his name is … decided to use Aurors who were a part of the old man’s Order believing that they would be loyal to the Ministry first, even after it was bought to his attention that they were exceedingly close to the insufferable old man.”

“This means Draco and I can’t go to lunch in four days, doesn’t it?” Tobias asked, resigned. He and Draco had decided to take Melody to the Ministry to introduce her to Cornelius, Amelia and Achalendra. The man was going to be back in England for only the one day to talk to the Minister about his transfer to the Indian Ministry for a year and to catch up with his daughter and her intended.

George had requested that his Alpha come since it was vital that the two of them have a chaperon. Tobias had agreed and Draco had invited himself along so he could take Tobias for lunch when the couple was with Padma’s father.

“Of course it doesn’t!” Tom exclaimed, shocking Tobias into looking up at him. “I refuse to hold you prisoner in your own house because of that old bastard!”

Lucius’ jaw dropped at the language his Lord was using.

Tom placed a gentle hand on his son’s cheek. “None of us are going to allow that man to dictate how you live your life again,” he said softly, “You didn’t deserve it the first time and you don’t deserve it now. All I request is that you have a guard with you.”

Tobias hugged the man as best he could without disturbing his daughter. “Love you Pateras,” he whispered. “I’ll talk to Dobby about coming with us.”

Lucius carefully removed his granddaughter from Tobias and silently left the room, allowing the Father and son to their bonding.

-Timey Whimey stuffs-

Tobias smiled at Draco as the blonde played with their daughter while they waited on their meals. Dobby was seated under their table and invisible to all eyes, keeping his magic confined but ready to act should he be provoked into defending his master’s family.
While they waited, several of their school peers saw them and came over to congratulate the couple and see the small bundle for themselves. Draco acted the part of proud parent and bragged about the past two weeks with obvious joy and love.

Tobias looked at the babe in Draco’s arms and almost cooed. When she had first been born, she had no hair, black eyes and was an angry red, wrinkled alien-like creature; not that it made him love her any less – and now she was still hairless, a fact that was hidden by the cute knitted cap on her head, her eyes were slowly starting to lighten and her red, wrinkled skin had started to pale slightly and smooth out. She had also started smiling that very morning, bringing tears to her Grandpa Tom’s eyes when she smiled her precious first smile at him.

“Are you planning on having more?” an unknown female voice bought Tobias’ attention back to the present.

“Yes,” Draco said with a look of love and pride at Tobias. “I wasn’t convinced I would want more than one in the beginning,” he admitted. “Firstly I wasn’t sure I would be good with them and secondly, but more importantly, I knew nothing of male pregnancies and it concerned me. I love Tobias,” he said firmly, “and if he was going to be endangered, I would not have more than one.”

“Hello Tobias! Hello Draco!” a familiar voice called.

“Hello Sally-Ann,” Tobias smiled.

“I see congratulations are in order,” she grinned as she spied the now sleeping bundle in Draco’s arms. “She’s beautiful.”

“Thank you,” Tobias said. “The Pack have already started taking bets on who she will look like, her personality and how long it will take Paters to AK someone who looks at her wrong,” he added in amusement.

Sally-Ann giggled softly. “My sisters are doing the same, except it is involving me, father and a shot gun.”

She blushed slightly at the look Tobias gave her.
“One of Father’s business associates from Rome bought his son with him when he came to a business function. Father mentioned that I attended an exclusive boarding school in Scotland and when we were away from the crowds; his father asked me how I found Hogwarts. He, the Father, is apparently going to ask father about a contract between our families – a courting contract, not a bonding one.”

“Does he treat you well?” Tobias asked softly.

“The only male who has ever treated me better is Father,” she admitted. She looked up and saw a waiter walking towards the table she was standing at. “We’ll talk to you another time,” she said, grabbing Tobias’ unknown female. “It was lovely seeing you so happy Tobias.”

“Dobby,” Tobias muttered quietly as their waiter walked away after placing their plates down, remind me to ask Miss Perks to tea in the next few days for a proper chat.”

A gentle pat on his foot told him that he had been heard and he turned to his meal with a slight grimace. Dobby’s food was better.

Half-way through their meal, Draco excused himself, stood, handed their daughter to her mother and headed to the area where the lavatory was hidden. After another few mouthfuls, Tobias found himself unable to move due to the ropes that had sprung up and tied him to his chair. Looking up, he glared at the person before him, finding a stranger with Draco’s face holding his screaming, yet silenced, daughter.

“Who are you and what do you think you are doing?” he asked coldly, knowing that Dobby was prepared to move in an instant.

“Forgotten me already Husband?” the imposter said with a smirk.

“You aren’t Draco,” Tobias stated, noting that the other Patrons were watching them closely while acting like they weren’t; including a dark faced George Weasley. “You got several things wrong when copying him. First, his eyes aren’t that colour. Second, his hair is longer, shinier and not as white and third, he never sneers at me neither does he ever silence our daughter, no matter how much she screams.”

Imposter Draco smirked. “It doesn’t matter. As far as these people around us know, your loving husband decided to do a runner with your child.” A flash of blue appeared in the Imposter’s eye,
causing an idea to form.

“Dobby, remove the glamour around the one holding my daughter,” he whispered softly. It wasn’t a potion being used, nor was the person a metamorphmagus. He knew this because there was only one metamorphmagus in the UK and she had been warned away from him when it came to light that it was her who had allowed the headmaster to escape and a person’s true eye colour would not reveal itself through a potion.

“Remove it without letting the person under it noticing and get my daughter away from them. If possible, get her to one of the Patils because I suspect that George will react before I can escape the ropes.”

Dobby pat his foot in understanding and made his move.

Just like Tobias had thought, as soon as Dobby succeeded in removing Melody and the glamour from the man, George snarled and attacked viciously. Everyone in the restaurant quickly left the area once they saw who the culprit was, with one young man, running in the direction the real Draco had taken to ensure the blonde’s safety.

“I should have known it was you,” Tobias growled as the ropes holding him vanished when George was blasted into the wall behind him. “You are, after all, the only person who fucks up my life.” He turned to face his opponent, nodding gratefully at George who limped his way back to his betrothed.

Albus Dumbledore scowled at the child before him. “I deserve your respect boy,” he spat, ignoring the incredulous looks he was getting from the spectators.

“Tell me just what you’ve done that makes you worthy of my respect?” Tobias countered with a slight growl to his voice. “So far all I’m getting is you putting me with the muggles, you denying Sirius his rights as the heir and Head of an ancient pure-blood Clan, you ordering my parents death when they decided to go neutral, you leading me through the nose for five years of schooling and you were the one to use those bands on me, amongst other things.”

Tobias sneered, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring. “Well, I’m waiting.”

Faster than anyone expected, the ex-Headmaster sent a sparkling black ball of magic at the teen, sending him into the wall with a crash.
Tobias curled around his stomach, gasping in an attempt to stop the pain while still listening closely to the old man’s footsteps as he got closer.

“You aren’t so smart now are you?” Albus sneered, kicking the boy in the ribs to move him onto his back. “Turns out that without the school and those followers of yours: you are nothing.” The old man smirked and put his foot on the boy’s lower abdomen where a healing C-section scar would be.

“I’ve taken out your loving husband,” Albus spat out as he slowly increased the pressure on what he believed was the weakest part of his victims body, “and as soon as I’ve damaged you enough, I will take your daughter away and put her somewhere not one of the people close to you will be able to find her.”

Tobias curled up around the foot on him and growled deeply. Nothing made him angrier than someone threatening his family. Forcing himself to breathe through the pain he was experiencing and blocking out the old bastard’s words, he triggered his side of the bond he had with his phoenix.

He grinned viciously as Dumbledore yelped as flames appeared around his hands. He began to laugh.

“Thank you for revealing your plans to us,” Tobias said, grinning viciously. “Everyone in the establishment has known who you are from the very beginning.”

Albus jolted and looked up in shock as he took in the dark looks that were being sent his way. He had been so intent on getting rid of the brat that he had forgotten the people around them. He pushed his foot down harder in a last desperate attempt to do damage and froze when instead of screaming, the youth laughed breathlessly.

“It’s no use doing that Alby-Bus,” Tobias sang out, watching with relief as the stranger who had vanished re-appeared with Draco who, while a bit unsteady, was moving on his own. “Only males who use the potion get cut open to give birth. There is no wound for you to re-open and since you openly attacked ME after taking on the visage of MY bonded, harmed one of MY PACK and threatened MY DAUGHTER in front of all these witnesses, then THIS,” Tobias curled tighter around the leg that was holding him down and grabbed just under the old man’s knee, “is self-defence.”

In one movement, Tobias’ hands flashed with green flame and he rolled towards the man’s other leg, making the disgraced man fall heavily on the ground with a deep crack of something breaking.
George leapt forward and grabbed hold of the back of Dumbledore’s neck, his nails, still in their claw-like state, dug deeply into the skin with ease.

The stranger quickly appeared at Tobias’ side once the older man had been detained.

“Mr Malfoy-Black,” the man stated calmly. “I’m Healer Daniel Black – muggleborn so no relation.”

Tobias chuckled softly through a wince, “Nice to meet you. Thanks for going for Draco.”

“Not a problem. I’ve checked both him and your daughter. Both are just fine and are being watched over by Miss Patil while her father aids with the old man. Your house-elf vanished just a moment ago to get your Healer, father and the Aurors. Is there anything I can do for you?”

“Can’t you heal him?” George asked.

“I’m afraid I can’t. I am a general Healer. I am the person to come to for vanished bones, broken bones, burns and mild spell damage. I can run a test on him, but I would not be able to understand it like his personal physician would. I’m still in the process of becoming a specialist and I could do more damage if I tried healing him.”

“Good answer,” a familiar voice said, making Tobias relax slightly.

“Hello Algernon,” Daniel said as the older man knelt on the other side of the downed teen.

“Glad to see you Dan. Good to see that some people of sense are still in Mungo’s.”

Daniel chuckled as he helped the man uncurl his patient.

“I’m not in Mungo’s,” he admitted. “I’m working in Japan at the moment in one of their clinics. I’m specialising in addictions – Potions, muggle drugs, alcohol, and stimulants; anything that affects the mind.”

Algernon nodded and shot spells at the now straightened patient and smiled in relief.
“Good news is the only damage done is slight bruising,” the older man said. “Better news is that orders from the Minister are that Dumbledore goes to you after his trial.”

“Wonderful,” Tobias winced as he sat up with help from the two healers, “Now I want my daughter and my husband if you don’t mind.”

Both men chuckled and moved the younger to his family, which now included his Father and godparents.

--END FLASHBACK—

As his children and grandchildren put the young ones to bed, Tobias thought back to the darker memories he had withheld from the now popular bedtime story.

That night Tobias had finalised the plans to ensure he and his father were free to do what they wished … well … within reason naturally. While Dumbledore was held in the magic-depleting cells in the Ministry, Tom, Tobias and Severus were planning the end of the war.

--FLASHBACK—

“I’m sorry,” Severus stated, “I think I am hearing things. I thought I just heard you say you wanted to end the war within the next two days.”

“I did,” Tobias said, looking at the man from over the rim of his teacup. ‘We have everything we need except for one thing.”

“And what is that?” Tom asked in amusement.

“The followers you no longer want nor need,” Tobias replied, “And a bit of your hair,” Seeing the looks being sent his way, he sighed and told the two men his plan and was rewarded by two astounded faces.
Tobias relaxed into Draco’s side as he watched his Pack interact as a whole once again. It was only three days since Dumbledore had attacked the small family so not only were his entire Pack – including the older Weasley boys – in attendance, but his father, godparents, Padma and Augusta Longbottom were also with them.

Draco sent a smile down at his bonded as he felt more than heard him sigh in contentment. It was then that the screaming started.

Tobias opened his eyes with a smirk only those beside him could see. “Showtime,” he muttered just as one of the other patrons of the café they were at ran back into the shop yelling about Death Eaters.

“Get Tobias and Melody out of here!” Tom yelled as he and the older members rose, drawing their wands.

Augusta – who had been holding the babe while making her grandson blush by alternating between telling stories of when he was a babe and hinting at wanting great grandchildren – hurried through the floo holding her precious bundle close to her chest. She knew that Tobias wouldn’t be following her through the fireplace and as the spinning stopped, she sent her thoughts to those left behind in the café.

~~~Iamaline~~~

Just as they planned, Tobias fought against leaving before any other people with young children left. AS the last child vanished, the door of the building slammed open to reveal a tall, skeletally thin, pure white man with a snake-like appearance. Everything, including time, seemed to stop.

“I sense traitors,” the man said, revealing a smooth, sibilant voice. His eyes landed on Tobias’ group and an evil sneer graced his lips. “You!” he hissed.

Tom stood, placing himself between the man and his son. “Me,” he said in complete boredom. “The next time you decide to kill someone to steal their identity, my advice would be to do it yourself rather than sending idiots.”

The man’s sneer vanished to be replaced by a scowl that got darker the more Tom spoke.
“CRUCIO!” the man hissed, aiming for Tobias, who was making his way to his father, avoiding the other people around him.

Without a thought, Tom jumped in front of the curse and he fell to the ground, gritting his teeth together so hard that you could hear them creaking.

“TOM!”

“RANDAL!”

“Incendio,” a voice hissed. Everyone stopped panicking and looked at the teen that was glaring at the man who held his Father under that curse. In one hand he held his wand and in the other was a black and silver flame and his face was one that everyone in the Pack, as well as every married man, was familiar with.

“How dare you,” Tobias spat as he flicked his wand enraged, ignoring how his Pack fell into formation around him. The figure moved and Tobias threw the flame at the man, not reacting as it stretched and solidified into a whip of shadow and flame that the man had to dodge.

“Harry Potter,” he hissed, narrowing his eyes.

“It appears you missed the memo,” Tobias snarled, “It’s Tobias Regulas Malfoy-Black and you are the very annoying Holie-shorts.”

The man, now positively identified as Voldemort – hissed at the boy.

“Did you spring a leak?” Tobias asked, allowing his irritation to surface, “Here, allow me to finish the job. BOMBARDA!”

Voldemort quickly put up a shield and fired off his own attack, hissing insults at his opponent.

Tobias ignored him, focusing on attacking and defending himself as his Pack protected him and
themselves from the present Death Eaters.

A pop from outside alerted everyone to the fact that Aurors had arrived. With the added help, the Death Eaters that were scattered throughout the area were swiftly captured and delivered to the newest cells at the Ministry. As these cells literally glowed with charms for soothing rage, dampening magic and compulsions for telling the truth when a set phrase was uttered, there was no hope of them escaping.

A loud CRACK! Was heard and everyone turned and stared as an unknown figure dropped to the ground from the side of the building he had been blasted into. The figure started to rise, only to come nose-to-muzzle with a snarling white wolf while the rest of The Pack surrounded the fallen figure.

It wasn’t until the white wolf began to change that Amelia began to move as fast as she could, somehow knowing instinctually that this would be the end, one way or another.

“You are a disgrace to your family line,” Tobias sneered. “Not only that, but you are a disgrace to Mother magic and the world of wizardry.”

Amelia stopped and watched with wide eyes as the no longer pregnant teen stepped towards the man. Seeing him up close had Amelia breaking into a sweat: There was no denying that the man-like creature that was being held down by a web-like chain of pure magic that was locked to the wolves surrounding him was Voldemort himself.

“You tried killing my adopted father to steal his identity and you killed many innocent people while poisoning the minds of many more: All because of jealousy,” Tobias continued, spitting the last word making all who knew his history with muggle relatives flinch.

“Are we sure that’s You-Know-Who?” one of the Aurors who had followed her asked suspiciously.

“It is,” Amelia stated, shuddering slightly as she remembered her one face-to-face meeting with the insane man in the first war.

“Then he must be extremely weak to be defeated that easily.”

“How about we do to you what Tobias did to him,” a female voice sneered.
“Lady Malfoy,” Amelia said with a nod, her eyes not leaving the sight before them.

“Madam Bones,” Narcissa responded before her eyes returned to the out-spoken man. “That … poor excuse of a wizard managed to get on my son-in-law’s bad side rather quickly.”

“That’s an understatement,” a shaky voice stated.

“Tom,” Narcissa huffed as she spun around, “Should you be up?”

“For this … yes.”

Just as Narcissa turned away, no longer able to stand the sight of the strongest man she knows standing only because of the arms of her husband and his best friend wrapped around his waist, a brilliant blue-white light flashed and a dull THWUMP was heard.

Everyone gaped at the sight of fourteen wolf-turned humans bowing to a Tobias who was surrounded by black and silver flames while his wand was covered in green and white flames. No one moved as the flames combined and leapt from Tobias to Voldemort then spread to the Death Eater bodies that had been placed in a line in the middle of the street.

The wolves smoothly transformed back into their human forms and silently they turned and walked towards their audience. The gathered crowd separated and watched as the fifteen youngsters who ended the second war against Voldemort walked through them to the café they were originally at. No one said anything as five distinctive adults joined them.

“If you have trouble with funds to re-build,” they heard Tobias say, “Ask for a meeting with me through Gringotts: It’s the least I can do. But for now, I need a shower and my daughter.”

Before the owner of the establishment could stammer out his thanks, all twenty people before him vanished in a lick of flame. By the time the Aurors turned back to the burning husk that was Voldemort, they were too late to see the spell/potion combination break and the visage of a snake-creature vanish to be replaced by the annoying features of a red-headed, blue-eyed idiot who was consumed by the flames.
Draco watched his bonded of the last three hundred and eighty five years lovingly as he trapped himself within his own thoughts. The two of them had the ups and downs that every couple in a relationship had, but they had always had each other’s back when it was important. He sighed and allowed himself to also go travelling down memory lane.

First had been Dumbledore’s death. Many people said that his death should have taken longer or been harsher than Tobias’ way, but Draco understood where his husband was coming from when he stated that he wanted to focus more on life – specifically the life of their daughter – rather than the old man’s death, so the most manipulative man in wizard history had a very peaceful ending of being sliced vertically in half by Tobias using a samurai-type sword that Kyria had designed – though the young woman had been very put out that the Dementor blood she had added into the melted metal before its crafting hadn’t had any effect on the victim.

Tobias had then spent three hours explaining to her that a reaction might have occurred if the victim was only injured by it rather than being bisected. After several minutes in deep thought, the blonde-haired female had agreed that yes that might have helped, and dropped the matter.

Draco smiled sadly as his thoughts turned to their Pack. A month into the year after they had graduated, Luna and Vincent had been bonded in a double ceremony with Ginny and Gregory. While both bonding ceremonies had occurred between only two people, because they had been held at the same time, the four of them had obtained a fierce comradery between them that only deepened over the years.

Vincent and Luna had, in the end, given The Pack two cubs: a set of twins who had their mother’s mind, their father’s dependability and both of their loyalty.

Ginny and Gregory had birthed only the one cub that, to the regret of many, formed a close bond with his identical twin uncles and kept all his adopted family on their toes with his pranks and rambunctious attitude.

The next of The Pack to bond was, to no surprise, George when he and Padma fulfilled their duties the week after Padma had graduated. The happiness of the couple and the relief of both families, the two of them had grown to deeply respect each other over their two year engagement and it hadn’t taken long for the two of them to find that they were content with each other as a marital partner and while they never grew to love each other as deeply nor as strongly as the first three bonded couples.
did, they did share a special kind of love all their own while adding a set of triplets to The Pack’s growing number of members.

Next announcement was from Remus and Severus who had decided that a full bonding was unnecessary and so had done the were-version of eloping. As neither man was young nor healthy, they provided no cubs for The Pack’s continuation, but they doted on each and every little miracle that came along.

Neville had finally gathered his courage and asked for Millicent’s hand in bonded bliss five years after graduating. The robustly-built female had blinked at the younger man the shy Gryffindor had become and nodded after several moments. It had seemed that Millicent had come to terms with the fact that no-one would be interested in her at a young age and the thought that an attractive young man would voluntarily ask for her to spend the rest of her life with him had caused her to momentarily panic once her shock had passed and had resulted in Neville spending the first hour of their relationship in Algernon’s care as the older Longbottom tired containing his laughter long enough to fix his nephew’s broken jaw.

The oddly fitted couple had a very unique relationship and though it was difficult … and oft-times impossible … to see just which one of the two wore the pants, no-one could deny that the two loved each other and their two cubs dearly.

Pansy, to the surprise of many, found a lovely bonded in one Susan Bones. When asked about their relationship by someone outside The Pack and Amelia, it was Susan who tore into the nefarious gossip, verbally shredding the woman’s hide and reputation with such precision that Pansy, Luna and Narcissa took notes. Amelia, who had been spending her lunch break with the four of them, just smiled proudly at her niece. To the joy of both girls, they had welcomed two cubs of their own into The Pack and were responsible for the idea of The Pack taking in young victims of child abuse from muggle-born populations.

Fred had married – not bonded – Angelina Johnson after a six year relationship, only for her to leave him a year later when the glamour of being married to a man of success wore off to reveal that, even though he was successful, Fred was still the same person he was while at school. The thing that everyone in the know – including Fred himself – believed to be the breaking point in their relationship was Fred’s close relationship with The Pack.

Unlike the other outsiders who married into The Pack, Angelina didn’t want to join The Pack and therefore didn’t try to assimilate into what equalled as ta major part of Fred’s life. In the end, Fred was thankful when the divorce papers arrived the day after she had left. Unfortunately for him, he didn’t find a companion to bond with until he was about seventy five, so he had no cubs of his own, but he was one of the people who voluntarily submitted himself to the horror of babysitting duty and took his position of ‘Uncle Gred’ with an ease and enthusiasm that reminded everyone of a puppy with a new toy … only more disastrous.
Bill, when he eventually decided to settle down, surprised no one when he introduced a familiar face as his soon-to-be bonded. Fleur had decided on joining Gringotts after leaving school and had quickly become one of the best Ward Mistress’ in Europe. The two bonded within two months of gaining their Alpha’s blessing and had contributed six cubs to the ever-growing Pack.

Tom had devoted the rest of his life to ensuring that he, his son and their family never had reason to feel as though they were unloved. When he had passed away forty years after adopting Tobias, it wasn’t alone in a dark, dank room as he had always feared, but in his own bed surrounded by family and friends with the last thing he saw and heard was his beloved son gently kissing his forehead with a soft ‘I love you Pateras. Thank you … for everything.”

Theodore told The Pack straight out that he was asexual when questions started flying around about him bonding. To his amusement, no one reacted in the way he thought they would and within a few hours they had informed him that he was now married to his job.

Lucius and Narcissa were thrilled with their new role as grandparents, soon discovering the benefit of not being responsible for the children 24/7. It was to no-one’s surprise when, on days the older Malfoy couple baby sat, the cubs were returned to their parents, aunts, uncles, guardians or older siblings high on sugar and armed with some new toy or another.

To the relief of everyone, the couple didn’t overly spoil the cubs unless it was an important occasion and as they grew they discovered that it was far more rewarding to get a smile, pat on the head or warming hug with a softly spoken word of encouragement, congratulations or declaration of love than obtaining all the material goods in the world. It was something that had Lucius pouting over and Narcissa proud of when they were told by a four year old Melody that her mama’s gift had been better than theirs.

The person that had shocked everyone to silence, however, was Charlie. One day the second oldest red-head walked into the estate with wide blank eyes and shaking hands. It had taken almost two hours for him to snap out of his state and the first thing out of his mouth was ‘I’ve been bonded.’ His eyes then widened and he hastened to explain before Tobias exploded.

It turned out that on odd occasions, a Dragon handler would, for some reason, gain the interest of a specific dragon and sometimes the dragon would choose to bond with said handler. No one knew how or why it happened, but it was considered to be the highest of honours to be the chosen bonded of a dragon in Dragon-Handler law. Needless to say, Charlie did not contribute to the enlargement of The Pack, but in his own admission, he was happier being the bonded companion of the Peruvian Vipertooth that chose him than he would have been had he bonded with a human.
To no one’s surprise, Blaise was The Pack’s unapologetic bachelor playboy and Tobias got many complaints from those outside The Pack because he wasn’t reigning the Italian male in. Tobias always replied that as long as both parties were willing and Blaise made it very clear to his partner that it was only an exchange of physical graduation, then what made it their business what his single, therefore unattached, protector did in his free time?

What did surprise them, however, was that one of his conquests had volunteered to carry his issue and he had accepted. It was later discovered that the woman in question and her husband had been trying for an heir since they were married and had recently discovered that the husband was infertile. The pair had approached Blaise with a proposition – he give them a child and sign the kid over to them fully and in the future, when he felt ready for an heir, the woman would do the same for him. The arrangement, though somewhat surprising, worked out well for the trio and Blaise doted on his daughter, as did the rest of The Pack.

Draco blinked himself out of his thoughts and smiled at the photo his eyes had moved to. He and Tobias were in their early sixties and looked to be in their mid-thirties. In front of Tobias was Melody, smiling alternatively between her parents and the camera. Beside her and in the gap between the chairs holding the two oldest members knelt a delicately built young man with a slightly rounding stomach who was identical to Draco except for his hands, his hair and his temperament. This was Remi; their youngest and the picture had been taken two months before he had birthed his first born.

On Remi’s other side, with an arm around the pregnant male’s waist, and in front of Draco was a beautiful young woman who looked identical to her Grandma Lily but with one hazel eye and one grey-green eye. She was their middle child and had been named Mary-Lou; a name that Tobias had allowed Tom to come up with to honour their great grandma Merope.

Behind Tobias and Draco stood three identical black-haired, silver eyed men who resembled their Grandpa Lucius more than their father. They were Orion, Jaxon and Domnic. Tobias had been unlucky to have fallen pregnant with triplets the year Melody had turned five and no one, not even the infamous Weasley twins, were game enough to push the pregnant man’s buttons.

Sitting on the outer arm of each chair was a female with strawberry blonde hair and bright emerald eyes winking at the camera before gently kissing the closest parent to them. Jessamine and Kilandra were the Marauder’s legacy and were known most commonly for their habit of wearing headbands with fox ears and a belt that had two fox tails attached. They had been born two years after Mary-Lou.

Last, lying on his stomach on the ground before the pregnant man and being used as a foot rest was a doe-eyed male with Platinum blonde hair whose mind was obviously far away from the matter at hand. That man’s name was Lars and was born only four months before Remi.
“I never thought I would have this,” Tobias’ soft voice said, breaking Draco from his thoughts once again. “I’m glad to have shared it with you.”

Draco smiled at his husband with as much love as he could muster and wrapped his arms around the slightly more frail man. “Let’s head to bed Love,” he said, nuzzling his face into the previously black hair of his bonded. “It’s been a long day.”

“That it has,” Tobias agreed with a smile as he slowly led his beloved to the bed they had shared since their bonding so many years ago. With one last kiss for the day, both men fell into dreams where all their loved ones still lived.

At a late hour, everyone on the estate jerked awake due to the sound of shattering glass and the eerie sound of a wolf’s howl on the wind. After a quick check of the wards, the household settled down to sleep once more. It wasn’t until the following morning that anyone discovered anything different. Remi walked into his parent’s room with their regular pot of tea, only to pause before walking back out without a word.

There, in the middle of the mattress, lay the entwined bodies of Tobias and Draco. Tobias’ head was rested on Draco’s still chest and his left hand was gripped tightly in Draco’s right and on both faces a small content smile lay. One by one the family entered the room to pay their respects and each left with tear-filled eyes and a small smile on their lips. The sound of wolf song once more entered the estate and all who entered the room released the hold on their tears and, on the shore of a distant lake in the middle of a wondrous garden, a pair of wolves – one white and one black – watch on and howl their emotions into the air.

It was their time to answer The Mother’s Call.

**Words/Terms**

**Tobias’ Family**

Tom Riddle/Randal Jones/Voldemort – Pateras [Father]

Remus Lupin – Lykos [Wolf]

Severus Snape – Nonos [Godfather]

Lucius Malfoy – Anadochos [Godfather]
Narcissa Malfoy – Nona [Godmother]

The Pack

Harry Potter/Tobias Riddle/Tobias Regulas Black – Skotadi [Darkness] or Gios [Son] - Alpha
Draco Malfoy – Drakontas [Dragon] - Beta
Neville Longbottom – Skoteinos [Dark] – Tobias’ Second
Pansy Parkinson – Arketa [Pretty] – Draco’s Second
Theodore Nott – Pontikos [Mouse] – Scholar
Blaise Zabini – Arpakitiko [Predator] – Weapon’s Specialist
Fred Weasley – Ateria [Mischief] – Espionage Specialist
George Weasley – Ateros [Mischievous] – Espionage Specialist
Charlie Weasley – Hemerotes [Tamer] – Beast Speaker
Bill Weasley – Katara [Curse] – Dark Mage
Millicent Bulstrode – Bouno [Mountain] – Guard; best with one-handed sword
Vincent Crabbe – Dynamo [Strength] – Guard; best with bladed staff
Gregory Goyle – Skia [Shadow] – Guard; best with dagger
Ginny Weasley – Epikindynos [Dangerous] – Light Mage
Luna Lovegood – Kyria [Lady] – Torture Expert

The Daemons

Schozogglan [Zog] – Earth Daemon
Boonifiphelus [Booph] – Shadow Daemon

The Ministry Crew

Lord Lucius Malfoy
Madam Amelia Bones
I don't know whether to be happy to be finished this story or to be depressed that it is over. This was the very first story that I posted and the first one that I planned. There have been times that I have wanted to sit in a corner and weep while writing this, just as there have been times that I have wanted to throw the computer and the books I've been writing in into the corner and forget about it, but I've persevered and now ... Now I am going to find myself a corner, curl up into a little ball and bawl my eyes out because it is the end of my very first chaptered story. *sniffles* My baby has grown up and is leaving home. :'(

See you all in other stories.